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*"Compared with what we ought to be,
we are only half awake... We are making use of
only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources."
A great philosopher offers some practical ways to improve performance*

YOUR SECRET STRENGTH

By WILLIAM JAMES



EVERYONE knows what it is to start a piece of work, either intellectual or muscular, feeling stale. And everybody knows what it is to "warm up" to his job. The process of warming up gets particularly striking in the phenomenon known as "second wind."

Usually we make a practice of stopping an occupation as soon as we meet the first layer of fatigue. We have then walked, played or

worked "enough," so we desist. But if an unusual necessity forces us onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain point, when, gradually or suddenly, it passes away and we are fresher than before.

We have evidently tapped a new level of energy. There may be layer after layer of this experience, a third and a fourth "wind." We find amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own, sources of strength habitually not taxed, because habitually we never

push through the obstruction of fatigue.

Most of us may learn to live in perfect comfort on higher levels of power. Everyone knows that on any given day there are energies slumbering in him which the incitements of that day do not call forth. Compared with what we ought to be, we are only half awake. Our fires are damped, our draughts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources.

Only the very exceptional individuals push to their extremes. To what do these better men owe their escape from the habit to which the rest of us fall prey—the habit of inferiority to our full self? The answer is plain: either some unusual stimulus fills them with emotional excitement, or some unusual idea of necessity induces them to make an extra effort of will.

A new position of responsibility, for example, will usually reveal a man to be far stronger than was supposed. Cromwell's career is an example of how war will wake up a man.

Every case of illness nursed by wife or mother is a proof of what effect duty's appeal may produce in individuals, and where can one find greater examples of sustained

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WILLIAM JAMES (1842-1910), teacher, psychologist and philosopher, drew much of his insight into life from his own early battles with delicate health and emotional crises.

endurance than in those thousands of homes where the woman keeps the family going by taking all the thought and doing all the work, sewing, scrubbing, saving, helping neighbours? If she does a bit of scolding now and then, who can blame her?

Despair, which lames most people, makes others wake up fully. Every battle or shipwreck or polar expedition brings out some hero who keeps the whole company in heart.

Following a terrible colliery explosion in France, 200 corpses were exhumed. After 20 days of excavation the rescuers heard a voice. "*Me voici,*" said the first man unearthed. He was a collier who had taken command of 13 others in the darkness, disciplined and cheered them and brought them out alive.

Such experiences show how, under excitement, our organism will sometimes perform its physiological work. But the normal opener of deeper and deeper levels of energy is the *will*. The difficulty is to use it, to make the effort that the word implies.

A single successful effort of moral volition, such as saying no to some habitual temptation, or performing some courageous act, will launch a man on a higher level of energy for days and weeks, and give him a new range of power.

"In the act of uncorking a bottle of whisky which I had brought home to get drunk on," a man said

to me, "I suddenly found myself running out into the garden, where I smashed it on the ground. I felt so happy and uplifted after this act, that for two months I wasn't tempted to touch a drop."

The best practical knowers of the human soul have invented disciplines to keep the deeper levels constantly in reach. Prince Pueckler-Muskau wrote to his wife from England that he had invented "a sort of artificial resolution respecting things that are difficult of performance. My device," he continues, "is this: *I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself* to do or to leave undone this or that. I am of course extremely cautious in the use of this expedient, but when once the word is given I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable. I find something very satisfactory in the thought that man has the power of framing such props and weapons out of trivial materials, indeed out of nothing, merely by the force of his will."

Our energy budget is like our nutritive budget. Physiologists say that a man is in "nutritive equilibrium" when day after day he neither gains nor loses weight. Just so, one can be in what I might call "efficiency equilibrium" on astonishingly different quantities of work, no matter in what direction the work may be measured. It may be physical work, intellectual

work, moral work or spiritual work.

Of course there are limits: trees don't grow into the sky. But the fact remains that men, pushing their energies to the extreme, may in a vast number of cases keep the pace up day after day, and find no reaction of a bad sort, as long as decent hygienic conditions are preserved. A man's more active rate of energizing does not wreck him, for the organism adapts itself. As the rate of waste augments, so does the rate of repair.

I say the *rate* and not the *time* of repair. The busiest man needs no more hours of rest than the idler. Some years ago a researcher kept three young men awake for four days and nights. When his observations on them were finished, the subjects slept themselves out. All awoke from this sleep completely refreshed, but the one who took the longest to restore himself from his vigil slept only one-third more time than was normal for him.

It is evident that our organism has stored-up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon—deeper and deeper strata of explosive material, ready for use by anyone who probes so deep. The human individual usually lives far within his limits. In rough terms, we may say that a man who energizes below his normal maximum fails by just so much to profit by his chance at life.

The Boy Who Plunged Over Niagara

BY LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

JUST AFTER 8 a.m. on Saturday, July 9, 1960, James Honeycutt came off the night shift at a Niagara Falls hydro-electric project. Sleep, though, was not on his mind—not on a fine summer morning with a trim new outboard motor-boat tied to the dock at Lynch's Trailer Court, a caravan site, where he lived.

Honeycutt was 40, an affable man who had had to leave his family in North Carolina when he had come north to work on the power project.

He found the week-ends long and lonely. So, after breakfast, he drove to the home of Frank Woodward, one of the carpenters in his crew. Over coffee Honeycutt sprang his surprise: how would the Woodward youngsters, 17-year-old Deanne and her 7-year-old brother, Roger, like to go for a boat trip?

Deanne, awed by the tumultuous river, which she had seen only once, was reluctant. But with little Roger jumping with glee and her mother urging her to go along—"You'll have a chance for a swim at Lynch's later"—Deanne changed into a bathing-suit, and the three set out.

Soon Honeycutt was easing his green aluminium runabout away from the Lynch dock, his pride and inexperience both obvious in the cautious way he manoeuvred clear of other boats around the landing. In midstream he turned the sleek 14-foot craft down-river and offered the tiller to Roger. His face grinning above the brilliant orange life-jacket he wore, the boy took hold.

Deanne, in the bow, relaxed. Mr. Honeycutt was confident enough to let Roger steer. When they passed under the Grand Island Bridge, gateway to the American side of the falls, she waved gaily at the cars passing far overhead.

JOHN HAYES had crossed the bridge an hour earlier. He and his wife had come to Niagara Falls for the weekend and now, like thousands of

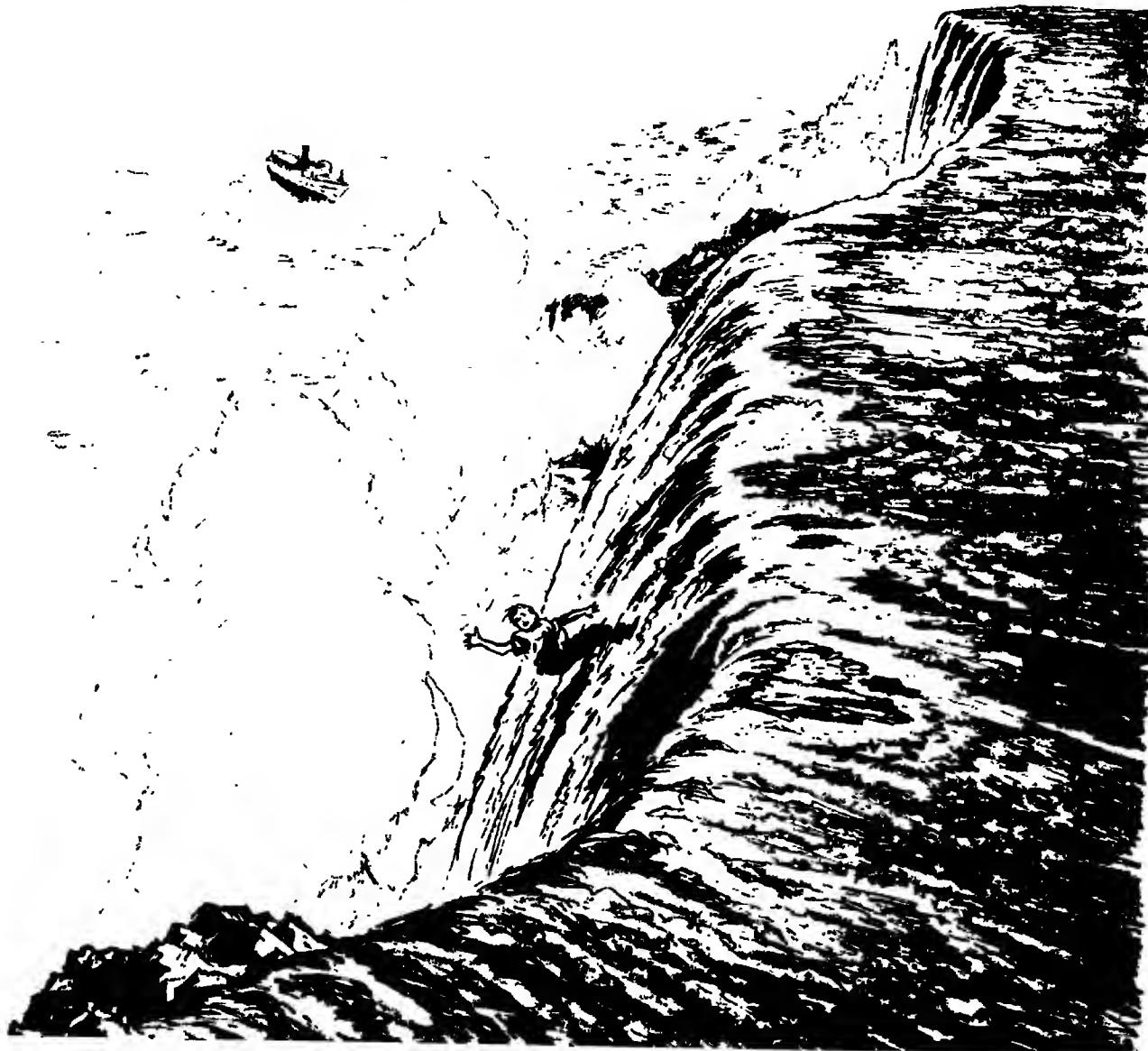
other tourists, were taking snapshots and marvelling at the incredible power of the famous cataracts.

Past noon, they crossed the foot-bridge to Goat Island, which splits the Niagara into two sets of leaping rapids, its sheer northern end overlooking the awesome cleft into which both the American and the Horseshoe falls plunge. Down-river from the falls, so far below him that it looked like a toy in a bath-tub, Hayes could see a vessel docked under the Canadian cliffs.

It was one of the two *Maids of the*

Mist, ships that take turns at cruising up into the "Shoe." There, within 150 feet of the wet-black rocks at the very foot of the Horseshoe Falls, surrounded by wild-flying spray and deafened by the roar of the torrent, tourists come face to face with one of nature's great extravagances.

Now at not quite 12.30, Captain Clifford Keech, of *Maid of the Mist II*, was loading up for his seventh cruise of the day. From the wheelhouse he watched as the mate, Murray Hartling, collected tickets from



the 65 passengers. Captain Keech could not know it, but what would soon be hailed as "the Miracle of Niagara" was in the making.

The Niagara River is, in effect, an ever-narrowing trough, draining the North American mid-continent. Plunging north with the overflow from Lake Erie and the three Great Lakes to the west, it drops a precipitous 326 feet in its 36-mile length, flings 823,650 gallons of water a second over the 161-foot falls and swirls through the world's most treacherous rapids before spending its fury in the vastness of Lake Ontario.

Its violence has always attracted daredevils. In steel drums or padded barrels, at least seven stunters have gone over the Horseshoe. Only four survived. Suicides find in the falls the savage end they crave. Scarcely a month passes but one is whisked over the brink. Dashed to the rocks below, thrust into wild eddies and currents, their broken bodies have almost invariably been cast to the surface at the *Maid of the Mist* landing exactly four days later.

JIM HONEYCUTT, again at the tiller, seemed unconcerned as the little outboard, now four miles downstream from Lynch's and only a mile or so above the falls, came bouncing past the long breakwater that evens the river's flow. Deanne, though, was getting nervous. This was not the broad, friendly river they had started out on. It was

boiling, leaping turbulently along the pronounced downhill pitch, breaking white against glistening rocks. The thunder of pounding water grew louder in her ears.

At about this time, a Goat Island sightseeing guide was telling a group of tourists that the control structure out on the river was the point beyond which nothing could keep from being swept over the falls. One tourist gestured at the little green boat and said, "What about that?" The guide ran for a telephone. But it was already too late.

With the runabout almost abreast of Goat Island, Honeycutt finally brought the bow around. For one tenuous moment, the 7½-horse-power motor beat against the remorseless current, barely making headway. Then, with a piercing whine, it began to race futilely; the propeller pin had sheared.

As the boat swept down-stream stern-first, Honeycutt lunged for the oars. Though he pulled frantically, he hardly slowed the boat's backward rush. He yelled to Deanne, "Put on the life-jacket!"

The girl's fingers were stiff as she laced tight the boat's only other jacket. In the stern, face suddenly turned white, Roger called, "Dee-dee, I'm scared." He began stumbling towards her.

"No!" she screamed, terrified that he would tip them over. "Stay there, Roger! We'll be swimming at Lynch's soon."

"No, we're going to drown!" he cried. But he sat down and, clinging to the thwart, began to sob quietly. They were in the full rapids now, the water solid white and tearing them towards the falls. Smashing off a rock, then caught by a vicious rip, the stern flew straight up.

"Hang on!" Honeycutt cried out, but there was nothing to hang on to. He and Roger were thrown over Deanne's head. Then the water snatched at her. She grabbed for the overturned hull, but it slid from beneath her fingers.

Honeycutt grabbed Roger's arm, fighting to hold the boy's head out of the water. But the furious currents tore them apart. The rapids wrenched Roger down, spun him round. Then all at once he was free, thrust out over the edge of the falls, dropping through space.

JOHN HAYES saw the boat turn over. He and his wife had been walking down the steps towards Terrapin Point, the railed tip of Goat Island that looks out over the lip of the Horseshoe. "Look!" he shouted, and went racing for the river.

As he ran, he spied Deanne Woodward's vivid life-jacket. He dashed up-river, past dozens of stunned tourists, trying to get closer to her. Above the roar of the cataract he heard her crying out for help. He leaned over the guard-rail so that she could see him.

"Here!" he called out. "Hey, girl! Swim over here!"

Deanne saw him, but shook her head hopelessly. She was unable to make any real progress.

"Try!" Hayes called. He ran down-river to get ahead of her, and leaned farther over the rail. "Try!"

The current was sweeping her inexorably closer to the falls' jagged rim. Hayes stretched his arm out, though the girl was still far beyond reach. Deanne was at the very edge of exhaustion. Her legs ached from being pounded against the rocks. "Help me!" she pleaded with Hayes, the thunder of death a bare 20 feet away. Quickly he climbed over the guard-rail. He was only a foot above the rushing water, clinging to the rail with one hand. He cried out, "You've got to try, hear? Try!"

The sharpness of his voice stirred a last, hidden resource in Deanne. Doggedly she buried her face in the water and pulled once more against its clutch. When she looked up again, Hayes was almost directly above her. Desperately she cast out as she went sweeping by—and caught his thumb. Hayes's hand closed round hers.

His foot wedged behind the rail, the weight of the girl and the awful force of the rapids tearing on his fingers, Hayes thought that they would both go over. He called for help. A man broke out of the cluster of spellbound sightseers. Vaulting the rail, John Quattrochi, another tourist, leaned down and grabbed Deanne's wrist. For a long moment

the three hung on, straining. Then the two men pulled the girl from the rushing water and lifted her over the guard-rail.

Deanne Woodward had been just ten feet from the falls, closer than anyone had ever come before being plucked to safety. As she lay on the ground, she gasped, "My brother! My brother's still in there. Please save him!"

But Quattrochi had seen Roger go over the falls. Softly he said, "Say a prayer for your brother."

Maid of the Mist II, its decks heaving, drenched by spray and surrounded by thunder, was almost at its turning-point just below Horseshoe Falls. At the wheel Captain Keech peered into the chaos of white water. When, at 12.52, he spotted a bobbing orange object straight ahead, he craned forward in amazement. He barked into his ship-to-shore phone: "This is Keech. There's a kid in a life-jacket floating round up here and—maybe I'm crazy, but I think he's alive!"

Though Roger Woodward was indeed alive—the first human being to survive a drop over Niagara Falls without elaborate protection—his peril was not yet past. He was drifting close to the huge port of an Ontario hydro plant and might yet be dragged into the opening.

The *Maid* came about and bore down on the boy from up-stream, using the full reverse power of both engines to hold a position against

the driving current. From the starboard bow, Hartling, the mate, and a deck-hand, Jack Hopkins, threw a life-belt towards the tiny figure in the water. It fell short. They hauled it in and threw again. On the third try the lifebelt bobbed to within an arm's length of the thrashing boy. He crawled up on to it. A moment later, Roger Woodward lay on the deck of the *Maid*, shivering under the blankets piled on him. "Please find my sister," he said. "She and Mr. Honeycutt fell into the water, too."

An emergency launch, responding to Keech's call, searched the swirling cauldron for half an hour, but found only the auxiliary petrol tank, all that was ever recovered of Honeycutt's runabout.

Meanwhile, high up on Goat Island, hundreds had seen the boy in the orange life-jacket pulled aboard the *Maid of the Mist*. "They've got your brother," Hayes told Deanne just before she was whisked off to the hospital. "I think he's O.K."

"Thank you, God," said the girl, and closed her eyes.

ROGER was taken to a Canadian hospital, where an hour later his mother and father came to tell him that Deanne, too, had been rescued. In a few days both youngsters, incredibly uninjured except for superficial bruises, were released.

How did Roger Woodward survive?

River men reason that Roger's

lightness held him on top of the water's surge; that, as he was thrust over the brink, he flew along and down the crest as though going over a slide, thus avoiding the deadly rocks and turbulence at the falls' base. Though he had dropped 161 feet at an estimated 75 miles an hour, his life-jacket had forced him

back to the surface before he lost consciousness.

But the mighty falls did not go completely unappeased. On Wednesday, July 13, the body of Jim Honeycutt turned up at the *Maid of the Mist* landing. It was four days, almost to the hour, from the moment he had been swept to his death.



Gentlemen in Retirement

SIR Sydney Smith, expert on the medical aspects of crime, says of his retirement: "I find that before you retire you promise yourself to do all sorts of things, but a great part of your time is taken up with putting them off, and eventually you devise a system of putting things off that takes up all of your time."

—McC. P.

A FORMER railway worker, aged 80, has never really retired. From his home by the railway line, he counts the wagons on every goods train that passes. One Sunday at a family picnic his son noticed that he was ignoring a passing train and asked, "Why aren't you counting the wagons?"

Answered the old man: "I don't work on Sundays."

—M.T.

ON THE day of my uncle's retirement my aunt received a sympathy card from a group of friends. She was puzzled until she noted that every signatory was the wife of a man who had already retired.

--Contributed by Mrs. M. Albright

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Sales Slip

A MIDDLE-AGED couple were hoping to buy a fur coat, and the woman had narrowed her choice down to two—one a high-priced luxury model, the other somewhat less expensive. Eager to press home the expensive sale by which she would get a large commission, the assistant urged breezily, "Oh, go ahead and spend his money. If you don't, he'll only spend it on his second wife."

There was a long, frosty silence. Then the customer snapped, "I am his second wife."

—Contributed by Dan Bennett

“There Will Always Be An England”

“It is the best of actual nations,” said an American philosopher surveying the power and glory of Britain in 1850. Now, the power has declined, but a distinguished American of today finds Britain still a land of astonishing influence and fine qualities. Here is his tribute

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER



GREECE in the ancient world, Britain in the modern, are the great paradoxes of history. A congeries of small city-states, constantly warring with one another, without resources but those of the sea, the Greeks nevertheless spread their domain over the whole of the Mediterranean and then, through Rome, over the Western world.

Great Britain's has been in a sense a more spectacular achievement than that of Greece.

A little island on the edge of civilization, with an inhospitable climate and torn for centuries by

war, she has nonetheless exercised dominion over mind and spirit out of all proportion to her size and material strength.

In that period which witnessed her ascendancy, England was competing with two nations larger, more populous and more powerful —Spain and France. Yet it was England that triumphed in the end.

Men and women on the American prairies and in the Australian hinterland and the streets of Bombay speak the English language; judges in Toronto and San Francisco and Trinidad apply the common law; and Shakespeare is more nearly

universal than any other author of modern times.

This is taken for granted in America, but should not be. After all, why should Americans speak English, when more than half the population is of non-British stock? Why do American courts apply the common law rather than the Roman? Why should American colleges and universities be based on English or Scottish models, rather than on Continental?

It was in the nineteenth century that Britain reached the apogee of her power. When Queen Victoria sat on the throne, British administrators gave justice in India and Africa; the products of British factories and mills flooded the Continent, Lombard Street financed American and Argentine railways; children throughout the world read *Treasure Island* and the works of Kipling.

What Ralph Waldo Emerson said in the 1850's remained true through the century: "If there be one test of national genius universally accepted, it is success; and if there be one successful country in the universe for the last millennium, that country is England. It is the best of actual nations."

The First World War bled Britain



HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, now Professor of History and American Studies at Amherst College, Massachusetts, has been a professor of American history at both Oxford and Cambridge. During the war he was attached to the War Office in London.

white, and the years thereafter saw the Empire become a Commonwealth and economic supremacy cross the Atlantic. The Second World War drained Britain of her resources and shattered her economy; if Churchill did not preside over the liquidation of the Empire, his successors did.

By the mid-twentieth century it was clear that Britain had become a secondary power.

Yet, for all her decline in strength, there has been no corresponding decline in influence. India achieves independence, but English is the one language common to this nation of nearly 500 million people. The new nations of Africa set up on their own, but with English parliamentary institutions, in so far as they can make them work.

What is the explanation of this persistence of British influence? What accounts for the fascination that England still exercises over the minds of men?

First, England has been there a long time—which is another way of saying that she has staying power. Oliver Wendell Holmes observed that a good part of greatness is simply in being there. England has been there for so many centuries now that we cannot imagine the world without her.

Other nations go through revolution and counter-revolution; they change constitutions and governments; they even change character. England stays put.

Second, England has had longer experience with political and constitutional institutions of value to the rest of the world than any other nation. Some of them, in a sense, she invented. What she did not invent—such as federalism and judicial review—her daughter countries did.

Third, for three centuries the British have displayed a quality tragically wanting and desperately needed today: the genius for compromise, for concession, for revolution by evolution.

They maintain an established church—but complete religious freedom; class distinctions remain, but Britain has never known a class revolution; London dominates everything, but regional differences are pronounced and regional accents persist; the Labour government is not subservient to labour, the Conservative government is not conservative.

Fourth, this habit of compromise is closely associated with the instinct for practicality. The British are impatient of theories or doctrines that cannot be put to work, yet they do not insist on results that are immediate and palpable.

They know that a straight line is not always the shortest distance between subject and object, and they have discovered that you produce good businessmen by training them in the classics, and that you write more and better letters by hand than by typewriter or dictaphone. Somehow they make

a society and government full of anachronisms and disparities work.

Fifth, the English made the shrewdest of all historical investments, yielding incomparably lavish returns. The American colonies broke away but kept their interest in the “mother country” (Quebec does not call France that, nor Mexico Spain). And if Commonwealth countries are independent politically, most of them do not choose to be independent culturally or emotionally.

There was no legal compulsion for these nations to join Britain in her declaration of war in 1939, for example, but within a few days of the outbreak of war all but one of them had done so.

Politically, the United Kingdom is shrinking; it is once more an island—or one island and part of another—but whoever strikes that chord of history sends vibrations along a hundred strings that encircle the globe. All this has very practical applications.

It means that Britain is, or can be, a kind of broker between peoples and nations: between the different members of the Commonwealth, and between them and the remaining dependent territories; between Europe and the Commonwealth (note her dramatic decision to apply for membership of the European Common Market); and at times between Europe and America. Just as she was once a broker for much of the world's goods and money, so

now she is a broker of ideas and institutions.

Sixth, Britain commands a confidence that perhaps no other nation commands by virtue of her historic role as defender of freedom. Many of the peoples of Europe still have the liveliest recollection of their debt to Britain when, in 1939, she stood alone until other countries could muster their resources.

Come the three corners of the world
in arms,
And we shall shock them . . .

Shakespeare wrote of an earlier war, but he was thinking of the Armada and the mortal blow to Spain. Two centuries later Britain held the fort against the might of Napoleon. In 1914 she flung her manhood into France and fought herself to near-exhaustion.

Over the centuries she has piled up, as it were, a heavy moral credit. The free peoples of the world trust Britain. That is something in the modern world, where nations change sides callously, where governments so often sell out to the highest bidder, where whole populations are subverted, where nations denounce treaties, or do not even bother to denounce them.

Seventh, there is a pervasive and tenacious ingredient in the English character that helps account for her moral position: her reputation for probity, alike in private and in public affairs.

It is fair to say that the standards

of public probity are higher today in Britain than in any other major nation, and as high as in any nation. The British stick by their agreements; they live up to their treaty obligations; they give honest value. In no other country is the hint of dishonourable conduct more certainly fatal to a public man.

Eighth, an equally important ingredient in the English character is the sense of what is right—of fair play. No phrase is more commonly used by ordinary British people than "It's right," or "It's not right," and for most of them that concludes the matter. They want things plain and straightforward; they hate all chicanery.

Fair play extends into the realm of the mind, and another quality of character that commands the confidence of the rest of the world is the habit of intellectual freedom. "We must be free or die," wrote William Wordsworth. England respects the independent mind, even the eccentric.

The rest of the world knows that any issue can be debated in the British forum— even the monarchy in exceptional circumstances—and that the sharpest intelligence will clarify every aspect of major public questions.

Finally, there is one quality of character that eludes definition and almost defies discussion. The British themselves might call it a sense of decency. They are a decent folk. They are peaceful, generous and

compassionate. Life is safe, persons are safe, property is safe, even privacy is safe. Cruelty is unthinkable, or torture, or injustice in public affairs.

The British believe in obeying the law; they keep their streets neat, their gardens trim, draw their curtains at night and turn down their radios. They do not usually take advantage of one another. It is all a bit dull, perhaps, for it suggests a lack of passion and of individuality

and an absence of the excitement and colour that we associate with life in France or Italy, for example. There is a pervasive reasonableness, gentleness and helpfulness which tempers life.

It is still true, as Emerson said a century ago, that "the whole world is an interested party" in the fate of England. It is still true that she is one of those institutions that stand, like a law of nature; that whatever else may change, Britain will not.



It's the Thought that Counts

WHEN a disabled person applied to our organization for aid, we got in touch with all "responsible relatives" to ask how much they were willing and able to contribute towards the applicant's support. From a Latin-American woman with a faltering but poetic command of English came this reply: "The willing I have. The able I do not."

—Contributed by E. S.

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Sane Asylums

UNTIL Axel Faber came along, geniuses had to live very much like ordinary people—in a world of honking motor horns, howling babies, jangling telephones and babbling neighbours. No longer. A retired Danish industrialist, living in Mexico City, Faber has opened a chain of sane asylums, where Nobel Prize-winners and other intellectuals of equal standing can get away and just think.

His islands of quiet contemplation already include a large house in Acapulco, a castle in Vienna, and homes in Brazil and Japan. Faber has started looking for others in London, Paris and New York.

Among his first guests: Dr. Donald Glaser, the 1960 Nobel Prize-winner in physics, and his bride, who honeymooned at the Acapulco refuge and emerged with a glowing testimonial. "The Nobel Prize has taught me one thing already," Dr. Glaser said. "I can stand the public light for a while, and then I really begin to feel the need to sit quietly, read some serious books, and not talk to anyone. If you don't do it, you go crazy."

What better testimonial could a chain of sane asylums ask? —*Newsweek*



It's Nothing Serious . . .

*just spaghetti sauce in the vacuum cleaner,
or a slight brush with a hot wheelbarrow*

By WILL STANTON

I THINK IT'S time we took some of our attention from outer space and did some research on the hazards of suburban living. I offer this report as a sort of stepping-stone.

The time I hurt my arm was a stormy Saturday night. I drove to the doctor's house. "It doesn't really amount to much," I said, "but Fran thought you should take a look. A hot wheelbarrow fell on it."

"I see," said the doctor, turning

on the light. "You know, there's nothing wrong with a few high jinks—at least for a younger person. But a man with responsibilities—"

"Listen," I said. "We were just having a little bonfire."

"I know. Sometimes these things start out very innocently."

"If you'd let me finish telling you," I said. "I had just got a good fire going when the rain started, so I propped the wheelbarrow over it upside down. Then a little later

I was reaching underneath to check——”

“Well,” the doctor said, “we’d better have a look.”

As I had expected, it wasn’t serious—my accidents never are. Sometimes I think the worst thing about them is the absurd explanations they always seem to involve me in. Like the spaghetti sauce.

We were having a big crowd in for dinner, and Fran was going to serve spaghetti. The tomatoes and peppers were ripe, so she made a lot of sauce. She left the pan on the shelf by the kitchen door while she cleaned the dining-room. Jeannie had been watching her mother using the vacuum cleaner and when Fran stopped to answer the phone I guess there was something about the vacuum cleaner and the pan of sauce that was just too much for the child. Anyhow, when I came home I found everybody in tears and the household disorganized. I phoned the repair service.

“What seems to be the trouble?” the fellow asked.

“The vacuum cleaner doesn’t work,” I said. “It’s got something in it.”

“What do you think it is?” he asked me.

“Spaghetti sauce,” I said.

“I see,” he said. “About how much?”

I said about eight quarts. “We had a lot of extra tomatoes,” I explained.

“I understand,” he said. “Well,

we try to put out a good sturdy machine, but it isn’t built . . .”

I tried to explain to him that it was an accident—that my little girl didn’t know any better.

“That’s the story I get all the time,” he said. “In the old days parents knew how to make their kids mind what they were doing.”

“Jeannie minds,” I said, “but nobody ever told her not to do it.”

“No,” he said, “of course not. Too busy going to parties, and letting some baby-sitter bring up your kids. And what’s the result?”

“You look after the vacuum cleaner,” I said, “and let me worry about the kids.”

“That’s up to you,” he said. “Mind if I ask a personal question?”

I said I didn’t mind.

“What did it sound like?”

That has bothered me ever since.

I hate talking to repairmen anyhow. They treat you like a child just because you haven’t got a lot of technical information at your fingertips. I suppose if I devoted time to it I could learn the difference between 6-volt and 12-volt, AM and FM, and so on. But I’m old-fashioned enough to want to spend these precious moments with my family and flowers.

Just try to explain this philosophy to some lawn-mower mechanic. I did.

“That’s fine,” he said. “Is your mower two-stroke or four-stroke?”

“I’m not sure,” I said. “I’ve only had it a short time.”

“Let’s look at it this way,” he

said. "Do you put oil in the petrol or not?"

I decided to compromise. "Yes," I said. "I put some oil in sometimes."

"If it's a four-stroke you're not supposed to put any in," he said.

All I was trying to do was give him answers that would make him happy.

"I never put much in," I said. "You know—just a little from time to time."

"If it's two-stroke you should use half a pint of oil to a gallon of petrol."

"That's what I meant by a little," I told him. "About half a pint."

He made some remark I couldn't quite catch. Then, "Bring it over," he said. "We'll see what we can do."

There was something in his tone that was a little condescending. This always annoys me. I wouldn't mind their overcharging me so much if they'd show me a little more respect.

I suppose that living on the threshold of catastrophe has made me extra cautious.

Whenever an emergency arises, I try to consider every contingency—but so far there has always been something I've overlooked. I'm thinking now about the incident of the tarpaulin.

I had it rigged up as a sort of awning at the end of the veranda—making a place for the kids to play, to put the lawn mower and so on. I fastened the outside corners to a couple of trees, one inside corner to

the bracket that holds the television aerial cable, the other to a water-spout. The possibilities for a mishap didn't occur to me until we were away on holiday.

We were having a heavy rain-storm, and I suddenly realized that the tarpaulin, suspended like a hammock, would hold a great deal of water, and something would have to give.

It would cost about 20 dollars to replace one of the trees; the water-spout and gutter would probably run a little higher. The bracket for the television cable was pretty flimsy, but the cable itself was strong—possibly strong enough to pull down the aerial.

Our neighbours, the Baxters, would be aware of the problem, since the tarpaulin was right in line with their living-room window. However, it was doubtful if Baxter would do anything about it voluntarily—he had got too much pleasure from my mishaps in the past. Still, he could hardly refuse a direct request. I didn't want to alarm Fran, so I sent him a wire. I thought hard about how to word it.

Although Baxter is free with his advice and criticism, he is about as clumsy as they come. In case no damage had yet been done, I didn't want him adding his weight to any of the ropes and possibly falling into the tarpaulin and pulling everything down. The simplest solution, I decided, would be to

poke a hole in the tarpaulin and let the water out.

So I wired him: PLEASE CUT HOLE IN BOTTOM OF TARPAULIN—WILL EXPLAIN LATER.

A couple of days afterwards we were getting ready for a picnic. "Do you think we should take the tarpaulin along?" Fran asked me.

"What tarpaulin?"

"The one you had rigged up by

the veranda," she said. "I thought we should bring it, so I took it down."

"I see." By this time Baxter would probably have my telegram framed. "Whatever you want," I said.

"It's so lovely today," Fran said. "I hate the thought of going home."

I nodded. "I know how you feel."



Bureaucracy at Work

WHAT do bureaucrats do in their working hours? They implement. Implementing is what everyone in government offices is doing when he is handling paper, which is most of the time.

When two or more employees stop implementing and start talking, they are co-ordinating. Co-ordinating requires a big part of the working-day. Its purpose is to find out who is implementing what.

A third consuming duty of the government worker is formulating. Formulating is producing ideas to be implemented. Usually formulating is a committee operation.

A fourth important duty of the bureaucrat is to circulate. Circulating is the passing from one office to another of the millions of pieces of paper that hold the government together.

A final activity of the government worker is referring. Referring is usually done on the telephone. When someone telephones the government official for information or help, the person receiving the call refers him to another government department, preferably in another ministry. At any moment during office hours, the telephone wires are laden with desperate men being referred from bureaucrat to bureaucrat—because of the bureaucrat's congenital uncertainty about the extent of his own authority. Their business is not deciding, but implementing, co-ordinating, formulating and circulating.

They solve problems by referring, or passing the buck to someone else in an endless variation on the game of Old Maid.

—Russell Baker

A former Communist agent reveals how friendly, guileless and garrulous Americans made his espionage job easy

AMERICANS TALK TOO MUCH!

By PAWEŁ MONAT, WITH JOHN DILLE, *Associate Editor of Life*

AMERICA is a wonderful country—in which to carry out espionage.

For three years—until I defected to the United States in 1959—I was a colonel in military intelligence attached to the Polish Embassy in Washington. Soon after I arrived there I discovered an almost infallible approach for getting along: if a foreigner tells Americans that they are a friendly people and that the United States is a magnificent country, the stranger is sure to find himself accepted almost immediately as a good and trusted friend.

Even with a Polish accent, I found one American after another who seemed so impelled by this national yearning to be likeable that he told me things he might never have told his wife.

In Washington one evening in 1956 I boarded a train for Chicago with a colleague, Captain Tadeusz Wisniewski. As the train pulled out, a short, distinguished-looking gentleman stood next to me in the corridor of the sleeping-car. After a moment we exchanged pleasantries.

"I noticed your accent," he said.
"Where are you from?"

"I'm originally from Poland. But now I live in Washington."

"And what do you do?"

"What does everyone do in Washington?" I asked. "I am with one of the government offices." I did not say *which* government office.

"That is a coincidence," the man said. "So am I. I'm a scientist. I do research for the government."

"That sounds very interesting," I said, and looked out of the window as if I weren't really interested at all.

At this point my new friend invited me into his compartment to chat. He picked up a fat briefcase and opened it. "This is the project that I'm working on now," he said. "I spend about 18 hours a day on these papers."

The papers were full of graphs and tables. "It looks as though you are designing a new aircraft," I said.

"No. These are the plans for a new wind tunnel."

I was sure that both Warsaw and Moscow would be interested in the contents of that briefcase. A new wind tunnel probably meant new U.S. aircraft were being designed. Just then a steward announced dinner. My new friend asked me to join him. "I'll wash my hands first and join you in the dining-car," I said.

I rushed back to my compartment and gave Wisniewski his instructions: "Two compartments forward there's a briefcase on the rack. Bring it in here and photograph everything in it as fast as you can.

Then put the briefcase back where you got it. When I come back from dinner, I'll rattle this door. If you have not finished, you must hide the briefcase immediately."

The scientist and I had a pleasant dinner filled with small talk. Finally, after about two hours, he said he was sleepy. We returned towards my compartment. I opened my door slightly, then closed it again.

"My colleague is already asleep," I said. "I was afraid he might have locked the door."

"My Lord," the scientist said, "I hope no one has opened mine."

He opened his door—then turned back and smiled. "Everything's fine," he said. "The briefcase is still there."

Wisniewski was awake when I returned. "Did you get it?" I asked.

"Every page."

We sent our evening's work straight to Warsaw.

I WAS returning to Washington from New York by train one evening when a young army lieutenant came aboard at Trenton, New Jersey, and sat down beside me. I could tell from his insignia that he was an ordnance officer. He leafed through a magazine while I gazed out of the window and watched his reflection in it for some sign of an opening. Finally, when he seemed bored with reading, I offered him a cigarette.

"I'm going to Washington," I said. "How far are you going?"

"Aberdeen," he answered.

"Oh, you're from the ordnance proving ground," I said. "You must have an interesting job."

"It sure is," he said. "We're on a fascinating project right now—we're trying to figure out the best angle for the armour-plating on a new tank. You know, so the shells will bounce off. We think it goes something like this." He held up his hands to show me the angle.

"You've probably heard about the new M-14 rifle," he went on.

"Very little," I said.

"Well, it's terrific. We think it's going to give us fire power of 750 rounds a minute. That's faster than some of our machine-guns."

I kept nodding my head or exclaiming over facts for the next hour, until the lieutenant got off at Aberdeen, Maryland. I spent the rest of the trip scribbling notes. Next day I discussed them with one of my assistants, an expert on ordnance. He knew most of the facts, but some of the details were new to him. I checked these items with the Soviet military attaché, and they were news to him too. It was a most profitable cigarette.

ONCE I sent two of my best assistants, Major Edmund Baranowski and Major Wladyslaw Kuluski, on a trip through Texas. Texas has many U.S. Air Force installations, so my officers made a point of staying at motels close to the airfields and eating in restaurants frequented by air force men. One night, as they were

sitting at a bar near San Antonio, Baranowski and Kuluski looked up to see a tall young man striding through the door wearing a rakish ten-gallon hat. The officers, who had never seen a hat quite like it, must have stared at him, for in a moment the Texan came over and introduced himself. They told him their names, and in the confusion of the moment they even volunteered that they were from Poland.

"What do you-all think of Texas?" he asked.

Kuluski and Baranowski assured him that Texas was big, rich and amazing.

"Well," the Texan said, "the old country up North gets herself into a war—we bail her out. We've got a lotta fightin' folk down here. I guess you-all've seen the big airfields."

Kuluski and Baranowski said they did not know very much about them.

"I've been inside most of 'em," the Texan said. "I was a pilot for four years before my daddy died and I had to go home and mind the ranch."

My men suggested that the Texan join them for dinner. He agreed. He was a walking encyclopedia of military aviation. He knew the speed and performance of air force planes; he knew the training schedules of the local pilots, a number of whom were friends of his; he knew about their pay, their morale and their proficiency; he knew how the SAC alert system worked; he knew

just how many bombers on a SAC base were loaded with nuclear weapons and ready to fly away to war; he knew about the armament of the planes and the radar systems and the best tactics for shooting down an interceptor in mid-air; he knew what formations the fighter planes were trained to follow; and he went into detail about air force maintenance and repair crews.

Kuluski and Baranowski, who were not aviation experts, retained only about half of what he told them. I suggested in my report to Warsaw that future missions of this kind into air force territory be staffed with trained Polish Air Force officers.

ONE OF our best sources of loose talk about military subjects was the Pentagon, in Washington. Anyone, from a four-star general to a 15-year-old boy, can get into the building; no one needs a pass. And once inside, though some office areas are extremely well guarded, anyone can roam the corridors and pause outside the rooms. The building also houses a large concourse filled with shops, a post office, a bank and other facilities for the Pentagon's

huge population. This area, along with the Army Library—where we were allowed to browse through the unclassified material—composed our main stamping ground.

Our job was to eavesdrop on conversations. Once in a while, in the midst of everyday military gossip, we picked up a juicy morsel. Two officers meeting in a corridor confirmed a rumour we had heard that an infantry regiment was undergoing special nuclear training. A colonel told a friend that he had just been ordered to evaluate a new weapon that we had never heard of. It was in the Pentagon concourse that we got our first real hint about the reorganization of the U.S. Army into new, streamlined pentomic divisions. And one of my assistants first heard about the B-70 aircraft from an air force colonel who mentioned it to a colleague as they waited at a Pentagon snack bar.

All this information was bitty and fragmentary. But each tit-bit helped us to build up the mosaic. Eavesdropping on these talkative Americans also gave Warsaw—and Moscow—an intimate insight into the daily workings of the United States' high command.

BEFORE beginning a formal address, Dr. Franz Meyers, the North Rhine-Westphalia minister-president, said:

“Ladies and gentlemen, I have first to apologize for my English. My relationship to your language corresponds to my relationship to my wife: I love her, but I cannot control her!”

—*The Bulletin of the German Federal Government*

*When eating was "an exquisite duty
owed to Nature for her bounties"*



They Lived To Eat

By ESTELLE RIES

WHEN CATHERINE DE MEDICI went to France as the bride of Henry II she took with her some Italian cooks who had developed their trade to an art in the general awakening of the Renaissance. On French soil they

especially flourished, there being something about the French temperament that seemed to bring out the best in the culinary craft.

Louis XIII often prepared his own repast in order to thwart the attempts of enemies to poison him. In an age when poisoning was not uncommon, the "credence table" was devised, upon which a taster had to sample the meats in the presence of the family before they partook.

Cardinal Richelieu is credited with creating the first recipe for mayonnaise. Many rich sauces and dishes were named after La Pompadour and other celebrated charmers.

The great Condé had a chef, Vatel, who had such intense pride in the success of his dinners that when the sea-food he had ordered for a royal feast at Chantilly failed to arrive he in despair made away with his life. He had also written a treatise on the etiquette of carving.

It is said of the first Earl of Carlisle that his suppers were made to please not the palate only but also the eye. When his guests assembled they were ushered into a banquet hall covered with the most beautiful effects that could be produced by silversmith, decorator, confectioner and cook. But while the company was inspecting and admiring his

elaborate display the viands grew cold and were unfit for critical palates. So suddenly the doors would be flung open, this ante-supper, as it was called, would be quickly removed, and another supper, hot and presenting in every detail the exact duplicate of the one taken away, would be served in its place.

Coming back to France, Louis XV had an ingenious invention of "flying tables," which, after each course, descended through the floor and rose again replenished with tempting dishes. Eating was the most serious occupation of this monarch's life, and few of his courtiers could keep up with him.

The first serious attempt to invest gastronomy with the air of an intellectual pursuit was made in 1803 when Grimon de la Reynière produced his *Almanach des Gourmands*, which did much to establish the fine art of dining, as distinct from commonplace eating. Through his work, novel recipes were circulated and tried in many countries.

In 1825 Brillat-Savarin published that most readable of books *Physiologie du Goût*, or Physiology of Taste, in which with felicitous skill he discourses on the pleasures of the table and dwells on its scientific aspects too. He was a lawyer and for a time had been exiled for his political opinions. He had also studied medicine and chemistry. Music, the fair sex and good dinners were all of great interest to him.

To Brillat-Savarin eating was not merely a pleasure. Rather it was an exquisite duty owed to Nature for her bounties. He was keenly eager to teach others the potentialities of the art of dining. His recipes show a touching anxiety lest some ingredient be misused or left out. To him the cook is a real scientist with an infinite capacity for good or evil. His works stand out not only among the most original of the nineteenth century but, despite the greatly expanded literature of gastronomy, they are still one of the main sources of instruction on the subject.

Alexandre Dumas was one of the famous *vivants* of his day and was never so happy as when discovering a new recipe. His reputation as author of *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers* was not nearly so dear to him as his reputation as a cook, host and epicure. He concluded his literary work of 500 volumes with a volume of recipes, and said to his friends, "I see with pleasure that my culinary reputation promises soon to efface my literary reputation."

Talleyrand, the French diplomat and politician, was pleased to be called "the first fork" of his time. When nearly 80 he used to spend an hour every morning with his cook, discussing dishes for dinner. He believed that a well-devised cuisine would preserve his health better than a staff of doctors. For 12 years the famous Carême was his culinary director. Carême had been

chef to Tsar Alexander I of Russia and to George IV of England.

Then there was Baron Brisse, so well fed that when he travelled he was obliged to buy two seats in the diligence. He summed up his philosophy thus: "The host whose guest has been obliged to ask him for anything is a dishonoured man." Henrion de Pensey, a magistrate of France, felt that the discovery of a dish was better than the discovery of

a new star, "for we have always stars enough."

It is to Owen Meredith that we turn for the song of the epicure:

*We may live without books—
what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope—what
is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love—what
is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can
live without dining?*

Flights of Fancy

I WAS busy setting up trays in the galley on a jet flight when a sweet little old lady asked the way to the ladies' room. I told her it was at the front of the aircraft. She followed my directions too literally, walked *all the way* to the front, opened the cockpit door and looked in on the crew at the controls. Confused, she returned to the galley and complained gently, "There are four men sitting in the ladies' room watching television!"

—D. L.

AN ELDERLY woman on one of my flights insisted on wrapping her head in her rug. "This is my first flight," she explained, "and I'm so scared that I'm not coming out from under this cover until we're back on the ground."

I tried to reassure her, but without success. So the captain came and told her the weather was perfect and everything was going smoothly—but she continued to hide under the rug. When the captain gave up and started to go back to the cockpit, the old lady peeped out. "I'm sorry, young man. I just don't like flying and I'll never fly again. But I'll say this," she added in a kindly tone. "You and your wife certainly keep your aeroplane clean."

—A. O.

A CONFIRMED air traveller says he's still a little nervous about the public-address announcement he heard at the airport on his most recent trip. "Flight 609," the voice intoned solemnly, "is now ready for its final departure."

—A. R.

A VISITING friend reports a strange conversation she had while discussing her air passage with a travel clerk. "I heard there's an airline strike," she said. "Will I have any trouble getting back home?"

"Oh, no," said the clerk. "The strike only affects the pilots." —M. T.

MADAGASCAR

Island of Riddles

*A mysterious and little-known land emerges, quietly,
as an independent nation*

BY GORDON GASKILL

MADAGASCAR, the world's fourth largest island (after Greenland, New Guinea, Borneo) and one of its strangest lands, is in the wrong ocean.

Though she lies just off shore from Africa in the Indian Ocean, she has little connexion with either Africa or India. Her basic culture, language and people stem largely from Malayo-Indonesian lands bordering the Pacific.

One thousand miles long, 360 miles wide at her widest, Madagascar was until practically yesterday a shimmering enigma, remote and tantalizing, a blend of Shangri-La and El Dorado. Today she is at last shedding some of her mysterious isolation. Jet planes have recently put her a bare 16 hours from Paris. But she is still an island of riddles.

By most standards, the Malagasy—as the people of the island call themselves—should hate the French, their former colonial masters. When, in 1947, the islanders revolted against French rule, France retaliated with a ferocity little realized in the outside world. Since then, amazingly, both French and Malagasy have decided to let bygones be bygones. Working together, they effected one of the swiftest, smoothest and most successful changes from colony to full independence that the world has seen.

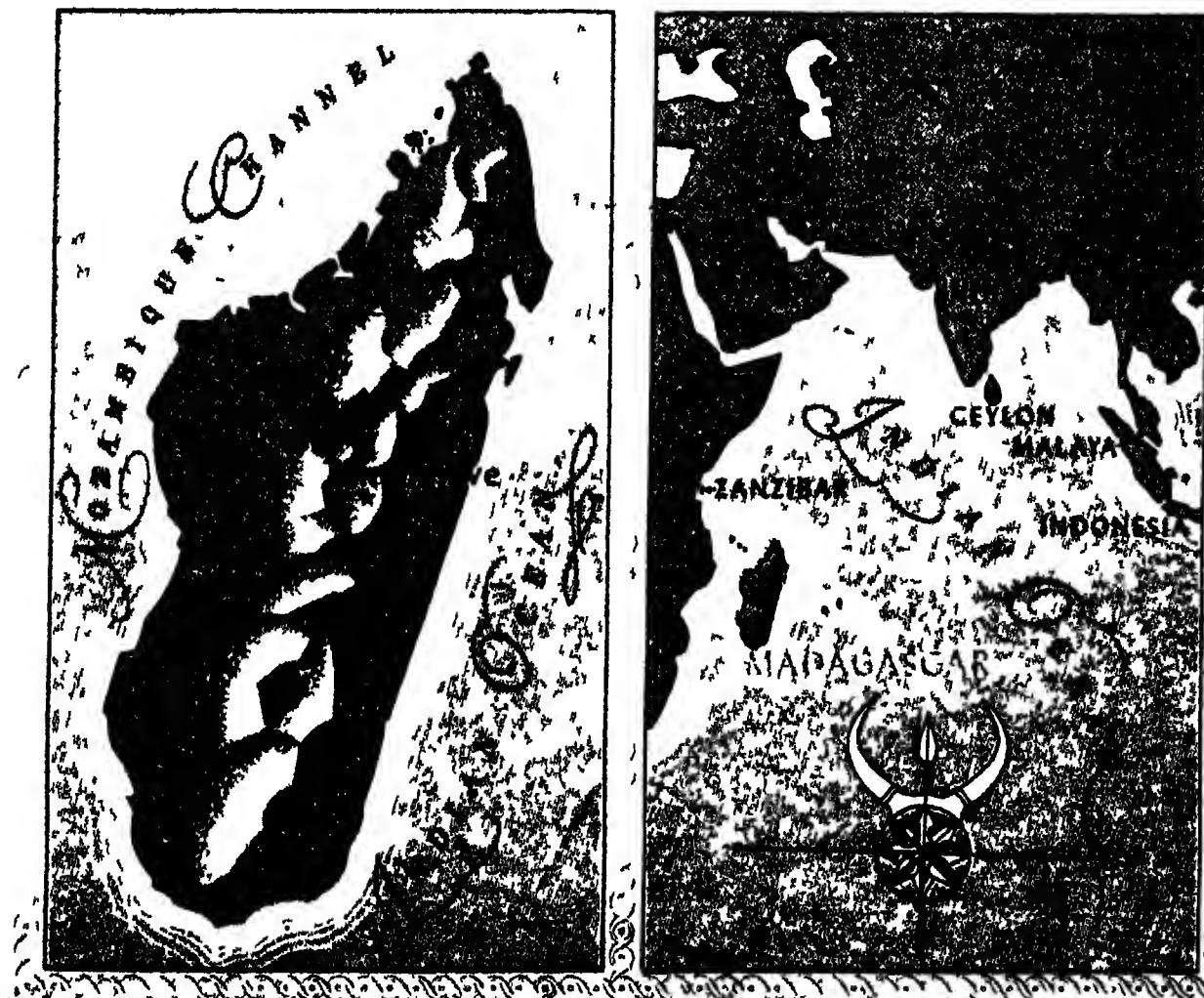
Both African and Asian power blocs have tried to claim the new Malagasy Republic in the cold war, without success. Says the Malagasy president, Philibert Tsiranana, "We are not Africans. We are not Asians. We are something different."

Madagascar has always been different. A Lost World, she developed birds, beasts, butterflies and plants found nowhere else. Only in the seas around Madagascar have been found living coelacanths—primeval fish until recently thought to have died out at least 60 million years ago. Only here grew the Aepyornis, a giant bird, wingless, horse-size, six times heavier than an ostrich, which laid rugger-ball-size eggs and vanished so recently that native tradition still recalls exciting hunts for it.

Madagascar's flora and fauna are almost completely different from those of the African coast, 250 miles

westward. The African coast swarms with poisonous snakes, while Madagascar has never had any at all. None of the African big game—lion, leopard, gazelle, elephant—ever appeared here. Why?

Another riddle is the peopling of the island. There is no argument about *where* they came from. They came from the Malayo-Indonesian countries, and brought with them a heritage of crafts and culture: outrigger canoes, language, rice-culture and legends. The argument is about when and how they came. Perhaps they started coming about the first century A.D. Some probably drifted



straight across from their homelands—the whole 5,000 miles or so—in Kon-Tiki fashion, on rafts or boats. But probably most followed the coast westward in gradual stages: India, Arabia, East Africa, mixing with and bringing along much African blood, as wives or slaves, and many African customs.

A Portuguese sea captain, blown off course, discovered the "Great Island" in 1500. But not until 1777 did a European penetrate the mysterious interior highlands and bring back wide-eyed reports of an amazing "master race" called the Merinas. The last of the Malayo-Indonesians to arrive, the Merinas had for some reason scorned the rich and lazy coastal areas and climbed into the highlands. There in the bracing climate they developed a small but energetic civilization, ambitious to conquer the whole island. Their great expansion began under the "Malagasy Napoleon," otherwise King Andrianampoinimerina—"Nampoina" for short—and continued under Radama I, his able son. Radama picked up a trio of remarkable sergeants, whom he promoted overnight to generals: A French deserter, an illiterate Jamaican mulatto and a Scot. These three introduced horses, modern firearms, even cannon, and built a fighting force of 15,000. With it Radama and his immediate successors conquered most of Madagascar.

Radama abolished the export of slaves and brought in Protestant

missionaries from Britain to open schools. He read the Bible, and was fascinated by the story of the Crucifixion—but for a reason which shocked the missionaries. He thought that crucifixion was a wonderfully ingenious idea, and ordered crosses to be erected for his own executions.

After learning French and English from his sergeants, Radama decided that the spelling in both languages was ridiculous, with useless silent letters, and with the same letter pronounced differently in different words. Whereupon he decreed that the Malagasy language should henceforth be written in Latin letters, using English consonants and French vowels, and that every letter should always be pronounced the same way. As a result, Malagasy today is a clear, easily learned language. Soft-sounding and liquid, it is sometimes called the "Italian of the Indian Ocean," and it abounds with poetic phrases. The sun, for instance, is "the eye of the day"; the bee is "the mother of honey."

Radama died in 1828, aged about 35, worn out from war, drink and women. He was buried with his 12 favourite war horses and 80 uniforms tailored in London. To feed his mourners, 20,000 oxen were killed.

In the nineteenth-century scramble for colonies, Britain and France waged a bitter struggle for control of the island. In 1890 they finally

made a deal: Britain could have Zanzibar; France could have Madagascar. The French sent strong forces to take the island in 1895. Resistance was feeble. The French permitted a puppet queen to reign for two years, then abolished the monarchy and took over the island as a colony.

The east coast of Madagascar is rich and lush, truly tropical, burgeoning with spices and fruits, fringed with fish-filled lagoons and palm-shaded white beaches. The rainfall is phenomenal—about 140 inches a year. Life is easy here, perhaps too easy. Initiative dies.

Quite different are the desert and semi-desert areas in the south and south-west—so dry that women frequently walk miles to bring back water in jars carried on their heads. Few crops will grow; life is hard and primitive.

The complex blood lines of the Malagasy have produced an unusually handsome people, gentle and full of fun



It is the third zone — the invigorating highlands—that is the heart of Madagascar. Here are the best schools, the most churches (one Protestant, one Catholic in almost every village), the best educated and most progressive people, and a fine network of roads. Here is the capital, Tananarive, which perches some 4,700 feet high on a series of hills adorned with purple jacaranda and red bougainvillaea.

Crowning Tananarive's highest hill is the Queen's Palace, built in 1839. It has a central support, a mighty, solid tree trunk 128 feet high and many yards in circumference. The palace commands a view of unearthly loveliness in all directions — over the flower-garlanded town and the shimmering rice fields, off to blue hills in the distance.

Madagascar could have a glittering future. An economic expert who has spent some 15 years studying a dozen new countries told me: "She has just about every blessing God can give a country except oil."

She has lots of empty land, some of it very fertile indeed. The island's mineral treasures are graphite, in which Madagascar

exceeds all countries in the world except Ceylon; mica; a high-quality rock crystal vital to electronics; and quantities of metals important in rocketry and atomic-energy production, such as beryllium, thorium, tantalum, columbium. There is uranium in plenty, and chrome and nickel, iron ore and coal—all largely undeveloped.

Yet there is practically no industry on the island. French colonial policy did not encourage economic independence. And there have been other brakes on progress. One is the fantastic Malagasy love affair with the Zebu, a Brahma-type cow with huge, spreading horns and a fat hump on its neck. Madagascar has more Zebus than people—about eight million. With some few exceptions, however, these vast herds of Zebu are neither eaten nor milked. They have no religious significance, as in India; they are simply a sign of status.

The more Zebus a Malagasy has, the more important he feels. It is useless for a Westerner to point to a herd of the animals and argue, "But what *good* do they do?" The Malagasy glances down at the Western wife's left hand and says quietly, "What *good* are your wife's diamonds?"

Ancestor worship, too, lays a leaden hand on progress. No Malagasy wants to discard ancient farming methods or to try anything new or different—his ancestors might be offended. Death is considered no

great tragedy. The dead are still part of the family; they have merely moved to another room, to be visited from time to time. Every few years a family will have a big feast, invite friends. They all march down to the family tomb, take out the bodies of favourite ancestors, parade them around, re-wrap them in new robes, and return them to the tomb. It is gay and friendly, with plenty to eat and drink and lots of music.

Meanwhile, Madagascar has gained some benefits from her French connexions. The French expanded the island's already flourishing school system, so that today 54 per cent of its children are in schools. Thousands of young Malagasy go to France for university training, with France still footing most of the bill. Every year Madagascar's exports pay for only three-quarters of her imports. France makes up the difference, as a direct gift. One economic expert estimates that France puts up from a third to half of all public money spent in Madagascar.

After the Second World War the Malagasy joined in the world-wide colonial thirst for independence. The French were slow to take alarm—until one awful night in March 1947, when the Malagasy simultaneously attacked at 100 different places, massacring—often with barbaric cruelty—isolated French settlers, officials and army garrisons.

Nobody knows how many Malagasy died in the French reprisals. In 1948 the French governor-general



Branding time for the Zebu cattle, status symbols of the Malagasy people

guessed "over 50,000," although a more careful French check in 1950 reduced this to a little over 9,500. (Many Malagasy, without much evidence, insist that the number of dead ran as high as 175,000). The brutal toll opened French eyes. Then began the customary race, with the mother country offering concessions that were too little and too late, and with the local nationalists demanding ever more and more.

It was a blessing to France and Madagascar that the island's leader happened to be Philibert Tsiranana. Full of horse sense, Tsiranana made no bones of his view that for some years to come Madagascar could not

do without the French. To the Malagasy who demanded that all the French be kicked out, he replied, "Can you take over our telephone system and make sure it always works? No, and neither can any other Malagasy—yet. When we can, then we shall be able to send the French home, but not before."

In 1958, when France offered her overseas territories (except Algeria) a free choice of remaining in the French Community (equivalent to the British Commonwealth) or of leaving it, Tsiranana beat the drums for staying, and nearly 80 per cent of the Malagasy voted with him. Two years later, on June 26, 1960, after

friendly negotiations with France, Madagascar became totally independent. Independence came so smoothly that, astonishingly, many Malagasy don't remember exactly which day it was.

Nearly all Communist-*bloc* countries flew in delegates for Madagascar's Independence Day. Tsiranana received them with great courtesy, said that Madagascar hoped to be friends with everybody, and beamed his thanks for gifts of Russian wine and brandy. But when the Communists began talking of exchanging diplomats, of signing trade agreements, the President pointed out that Madagascar was new to independence and needed time to think things over. He turned nobody down; he ruffled no feelings. But,

somehow, Madagascar has not yet got round to exchanging diplomats with any Communist nation.

Today two French generals still command French Community troops in Madagascar—including some 3,000 French soldiers. The old French street names are still up. The French language is still cherished. Tsiranana still welcomes French help, and is grateful for it. Some day, he knows, it must end. But he wants to taper it off gradually, logically.

Remembering the nightmare of the ex-Belgian Congo, and the less dramatic chaos in other new countries, he wants a blood transfusion, not a haemorrhage. As he says, "We are not Africans We are not Asians. We are something different."

All Clear

THIS simple rule of thumb has gone into effect for all-night parking in Boston: "On even-numbered dates park on the odd-numbered side of the street. On odd-numbered dates park on the even-numbered side. If you park after midnight, the rule is reversed. Where parking is allowed only on one side, park on the side opposite the 'No Parking Anytime' sign."

—UPI

FROM the Lewiston, Idaho, *Tribune*: "The crossword puzzle which should have appeared in today's *Tribune* appeared instead in yesterday's, together with the answer to the puzzle that should have been printed yesterday. Therefore, the puzzle that should have appeared yesterday is in today's *Tribune*, together with the answer to Wednesday's puzzle. The puzzle for today and the answer to the one that should have been printed yesterday are reprinted"

THE COMPLICATIONS of modern life are epitomized in a traffic sign at an intersection of super-highways near Chicago: "To Make a Left Turn Make Two Right Turns." —E. W. T.

A Murderer Is Loose

BY JOSEPH BLANK

The story of quiet, gentle Louis Gorman who, trapped with seven others by a cold-blooded killer, found the courage to do "what had to be done"

ON THE mild, sunny Friday morning of October 9, 1959, alarming news spread among the people of Jerseyville, a small town in Illinois: a cold-blooded killer was hiding somewhere in their area.

The 21-year-old killer, James Gordon Palmer, was a local man. The head of the police force described him as "a nice-looking, nice-talking boy who didn't mind killing you." In a ramble through the southern countryside he had robbed and murdered a bait shop owner, a young waitress and a filling-station attendant. He had fired bullets into the backs of their heads—in the case of two of them, while they lay face



down on the floor—until they stopped moving.

On the night of October 8, local police had spotted Palmer as he drove up to his home. He raced them to the outskirts of town, jumped from his car and escaped into a cornfield. An hour later he shot and wounded a railway worker who was shining a lantern near a ditch where he lay hidden.

Now more than 100 police had converged on Jerseyville. They put bloodhounds round the spot where Palmer had fled, but the dogs couldn't pick up a scent. They patrolled all roads and searched hundreds of buildings. Each school bus carried an armed policeman. A helicopter and four small planes kept criss-crossing the farmlands round the town. Radio broadcasters warned listeners to lock their doors. Police feared that Palmer might massacre an isolated farm family in order to steal a car.

As the hours passed, the people of Jerseyville became increasingly jumpy. By afternoon, sporting-goods stores had sold out their supplies of guns and ammunition. Several farm families drove into town to stay at the hotel. One woman, hearing a noise in the basement, riddled her kitchen floor with buckshot.

In the small, squat, brick building that housed the two office rooms of Gorman Bros. Ready-Mix Concrete & Construction Co. in Franklin Street, business continued as usual. But when Louis Gorman went

home that evening he found his wife, Frances, and their two children frightened. Gorman, a quiet and gentle man, 52 and greying, tried to reassure them. "Palmer is probably well on his way to Mexico by now," he said.

Nevertheless, he slept restlessly. He arose before five, dressed and drove down to Sandy's Café, where he drank coffee and talked with two men from a group that had searched for Palmer through the night. Then shortly after seven, Gorman drove to the office. Two lorry-drivers, Charles Kroeschel and his son-in-law, Robert Cordes, arrived at the same time.

When Gorman put his key into the lock he found it unlocked. He made a mental note to remind his men to check the doors before leaving at night. Entering the building, Gorman went to the cloakroom. He saw that the glass pane in the rear door had been broken and covered with cardboard, but he assumed that one of his men had broken the window the previous day.

Meanwhile, Charles Kroeschel walked round the service counter in the outer office, stepped into the inner office—and was confronted by a man pointing a .22-calibre semi-automatic rifle. Kroeschel's mouth fell open. He backed away, repeating incredulously, "Louie, he's here. That guy is *here*."

Palmer, tall, lean, fair, with a boyish face, said: "Do as I tell you and you won't get killed. Sit down

on the floor of the inside office and don't move." Kroeschel and Cordes obeyed.

Gorman, in the cloakroom, had heard Kroeschel's astonished words. Quickly he locked the door and opened the window, but he couldn't push out the jammed shutter. Palmer banged on the door with his rifle butt and said, "Are you coming out or will I have to shoot you through the door?" Gorman came out.

"Sit down with your buddies," Palmer directed, then asked the trio if the owner of the business was among them. Gorman answered. The killer nodded towards him and said, "Open the safe, brother."

"I can't," Gorman said. "It's a tricky combination lock and our office manager, Ernie Pohlman, is the only one who knows how to open it."

"Brother, you're lying," Palmer said evenly. "I've half a mind to kill you right now." He moved his rifle.

"I'm not lying. Ernie will open the safe when he comes in." Gorman admits he was scared. He had no way of knowing at what point a whim might prompt the killer to start shooting.

At that moment lorry-driver Edward Fitzgibbons drove his pick-up to the back of the building and parked it. Palmer crouched behind the four-foot-high service counter. Fitzgibbons, noticing the broken pane in the rear door, ambled into

the office saying, "Hey, it looks like somebody broke in here."

Palmer rose from behind the counter, his gun levelled. "And I'm still here," he announced. "You just sit down on the floor there with your buddies." Fitzgibbons did so.

The next captive was William Kuehnle, a railway engineer, who dropped in to tell Gorman that a load of cement had arrived for him. The engineer was followed by Herschel Andrews, a construction-equipment operator, and then another lorry driver, Darrell Smith.

Ernie Pohlman was a little late that morning. Reluctant to leave his wife and three children in the house six miles out in the country, he had stayed to show his wife how to fire his shotgun. His first sensation when confronted by Palmer was relief: at least he knew his family was safe.

When Pohlman identified himself, Palmer said, "Just the man. Open the safe, Ernie."

Pohlman knelt before the safe, which for a long time had been difficult to open. He twirled the knob. He failed on the first try. He failed again. In a warning tone Palmer said, "Ernie!" Again Pohlman muffed the combination. Palmer said, "Ernie, I'll give you one more minute. If you don't open that safe, you're a dead man."

"Take your time, Ernie," Gorman urged. "A minute's a long time."

Pohlman's face was white and wet

with sweat. He carefully turned the dial again, heard the tumblers click, and sagged with relief.

He dumped the contents of the money-box on the floor. Palmer nodded to Bill Kuehnle and said, "Now, sir, I want you to get the money from the wallets and put it into that paper bag."

When Kuehnle had completed his task, Gorman said to Palmer, "You've got all we can give you. Why don't you get out?"

Palmer ignored the suggestion and stared at the men for a minute. "Brother," he said to Gorman, "write out a sign saying 'Closed till 1 p.m.' and put it on the window of the front door." Palmer seemed to have a plan in mind.

Gorman pencilled the words on a rectangle of cardboard. As he stuck the sign to the door window he saw a man step on to the porch of the house across the street.

He kept rubbing the sign, hoping to attract the man's attention. But Palmer grew aware of his excess motions and said, "Brother, you're having a hard time with that sign. Get away from there." Each time Palmer gave an order he moved the rifle decisively.

He then addressed the group: "Do any of you have a knife?" Nobody answered. To Kuehnle, he said, "Take a piece of glass, sir, and cut that telephone wire." Palmer seemed to enjoy using the word "sir" in giving orders.

After Kuehnle had cut the cord,

Palmer asked, "Is there any rope around here?"

Again, nobody answered, although Gorman and his employees knew that there was rope in the shed behind the building.

To Gorman, Palmer repeated, "Is there any rope?"

"On top of that chute outside." Gorman pointed to the raised sand and gravel bin and cement chute about 40 feet away. A wooden ladder rose from the ground to the top of the bin where two lengths of rope dangled.

Palmer spoke to Kuehnle. "You, sir, get up that ladder and bring down a rope." As Kuehnle started out, Palmer said, "Wait! It might not look right, unless it was the owner." He nodded at Gorman. "Better if you did it, brother."

He ordered the seven other men to lie on their stomachs, face to the floor and hands behind their backs. "Not a false move out of any of you," he warned, "or your boss'll get it." He posted himself at the door and told Gorman to climb the ladder and get the rope. "And if you try anything funny, there are going to be a lot of dead men in here."

Gorman climbed the ladder. As he began fiddling with the rope he stood close to the top edge of the sand bin. He wanted terribly to be free of Palmer. *I could roll into the sand bin and Palmer could never hit me*, he thought. *Then I'd yell for help. Maybe when the men heard*

me they could make a break for it. But, no, Palmer would start shooting. Gorman gathered up the rope and climbed down.

In the office, Palmer told Gorman to tie the men's hands behind their backs as they lay face down on the floor. First in line was Kuehnel. As the railwayman felt the rope go round his wrists he resigned himself to death. "I reckoned this was my time," he later recalled. "I knew he was going to shoot us."

Palmer tested the knot and said, "Brother, you tie a loose knot. If I find another knot like that, I'm going to shoot the man through the head."

Gorman retied the knot. Then he bound Fitzgibbons' wrists. "As the seven of us lay there," Fitzgibbons says, "I swear I felt the floor vibrate from our heart-beats." Gorman was feeling sick at the thought that he was tying up the men so that Palmer could shoot them while helpless. This was the killer's pattern, he knew.

After Gorman had tied the wrists of the next man, Darrell Smith, Palmer said, "Three down and four to go. When they're all tied up I'll have to shoot them through the head." On the floor the silent men lay tense as boards, listening to the blood pound in their ears, waiting for the shots.

"I was never more scared in my life," Gorman said recently, "but I knew I had to do something. If I lunged at Palmer I'd probably get

a bullet in the head. If I obeyed him, I'd still get the bullet in the head and so would the other men."

Palmer sat alertly on his haunches, his rifle muzzle following Gorman's every move. Gorman, about seven feet away, knew that if he tied up the fourth man he'd be a step farther away from the killer. He had to contrive a means of getting closer.

During his 75 minutes of captivity Gorman had noticed that whenever Palmer rose from his haunches he inevitably pointed his rifle at the ceiling before bringing it to bear on his victims. If attacked, would Palmer stick to this habit, giving his assailant an added fraction of a second—or would he fire from his haunched position?

Gorman said, "Their legs are too jammed together for me to step between them."

"Then step on their legs, brother. They won't be hurting for long."

"I'll be able to do a better job if I can work from round their heads," Gorman said. This would put him a little closer to Palmer.

"You have my permission," Palmer said.

Then Gorman had a sudden idea, felt his guts twist in fear, and acted. He stepped between the second and third man and, without haste, pretended to stumble. He tottered, then, in a seeming effort to regain his balance, stepped over the second man, moving closer to Palmer. To make the action seem innocent he stepped *backwards*, giving the killer

a clear shot at his back. Again, Gorman took a step backwards, over the remaining man between him and Palmer.

The killer hesitated a moment, then—following habit—rose from his haunches, pointing the rifle towards the ceiling. In the split second it took Palmer to bring the rifle down, Gorman was next to him and felt the gun barrel on his shoulder. He swung his left fist at the trigger guard, scraping the skin off his knuckles as he knocked the gun from Palmer's hands. Then, with all his power, he shot his right fist at Palmer's jaw. The killer went down, and Gorman fell on him. Palmer groped for the gun six inches away. Gorman jammed a knee on his wrist and hit him again, yelling, "Come on, boys!"

Galvanized into action, the four free men dived at Palmer. As they subdued him, a contractor, Ralph Russell, came in.

Hearing the scuffling and exclamations, he peered over the counter and said, "What's going on, a dice

game this time of the morning?"

One of the men looked up and grunted, "Palmer!" Kroeschel ran to the nearest telephone. In three minutes a police car skidded to a halt in front of the office. Officers handcuffed Palmer, now meek and whimpering a little, and hauled him away. It was all over.

Gorman and the seven men stood staring at one another. The thought of what might have happened was coursing through each of them like an electric shock. Gorman looked at his bloody hand. Then, in a dazed but businesslike tone he said, "O.K., boys, we've got concrete to deliver."

That broke the spell. Almost in chorus, the four lorry-drivers demanded, "Who the hell is going to deliver it?"

Gorman felt a flush of relief, and grinned. "This morning," he said, "I guess nobody is."

For his action, Louis Gorman received the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission's Silver Medal. Palmer is serving a 180-year prison term.



Proper Form

AN English gentleman was told by his butler that there was a burglar in the long gallery.

"Tell Mason to get Armitage to send Rawlins to me with a gun," he said. "And tell Linton to lay out my tweeds."

—“Beachcomber” in the *Daily Express*, London

LONDON socialite Mrs. Michael Lewis apologized to her host when she arrived late for a party. "My chauffeur lost his cap," she explained, "and I had to come by taxi."

—D.N.

the best medicine

A TEXAS millionaire enjoyed his trip on the *Queen Mary* so much that he asked if he could purchase her. "I'm sorry, sir," was the reply. "We cannot sell her—she's part of a set."

—*Evening Standard*, London

AN OLD LADY was very improvident, and when she had money she spent it in ways other than paying her bills. Now and again the water was shut off, the gas turned off or the telephone disconnected until she paid. During a particularly cold spell one winter, the old lady turned a tap one morning with no result. She telephoned the water company. "Tell me," she asked, "am I frozen up or am I turned off?"

—Gerald Kennedy

THE SHOWGIRL's rich boy-friend asked whether she'd still love him if he lost his money.

"Of course," she said. "I'd miss you, too." —Earl Wilson

TWO STAID MEMBERS of a fashionable club were examining a new wall plaque in the card-room.

"The faults of our brothers," it read, "we write upon the sand. Their virtues

we inscribe on tablets of love and memory."

Just then a loud crash was heard from the foyer below. "What's that?" exclaimed one member.

"Probably," said the other, "a truck delivering another load of sand."

—Bennett Cerf

WHEN Prince Rainier and his party were in New York last spring, they went to see the Broadway musical, *Carnival*. "I wish I had the prince's charm and poise," a member of the cast said afterwards. Said another, "I just wish I had his Grace." —E. W.

A CHAP took a friend for a spin in his new and expensive sports car. "What makes it hold the road so firmly?" the friend asked.

"The heavy instalments," replied the driver.

—Joe McCarthy

SINGER Julie Wilson reports that a small talking dog staged a tremendous performance at a charity show, telling jokes, singing comic songs and doing imitations. In the middle of the act, another dog leapt on to the stage, grabbed the performing puppy by the scruff of his neck and carried him off-stage.

"It's my mother," the small dog explained to the surprised audience as he disappeared from view. "She wants me to be a doctor." —J. M. C.

"I THINK it's time we thought about our daughter getting married," said the wife to her husband.

"Oh, let her wait until the right man comes along," suggested the husband.

"Why wait?" said the wife. "I didn't." —*Ohms Newsletter*

The Duck That Took a Town by Storm

*The story of Gertie,
a scatterbrained mother
whose trials and tribulations
made her immortal*

BY GORDON GASKILL

TOWARDS the close of April 1945, when the war was drawing to its end in blood and fury, there began in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one of the most fantastic episodes of modern Americana—a mixture of heart and hoop-la, ludicrous but tender, wacky but wonderful. It centred around a simple drama as old as the coming of spring, and the heroine was a mallard duck, a



few pounds of anonymous brown feathers. But, perhaps because it offered relief from the grisly insanity of war, it touched the hearts of Milwaukee, then all America, and finally half the world, making Gertie perhaps the most famous mallard in history.

Normally a mallard is among the wariest, shyest of earth's creatures. Yet for some unfathomable reason this duck chose to nest in the roaring heart of Milwaukee. The place she picked was one of the pilings that protected a bridge carrying the city's main street, Wisconsin Avenue, across the foul, greasy Milwaukee River. A bare four steps away, clanging trams and some 87,000 people crossed the bridge every day; the bridge itself roared open from time to time to let ships through. In this unlikely spot, she made a shallow bowl in the rotting top of the up-ended white-oak log, lined it with down plucked from her breast and settled in to lay eggs.

A city electrician named Ray Clemens was among the first to notice the mallard. Clemens telephoned the Milwaukee *Journal's* nature editor, the late Gordon MacQuarrie, who was highly sceptical. "I'm telling you it's a *duck!*" Clemens said, nettled. "A mallard duck with three eggs already." MacQuarrie sent a photographer to Wisconsin Avenue to see. *

For the next five weeks, Gertie the Great, as the *Journal* immediately named her, shared headlines

with the war. So many flocked to see her that they often blocked bridge traffic. Radio, photographs and newsreels extended her audience to millions more. At times Milwaukee radio stations flashed hourly bulletins. Abroad, military newspapers and radio networks kept almost daily track of her. One soldier wrote back, "She's the greatest morale builder this outfit ever had."

But Gertie needed help. Where the Milwaukee River crosses the heart of the city, it becomes a travesty of a river—polluted and dark, bound tightly between concrete walls and oil-soaked timbers, with no greenery, no natural place where a hungry duck might forage. Just across the river, below the other end of the bridge, a little mud had collected around some debris, and Gertie got into the habit of flying to this mud patch to peck out what she could. Soon the crowds began dropping food there: corn, bread, biscuits, lettuce leaves.

Gertie seemed to respond to this thoughtfulness and on April 28 came news that echoed in press and radio: GERTIE LAYS FOURTH EGG. She went on laying until at last she had nine. (Three later disappeared, nobody knows how.)

On May 2 there was a crisis: for the first time since Gertie had nested on the piling, the bridge had to be opened to pass two ships. Larger crowds than ever came to watch. The bridge tenders, working as gently as they could, set the great

lift machinery going to raise the two cantilevers; the two ships eased by as unobtrusively as possible. When it was obvious Gertie hadn't batted an eyelid, the bridge tenders and the ships' captains sighed with relief, and the crowds cheered wildly.

On May 4 it was announced that marine contractors were supposed to start work on a 1,040-dollar piling-replacement job near Gertie's nest. City authorities decided to put it off, saying, "It might bother her." The next day press and radio flashed the word to all America and to troops overseas: **GERTIE STARTS INCUBATING.**

As motherhood neared, Gertie began to get all kinds of presents, sent to the hut of the bridge tenders, who became her unofficial guardians. Hundreds sent cards saying, "Get Well Soon" and "Greetings to the New Arrival."

Then a shadow appeared. Lawrence Hautz, state president of the Izaak Walton (conservation) League, told a reporter, "This whole thing is heading for tragedy. What's going to happen when those ducklings are hatched? If they try to swim, that river is so full of oil their little wings will mat and they'll sink."

When this sobering thought was published, the mayor read it, frowning; so did the city's commissioners. So did just about everybody else. Presently the city public-works department announced that no oil would mat the wings of the ducklings-to-be. When the hatching date

drew near, it would start up its great pumps and send 2,500,000 gallons of clear lake water every hour into the Milwaukee River to flush away the oil. Never mind the cost. "Anything for Gertie!"

On May 8—VE Day—Milwaukee celebrated the end of the war with Germany. The following Sunday, May 13, was Mother's Day. Gimbel's department store, situated at the end of the bridge, had decorated one window as "Gertie's Window" with stuffed ducks and ducklings. By now Gertie was an established Milwaukee institution. Tram drivers often stopped their vehicles in mid-bridge, dashed out to peer over the railing, then came back to shout to their passengers, "Gertie's O.K.!" Schoolteachers took their classes to watch her. The humane society stationed a guard, and the Boy Scouts organized a Gertie patrol to protect her from harm.

Tension mounted as the hatching day neared. Scores of people stopped to ask, "Is there anything we can do to help?" Hautz, still uneasy, acquired two long-handled dip nets, a huge roll of cotton wool and five pounds of corn meal. He placed these in the bridge tenders' hut with a sign: **FOR EMERGENCY USE FOR GERTIE ONLY**—plus his name and all possible telephone numbers asking that he be called at any hour of day or night if something went wrong.

On May 29, the city's pumps began forcing lake water down the

Milwaukee River. The superintendent of bridges ordered rowing boats to be put in readiness in case of emergency.

May 30, the predicted hatching day, was also a national holiday, and Milwaukee celebrated it with fervour. A great parade was routed down Wisconsin Avenue. As it neared the bridge, the crowds whispered in unison a great "S-s-sshhh-hhh!" The bands instantly stopped their music; the marching thousands almost tiptoed across the bridge. Gertie didn't seem to notice.

At 5.30 that afternoon the news was flashed: GERTIE'S FIRST DUCKLING BORN. The newspapers named it "Black Bill." Thousands rushed to the bridge. In the next 24 hours one egg after another hatched out. By the evening of May 31 Gertie had five ducklings.

That night one of the worst storms in years struck Milwaukee, bringing high winds and rain. Shortly after midnight Hautz's phone rang. It was bridge tender Alex Rehorst: "Things are in a terrible mess down here. The damned little ducks keep falling out of the nest into the river. And Gertie's gone!"

"Dip out all the ducklings you can and take them into your hut," Hautz said. "I'll be right there." Within a few minutes he was rocketing down Lincoln Memorial Drive and soon reached the bridge, where he found the night tenders with four ducklings.

"There's still one egg left in the nest, not hatched," one tender said.

"Get it!" Hautz said. He was almost certain the cold rain had destroyed any life in the exposed egg. Still . . . He examined it closely and found a quarter-inch hole. Every embryonic duckling has a hard "egg tooth" on its beak, with which it cuts its way out of the egg. When Hautz saw the tiny beak inside still moving feebly, he decided to try to peel the shell away from the egg membrane and save the duckling. It had to be done with exquisite care, for often the duckling's yellow "life sac" (on which it lives for the first few hours of life) is attached inside to the membrane. If it is ruptured, the duckling dies.

Hautz set to work. Absorbed, dripping with perspiration, he barely noticed people now crowding into the hut. A late news flash had alerted the city to the drama. At last he peeled off the final bit of shell; the membrane and life sac were still intact. The duckling seemed dead, but very gently Hautz fluffed up the tiny feathers, sifted them with flour to dry them and then placed the duckling inside his hat, which he had filled with cotton wool. This he set on a chair near the open stove door. Soon the duckling began to move, and before long it could be put in the cardboard box with the other four. Carefully he fed them, dipping their beaks alternately in milk and the crumbled-up yolk of a hard-boiled egg.

Not until about 3 a.m. did Hautz have time to worry about Gertie. Taking one of his long-handled nets, he climbed into a rowing-boat and shoved off with the bridge tenders at the oars. They spotted her fifty yards away, gently herded her down-river to the mud patch where she usually fed, and there caught her in a pre-rigged net. Gertie was soon reunited with her five ducklings in the warm hut.

By 5 a.m. Hautz was exhausted but still not satisfied. Gertie and her brood had to have a better home. His eyes fell on "Gertie's Window" in Gimbel's store. Just the thing! He phoned the store manager, who snapped wide-awake when Hautz asked, "How would you like to have the *real* Gertie in your window, with all her family?"

Hautz listed what he wanted: clean sand on the floor, plenty of fresh water, infra-red lamps for heating, a humidifier, a thermometer, no draughts, and an attendant to make sure the temperature was always between 70 and 72 degrees. By 6.30 a.m. the window was alive with workmen; by 9.30 queues were forming to see Gertie and family.

So great were the crowds that a barricade had to be erected to keep the window from being broken.

But mallards are made for freedom. On June 3, with policemen to control the crowds, Gertie and her family were taken to Juneau Park lagoon on the outskirts of the city. The five ducklings were released first, but huddled together on the grass, not knowing what to do. Then Gertie was freed—and made an eager flight straight towards the lagoon, until she recollects that she was a mother. She came back, put herself at the head of her family and with great dignity led them into the water. They swam off briskly, followed by cameras and cheers.

Where Gertie and her ducklings eventually went, nobody can know. Probably off into the vast freedom of the skies, winging along the mysterious, unmarked aerial highways that migratory birds follow.

Could Gertie still be alive now? "Hardly possible," Hautz says. "With a lot of luck, a mallard can live perhaps 20 years. And she was about four years old in 1945. But, anyway, she's a legend now. And legends never die."

Exalted Position

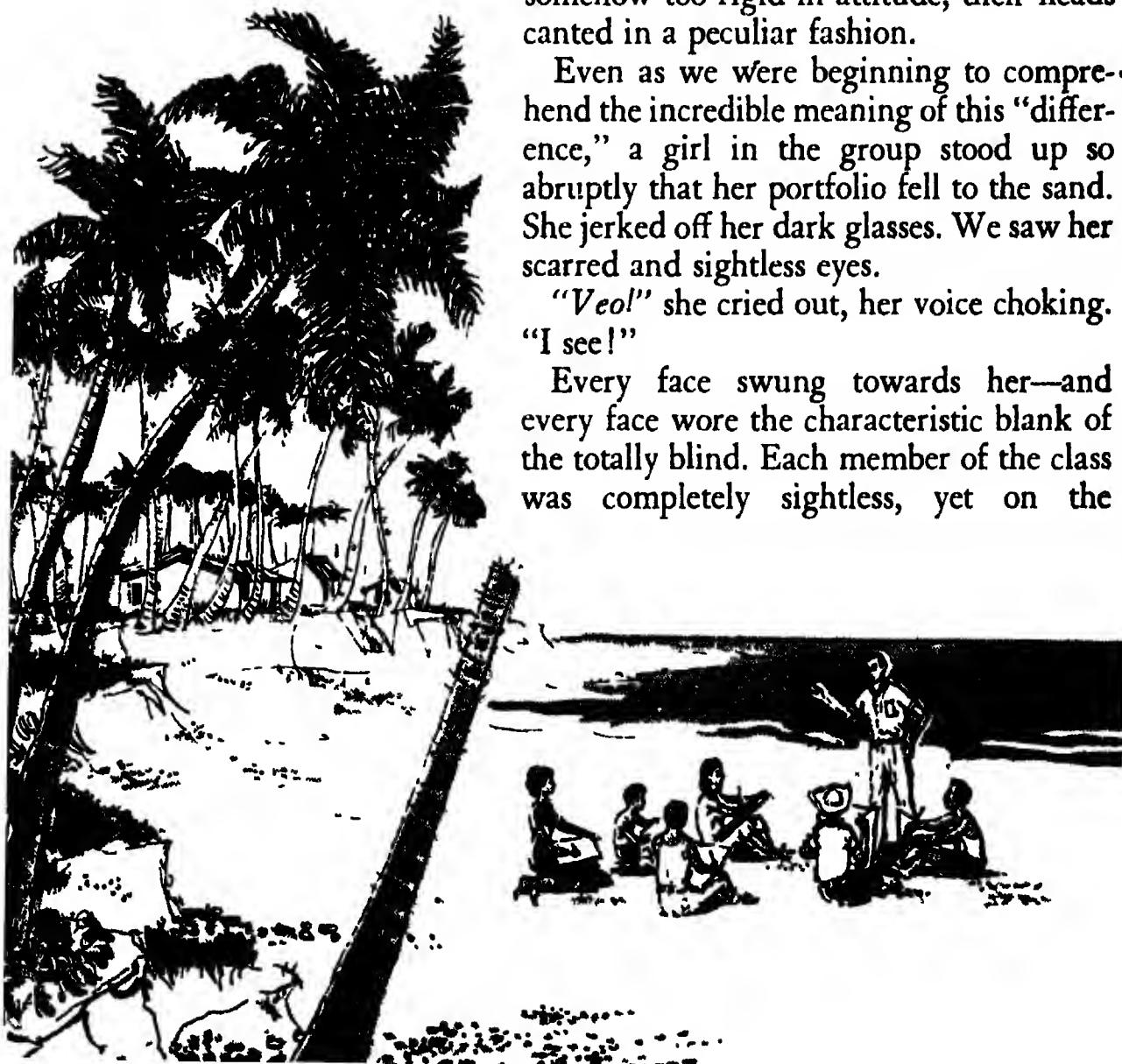
A MAN who lives in the suburbs and works in the advertising department of a large newspaper had never been able to understand the deferential attitude, bordering on awe, of the local children. Out for a stroll recently, he came upon a group of little boys discussing the newest satellite hurtling through space. He paused to say hello to them and suddenly everything became clear. One of the boys asked, "Are you *really* a space salesman?"

—W.S.J.

*How George Wally made his "impossible" dream come true
is one of the heart-stirring stories of our time*

By PRENTISS COMBS

Inner Vision: His Gift to the Blind



THE LITTLE GROUP on the beach near our home in Santurce, Puerto Rico, seemed at first an ordinary drawing class. Half a dozen youngsters and adults with portfolios on their knees were clustered round a man who was speaking in Spanish. But as we skirted the class, we were suddenly struck by some elusive quality of differentness. The students were somehow too rigid in attitude, their heads canted in a peculiar fashion.

Even as we were beginning to comprehend the incredible meaning of this "difference," a girl in the group stood up so abruptly that her portfolio fell to the sand. She jerked off her dark glasses. We saw her scarred and sightless eyes.

"*Veo!*" she cried out, her voice choking.
"I see!"

Every face swung towards her—and every face wore the characteristic blank of the totally blind. Each member of the class was completely sightless, yet on the

drawing paper of each was a creditable seascape with leaning palms and clumps of sea grape.

Such was our introduction to George Wally, the artist who has devoted 20 years to the task of lending his eyes to the blind. That day—it was in 1953—we had happened on him while he was conducting his initial experiments in the revolutionary teaching method he calls Three Dimensional Art for the Blind. The girl who had cried out, "*Veo!*" was "seeing" for the first time in her life, through the gift of inner vision made possible by Wally's training.

George Wally's unique programme for the education of the sightless has won him international recognition. Yet he lives in constant want—frequently hungry, always ragged, incessantly at work on projects which sensible people call impossible. His life is the embodiment of selflessness. To him the most profound joy one can experience is the internal illumination that comes from helping, without hope of personal gain, another human being.

Many years ago George worked as a lightning-sketch artist in a cinema foyer in New York. As he travelled by bus to and from work he longed to sketch the people he saw but was too shy to do it openly. He tried carrying a small sketch pad and a pencil stub in his pocket, and discovered after a little practice that he could render accurate sketches without seeing his work. His mind visualized the line flowing from the

pencil's end. He was actually seeing his sketch without looking—as if he were blind. Did the born-blind have this ability to visualize, he wondered. If so, mightn't it be possible for a sighted person to "dictate" what he sees in nature so that the blind person could draw and, by following the pencil's course mentally, "see" the image he had drawn?

George talked to the blind, to social workers, to teachers. They thought his idea was an impossibility. He searched libraries for records of research or experiment along these lines. There were none. With a sense of inadequacy, he was forced to accept the fact that he would have to develop his discovery alone.

The decision changed his whole life, as if he was impelled by a sense of destiny. George first starved out a six-month period at the Los Angeles Braille Institute, working there without pay. He began by teaching blind students to play noughts and crosses: drawing the frames themselves, putting in the crosses and circles, retaining the mental image of marked and unmarked squares. Here were all the basics of a flat drawing: the curve of the circle, the diagonals of the crosses, the vertical and horizontal lines of the frames. But the method of "dictating" a picture was still to be devised.

When the war came George enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force, was later transferred to the U.S. forces and sent to Puerto Rico.

There, in a canteen, he met a Puerto Rican girl and fell in love with her. A member of one of the island's most influential families, Chavín was beautiful, charming and intelligent—and she was dying of the creeping, untreatable affliction of the spinal cord called Friedreich's ataxia, which progressively cripples and paralyses. Chavín's mother told George that the girl he loved had only two years to live.

He refused to believe it. He finally won reluctant consent from Chavín's family and they were married. George began his fight to keep her alive. He instituted a regime of exercise which included carrying her to a swimming pool and encouraging her to swim endless laps. These many years later, Chavín, still doing her daily laps, is vividly alive, an example of the efficacy of faith and will.

George, a painter of distinction, is a violinist as well, of such talent that he studies in the music conservatory presided over by the renowned cellist Pablo Casals. One day after his discharge from the army, when he was practising the violin it occurred to him that he could play as well with his eyes closed as open. He thought of the typist and the pianist who can perform in the same way—because, he realized, all movements are executed from a fixed position. After practice, the muscles themselves develop the ability to move with precision from position to position, carrying the memory of how



George Wally

far from the original position they are moving. Electrified, George wondered if a blind person could somehow be provided with a fixed finger position for drawing.

From this concept he developed the tools needed for Three Dimensional Art for the Blind. He perforated an ordinary drawing pad at one-inch intervals around all margins with alternate small and large holes. Now the sensitive finger tips of the blind student could establish a fixed position along the left bottom margin of the sheet and the student could then move the pencil at George's direction by relating the pencil's course to any of the other perforations.

Late in 1953, his art and music careers forgotten, his finances almost gone, George selected six students

from among the blind, ranging in age from 12 to 24.

"The world," George told them, "is the sky and the earth. The horizon separates these two parts. The horizon is a flat line out on the sea. Draw one straight line from the middle perforation on the left to the middle perforation on the right. That is the horizon. Above that line is the sky. Below it is the earth."

Slowly, with infinite patience, experimenting, talking endlessly to blank and unbelieving faces:

"From the third perforation from the bottom left, draw a line upward toward the fourth perforation at the top. Stop the line at the fifth vertical perforation. Now, beginning at the sixth perforation from the bottom left, draw a line toward the fifth perforation at the top. These are the sides of a road. In nature the road grows narrower and narrower in the distance and becomes nothing. Those two lines are a road. A road."

Blank and unbelieving faces. "No, *Señor* Wally. Only lines. No road," they would say.

But one day, after many weeks, Eva Vasquez, 23 and born blind, suddenly cried out, "*Veo!* I see! It is a road!"

At some unpredictable point in the instruction, each student underwent an experience akin to a metaphysical illumination. They saw beyond the lines and saw what the lines represented.

"When it happens," George says, "I'm glad they can't see their

instructor crying like a baby."

After that moment of illumination the world of each student opened at an exhilarating rate. All the myriad aspects of nature which had so long lain tantalizingly beyond their tactile grasp could be dictated, drawn, grasped and known. The mountain rise, the way the sea pulls down the sky to form the horizon line, the distance-diminished figure, the play of light and shade.

The output of the original group astounded even George—still lifes, interiors, portraits, landscapes and figure studies. George was invited by the French Government to send the drawings to Paris for a special exhibition. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica Year Book* devoted a section to his work. Letters of supplication and application poured in from sightless people. Three Dimensional Art for the Blind had earned world recognition.

And George and Chavín found themselves sitting in their tiny flat in Santurce in which the telephone and lights had been cut off because George's meagre resources had been used up. Their entire larder consisted of a single box of not-too-fresh raisins. They sat and considered.

"All right," George said at last. "It's done. Let someone else take over now. I'll start thinking of us—of you."

After a silence he spoke again. "I can't," he said. "I can't stop now. Each of them cries out, '*Veo!* I see.' How can I forget that?"

"I know," Chavín said.

The next morning George borrowed a truck, loaded Chavín's braces, wheel chair and other paraphernalia into it and deposited her with friends in the country where she would get the care she had to have. Then he returned to the flat and for two weeks lived on raisins while he outlined a complete programme of activities—including such diverse things as architectural design, music, dancing, water-skiing and judo, in addition to art—in which his blind could participate. He prevailed upon athletes, musicians, artists, businessmen and architects—a regular island *Who's Who*—to conduct classes for the blind in their specialities.

An advance on an art commission made it possible for him to bring Chavín home, to buy food and to purchase art materials for his students. He considered the array of talented instructors who were now part of his programme and decided to construct a World Research Centre for the Blind. With empty pockets, he talked to a building contractor.

"Forget it," the contractor said. "No money, no building. Two and two equal four!"

But George does not believe that two and two always equal four when human will, faith, hope and courage enter the equation. He set out to shame and inflame the talented, the influential, the bored and the wealthy into sharing his joy.

And so in 1959 the World Research Centre for the Blind was dedicated, just outside the city of Caguas. It was built of donated materials, over a period of four years on a plot of land given by a grateful Puerto Rican Government. In the long and lovely Caribbean dusks and on sweltering week-ends, people from all strata of island life had contributed their labour.

Set in tile above the lintel of the front door are the words: "Dedicated to serve the world's blind—that the blind may one day serve the world." On the walls hang the hauntingly sensitive paintings and drawings by George's blind students. A 10-by-12-foot canvas by the French master Louis Rigal, presented to George by the French Government, occupies one wall.

Today George has decided to expand his World Research Centre for the Blind into a fully-fledged university at which blind instructors will teach blind students. To many this goal, too, seems impossible. George feels that it may take 20 years. He possesses an apparently bottomless reservoir of energy. Moreover, he has an almost fanatical belief that the greatest sin is to possess a potential and fail to strive to realize it.

I am convinced that George Wally will see built and functioning the first University for the Blind in the world. He has all the above to work with—and at least six rupees with which to begin the task.

★ HUMOUR ★
★ in ★
★ UNIFORM ★
★

WE HAD just finished basic training and were about to board the ship for overseas, when a major gave us a speech that made us realize we were really going to war. I don't think any of us will ever forget his last piece of advice: "Remember, if you get hit by a shell, for heaven's sake don't go all to pieces!"

—FLOYD BURNHAM

WHEN a ship made port during the war, only the officers were given shore leave. After a rousing night on the town, one unpopular officer, a little too full of cheer, was attempting to make his way up the gangplank when he suddenly pitched over the side. One of the crew, seeing who it was struggling in the water, shouted, "Well, don't just stand there! Someone throw him an anchor!"

—ROBERT STOCKS

AS A MEMBER of the Promotion Board, I came across an unusually high rating for one individual in the section asking, "How well does he utilize resources?" The rating was in the outstanding block which read:

76

"Exceptionally effective in the utilization of men, money and materials."

The airman being rated was an airwoman!

—J. M. B.

I WAS junior officer aboard a flagship, and in temporary charge of the engine room, when a fireman came in and proceeded to drill a hole into one of the bulkheads. To his amazement, oil started flowing out. He had drilled into a 90,000-gallon oil tank! Besides the loss of oil, there was danger of fire from the sparks of his drill.

I ordered him to shut off the drill, and then we stopped the flow of oil. As I was upbraiding him for risking lives and for the damage to the ship, I asked, "What in blazes *were* you doing?"

Drawing himself up to his full height, he replied righteously, "Sir, I was hanging up a safety sign!" —J. A.

AFTER being issued with uniforms, we returned to our barracks, where our sergeant informed us that if something did not fit, now was the time to go back to the quartermaster and exchange it. Upon hearing this, the recruit next to me headed back to exchange his boots for a larger size. But when he returned, he had not been issued with larger boots—he had been given smaller socks.

—M. G.

DURING my service with the RCAF, a debate brought forth the question, "What action would you feel necessary if an officer or an NCO became belligerent enough to resort to fisticuffs to make a point to enforce an unreasonable order?"

The classic reply: "Visit him in the hospital." —J. N. TRIBBLE



Venezuela's Man in the Middle

While the whole world watches, Rómulo Betancourt, Venezuela's scholarly President, is showing how a free government can bring literacy, land and livelihood to deprived millions

BY LESTER VELIE

IN THE old game of overthrowing Latin-American governments by assassination, something new was tried in June 1960 in Caracas, Venezuela—murder by radio wave. As the limousine of Venezuela's President, Rómulo Betancourt, rolled slowly towards an Army Day reviewing stand, there

was an explosion and the lurching car was enveloped in a sheet of flame. The President's military *aide*, trapped in the front seat, was burnt alive. Betancourt miraculously emerged, his hands a purple mass of charred and bleeding flesh, but otherwise unhurt.

The assassination weapon was a

car, loaded with incendiary bombs, parked at the kerb, and exploded by radio control. Had the assassins timed their blast a split second later, President Betancourt would not have survived.

Today, survival for Betancourt is a political problem, too. From the left, the Communists riot in the streets to shake his democratic government. From the right, the army, traditional ruler of Venezuela, is an ever-present question-mark and danger. Betancourt, in the middle, rules astride a coalition of two parties.

Last month, Rómulo Betancourt finished his third year in office—the first time a popularly elected president has ruled so long in 150 years of Venezuelan independence. Just to last out his five-year term would be a giant achievement.

Yet it is important that Betancourt survive, not only for Venezuela, but for all the western hemisphere. For though the stage on which Betancourt acts is small—Venezuela is a nation of seven million—a whole continent is watching him. Betancourt is showing how to bring literacy, land and livelihood to deprived millions—*under free government*; and how to keep a revolution out of the hands of the Communists.

To understand Betancourt's role, take a swift look at his country and its neighbours. South and Central America are exploding with population faster than any other area in the

world. By the year 2000, today's 195 million Latin Americans will have zoomed to an estimated 600 million. But while population is rising at the rate of 2·5 per cent yearly, production of food and goods is rising at a lagging one per cent.

Already about half the population subsists on below-minimum diets. In the Andes uplands I saw few Indians who did not have a wad of coca leaves bulging in one cheek. The juice numbs the gnawing hunger in near-empty stomachs.

Millions also hunger for homes. No Latin-American city is without its rings of earth-floored, makeshift huts of matting or rusted tin. Almost half the Latin Americans can't read or write. Medical care is urgently needed.

Pressures to satisfy these wants have already swept away nine of the ten military dictators who ruled as late as 1954—and who thwarted social change with their armies and security police. Today, the tide for change rolls on towards two channels. One is Betancourt's middle way; the other is Fidel Castro's in Cuba. Massive propaganda from Russia and Communist China seeks to convince the Americas that Castro and Communism are the answer to their needs.

Betancourt is the human hinge on which the cold war for Latin America may turn.

Face to face, 54-year-old Rómulo Betancourt seems all forehead, spectacles and pipe. At Miraflores

Palace, his official residence, I found him in his study surrounded by books, seven of which he had written. He talks in a dry, nasal tenor, and it is hard to believe that this placid, scholarly man has languished in dictators' dungeons, directed underground freedom fighters, wandered in exile for most of his adult life—and organized a successful uprising.

Betancourt's work habits are severe. He rises at 5 a.m., and reads four morning newspapers, including one in English. While he reads, he calls heavy-lidded *aides* to the telephone for discussions on problems suggested by the news. He keeps going until 9 p.m., when he packs a bundle of British, French and American magazines under his arm, and heads for home to read in bed until midnight.

When Betancourt took office in 1959, following the overthrow of the dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez, he had two tasks: to make up a vast deficit in schools, roads, housing and food; and to lay the foundation for democracy in a country where free political activity had been virtually unknown. But before he could rebuild, he first had to prevent the Communists from taking over, as they were in Cuba.

Although the dictatorship had imprisoned or murdered the leaders of the democratic underground, it had left the Communists to flourish virtually unmolested. Many Communists co-operated wholeheartedly

with the dictator. Thus the Reds, who as a minority could muster only six per cent of the votes in a national election, were able to infiltrate every important field. They were lodged in the key ministries of Education and the Interior (which controls the police). They had so invaded the newspapers that virtually every local editorial and political news report that Betancourt read with his morning coffee was written by a Communist.

Betancourt hit back by forming a coalition government, bringing into his cabinet representatives of all legal parties—except the Communists. He would not even let Communist reporters attend his press conferences. Thus isolated, they had less influence. Yet to keep Venezuela out of Red hands for good, Betancourt knew that he had to raise the living standards of millions—and he had to race against time.

Venezuela, luckily, has a wealth of oil to export for capital. From the government's 60-per-cent cut of oil-company profits, Betancourt could count on income of more than Rs. 1 crore daily. Under Pérez Jiménez, this windfall had been lavished on monuments to the dictatorship: luxury hotels, elaborate officers' clubs, and wide avenues garnished with great marble fountains. What was not spent imprudently was stolen.

Betancourt unleashed a Commission on Illicit Enrichment, to dig out graft. As a leader who teaches

by precept, he set an austere example of honesty himself. His secretary showed me the President's pay envelopes: he had so little ready cash that he had drawn advances on his pay.

For Betancourt, oil money was the seed that, properly sown, could yield a rich harvest of improved living conditions. He drew up a four-year plan which, as he put it, would "sow oil."

Boldly, he set aside more money for education than for the military—a milestone in Venezuelan history. He launched a crash programme to train teachers, founding 17 teachers' training colleges. He opened up 3,000 new schools. The number of pupils more than trebled from 370,000 to 1,245,000. He organized a volunteer corps of university students to teach at night classes in a nation-wide assault on *analfabetismo*—adult illiteracy. A fever for learning swept the country. One town kidnapped a teacher on his way to an appointment elsewhere and forced him to set up classes then and there.

Betancourt next turned to the two million *campesinos*, small farmers—about one-third of the nation—who work for large landowners or scratch out a subsistence diet from their own tiny plots. He is making landowners of them, spending over Rs. 150 crores in his four-year plan to buy land on which to settle the landless. In his first two years he put more than 20,000 peasant

families on their own farms. Unlike the land seizures in Russia and Cuba, which lowered farm production, Betancourt's reforms boosted farm output, because he bought only idle land. With land settlement went government credits for tools, irrigation and fertilizer.

Betancourt's land reform has begun to yield two big rewards. Venezuela is now on its way towards meeting its own food needs, and the migration of farmers who had fled the land to seek jobs in Caracas has slowed.

He has also harnessed the principle of ownership to bring shelter to Venezuela's homeless ones.

When he took office, a quarter of the people of Caracas were living under subhuman conditions in earth-floored, waterless *ranchitos*. Pérez Jiménez had sought to solve the capital's housing problem by erecting 97 15-storey blocks of flats—giant up-ended cigar boxes of government housing. These had been invaded by some 180,000 *ranchito* dwellers and turned into slums even before they were completed. There was no building maintenance; children had no schools or playgrounds near by. The man-hives festered with delinquency and crime.

Betancourt built schools, playgrounds and shopping centres for these blocks. He got tenants to take on a small additional payment along with their rent so that in 15 years they could own their homes. As

pride of ownership flowered, maintenance became a matter of individual concern, and the down-at-heels buildings took on a spruced-up air.

Betancourt's four-year plan will pour over Rs. 100 crores into building homes and providing mortgage credit. For Rs. 130 a month, paid over 15 years, a wage-earner can now own his home and a piece of land. A "do-it-yourself" programme permits him to own a home for even less. The government puts up a core house—a living-room and sanitary section. The owner buys this and builds the rest himself or with the help of neighbours.

Betancourt began as a teenager to prepare himself for his role as rebuilder of his country. He was born near Caracas in 1908, the year Venezuela fell under the oppressive fist of Juan Vicente Gómez, "Tyrant of the Andes," who was to rule for 27 years.

As a law student Betancourt helped to lead an uprising known as "The Week of the Students." He celebrated his 20th birthday in a Gómez dungeon with 60 pounds of irons fastened to his ankles. Later he was exiled.

Betancourt, together with other exiled students, turned to the literature of revolt. "We devoured—not read—books on history and economics," he recalls. Like some other youths of the period, he turned briefly to Communism. But within three years Betancourt learned that

the Kremlin had no solutions for Latin America.

For 13 years he returned to Venezuela between exiles when dictators gave way to successors. But it was not until 1941 that he got his chance. General Isaías Medina had come to power, and was unexpectedly permitting a free press and party activity. Betancourt wrote a front-page political column and founded his *Acción Democrática* party.

In 1945, three young military officers startled Betancourt with the proposal that he and his party help them overthrow the government. Betancourt spent several agonizing weeks of indecision, then joined the insurrectionists. He and his group overthrew the government and he became provisional president.

Inexperienced, bull-headed, and anxious to reform the country fast, Betancourt turned Miraflores Palace into a "decree machine," as one newspaper put it, turning out 200-odd laws in a few months. Betancourt also decreed a free, popular election, the first in Venezuela's history, and barred himself from the contest.

One of the three army men who had boosted Betancourt into the presidency was Colonel Pérez Jiménez. Soon after the election, which had elevated the novelist Rómulo Gallegos to the presidency, Colonel Pérez Jiménez and an army junta struck. The long night of dictatorship descended again.

An exile once more, Betancourt

directed the organization of an underground inside Venezuela from Puerto Rico. *Acción Democrática* leaders who headed it suffered savage reprisals. More than 1,000 political prisoners died under the dictator.

In Caracas, a 20-year-old government messenger spoke bitterly of this time. As a schoolboy of 14 he had been captured by the dictator's police while he was distributing leaflets for the underground. When he refused to reveal the names of his accomplices, a prison guard put an iron device on the boy's fingers and broke every joint in the fingers of both hands. The youth showed me his crippled hands, pushing back an index finger until it touched the back of the same hand.

This happened in 1954. In that year, an emissary from Washington came to Caracas and, in a public ceremony, pinned the Legion of Merit on the dictator Pérez Jiménez.

But Betancourt never ceased his self-training for the day of return. In Puerto Rico, he saw how a free society brought in new industries and tested ideas for achieving the highest living-standards in Latin America. In Washington, he studied American party politics, and stored up lessons on how to avoid "political cannibalism," the tendency of Latin-American politicians to destroy one another.

By 1957, Betancourt's underground had so harassed Pérez Jiménez with sabotage and student street riots that he closed the universities

and ordered a curfew. Venezuelans became more restive than ever. Air force and naval officers, sent to the United States for training, told Betancourt that they were ready to help a popular revolt.

One January day in 1958, Caracas' church bells boomed and car horns blared steadily in every street. It was the pre-arranged signal for the start of a general strike and an uprising. The air force attacked the army barracks, and naval officers—with destroyers in the harbour to back them up—ordered Pérez Jiménez to leave. He fled, and a caretaker government took over. Betancourt came home—his sixth return—to receive a wild and tearful hero's welcome and to canvass the country and win the presidency.

Today he is still canvassing. He likes to go on a periodic three-day *gira*—a swing through the dust-clouded hinterland to "converse with the people." To them he is not the formidable *Presidente de la República*. He is simply Don Rómulo. He answers their questions about roads and schools. He is no orator, but he gets his lesson across to them: it's *their* government.

Betancourt is also getting a lesson across to a turbulent continent in search of a future. He is proving that under-developed Latin-American countries need not exchange the chains of old-line dictators for the chains of new totalitarians.

There is a better Latin-American middle way.

Can Science Delay Old Age?

Recent findings indicate that we may be able to extend our average life-span to 100 or more vigorous years

BY ALBERT MAISEL

THROUGH the ages, men have dreamed of finding a Fountain of Youth: some potion or treatment that would postpone ageing and prolong our useful, vigorous years.

Today, instead of just dreaming about it, scientists are actively working towards this goal. Where once they scoffed, they now speak seriously of stretching the *average* human life-span to 100 years or more.

Until a few years ago, many scientists believed that all living things had a fixed, "natural" life-span controlled by a built-in biological clock. If we were lucky, heredity endowed us with a long clock spring and, barring accidents, destined us

for a comparatively long life. If we were less lucky, our time simply ran out quickly.

This theory was rudely shaken by a series of brilliant experiments conceived by Dr. Clive Maine McCay, professor of nutrition at Cornell University. He started by dividing a large batch of newly-weaned white rats into two groups. To one group he fed a standard ration heavily fortified with sugar and lard. He let them eat to their heart's content. They lived a normal life-span for rats of their type—2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ years. The oldest died on the 965th day.

Dr. McCay's second group of rats received the same basic diet but with no extra calories—no lard and no

sugar. Their growth was retarded, but otherwise they developed normally. And when they were finally allowed to eat their fill—after 300, 600 or, in some instances, 900 days—they resumed growing and went on to maturity. Almost all this group were still youthfully active at 1,000 days, long after all the "control" rats had died. The oldest survived for 1,400 days.

Over the years other researchers confirmed McCay's results, and the importance of his work became clear beyond doubt. He had proved that heredity fixes no specific limit on an animal's life-span. A change of nutritional pattern could extend youth and healthy middle age in rats up to 100 per cent.

Other workers have shown that even a moderate restriction of food intake can produce both a tremendous reduction in disease and increased longevity in experimental animals. They fed the same diet to two groups of rats, but permitted those in Group A to gorge themselves at will. Almost all the Group A rats developed tumours or heart or kidney lesions before they reached an age of 850 days. The rats of Group B, on the other hand, were allowed to consume only a little more than half as much as their free-feeding litter mates. At the age of 850 days, far less than half the B's had developed disease lesions, and their average life-span exceeded that of the fat rats by 200 days in the males and 350 days in the females.

Scientists have long known that radiation shortens the life-span of all living things. It works its havoc by ionizing cell molecules to produce highly reactive *stripped* molecules—so-called free radicals—which set up damaging chain reactions in living tissues. To block this effect, researchers have tried, with some success, to treat victims of radiation exposure with anti-oxidizing substances which combine rapidly with free radicals.

Four years ago, Dr. Denham Harman, then working at the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's Donner Laboratory at the University of California, was struck by the fact that free radicals are also released by normal metabolic processes. Here, he thought, might be one of the basic causes of ageing. To test his theory, he used mice of strains noted for short life-spans. On a standard diet, his control animals lived for an average of only 7.6 months. But mice that were fed the same diet *plus* an anti-oxidant survived for an average of 10.5 months.

Was this just chance? To answer this question, Dr. Harman last year performed a series of experiments with two other strains of mice, and with different anti-oxidants. In both, the ageing process was arrested. In one strain, life was prolonged by 15 per cent; in the other, by 26.

More than 25 years ago, Vincent Wigglesworth, now Quick Professor of Biology at Cambridge, discovered that in insects a strange

"juvenile" hormone released by a tiny gland held off ageing until full growth was achieved. Then the gland shut off, and the insect began to moult. Just before it emerged as an adult, the gland turned on again, triggering the growth of sex organs and eggs.

Since only insects possess this Peter Pan gland, the juvenile hormone was long considered merely a scientific curiosity. But three years ago Professor Carroll Williams, of Harvard University, extracted a previously unknown substance from the tissues of new-born rats and injected it into insects ready to moult. Surprisingly, it produced age-postponing effects exactly like those of the insect hormone.

Then followed a series of unexpected discoveries. The same age-postponing substance was detected in bone, liver, muscle and adrenal-gland tissues of calves. Then it was found in human placenta and finally in human thymus glands.

Much work must yet be done before researchers learn whether—and how—this substance actually delays ageing in higher animals. But a number of experiments indicate that its presence in the young may play a major role in the healing of wounds. Its diminution or absence in the aged may account for reduced ability to replace dead cells and injured tissues.

At an ageing-research centre in Baltimore, for example, Dr. Dietrich Bodenstein has used extremely

delicate surgical techniques to link young and aged cockroaches together as artificial Siamese twins. Normally, a young cockroach that loses a leg can quickly grow a complete replacement. Old cockroaches, after their final moult, lose this ability. But whenever Dr. Bodenstein removed a leg from an older member of his Siamese pairs, a new leg promptly grew to replace it. The younger twin's juvenile hormone had restored the old insect's regenerative powers.

At Cornell University, Dr. McCay has similarly joined rats. In such unions, the aged member of the pair soon takes on a youthful appearance. More important, it lives far beyond its usual life expectancy, sometimes for more than 400 additional days. These discoveries open up the fascinating possibility that injections of a "juvenile hormone" may one day delay human ageing and senescence.

Before such hopes can be realized, however, much more must be learned about the ageing process in humans and how it begins. Up to now, most information has been derived from studies of aged patients in hospitals or other institutions. Recently, age researchers have turned to long-term projects that start with the middle-aged and the young.

In Boston, for example, Dr. James Cummins and a team of consultant specialists are studying 900 ex-servicemen, each of whom qualified for the study by extensive tests showing perfect health. Periodically,

each man will receive thorough re-examination for the rest of his life. Thus, any physical or mental slowing down will be revealed in its earliest stages. Ageing and age-related illnesses can be studied in the light of detailed knowledge of each man's living pattern—his eating, smoking and drinking habits, his work and his leisure activities.

A similar long-term project, directed by Dr. Nathan Shock at the centre for ageing research in Baltimore, has had under study for four years some 300 men of all ages from 18 up. And Dr. Thomas Francis heads an even more ambitious project—a study of the entire population of a town in Michigan. Some 8,600 persons have already received their initial examinations, and the researchers hope to follow them through periodic tests for decades to come.

Already studies of this kind have yielded valuable data. We now know that hearing and visual acuity begin to deteriorate in many individuals in the early 20's. In these years, blood pressure may begin to rise, the volume of blood pumped by the heart may decrease, kidney function and muscle strength may begin to decline.

Such findings have convinced research workers that many ills of our later years are not simply the result of ageing, but are the late effects of long-hidden metabolic disorders. These workers contend, therefore, that science should hunt for means

of halting metabolic imbalances in the young and middle-aged.

Research based on this view has already produced significant advances in the fight against atherosclerosis, the most common cause of death among people in their middle and later years. This form of hardening of the arteries was once thought to be the *result* of ageing. Then autopsy studies revealed hardening changes in the arteries of certain persons in their early 20's. Such evidence that atherosclerosis is an early-starting metabolic disorder stimulated a hunt for its underlying causes and vast research into the role of cholesterol in heart disease. Today many doctors routinely prescribe cholesterol-controlling drugs or diets not merely for their advanced atherosclerotic patients but as a protective measure for almost anyone with a higher-than-normal cholesterol level.

Fulfilment of the hope of stretching the span of active, healthful life to a full century lies a long way off. It is not likely to be accomplished by any single triumph of research, but rather by the gradual accumulation of small and partial victories. Meanwhile, there is much that we as individuals can do to increase our life expectancy and that of our children. Here are three measures suggested by leading age researchers:

Avoid over-eating. A recent study of the mortality records of several million insurance-policy holders showed that men who were 20

pounds overweight died, on the average, $1\frac{1}{2}$ years earlier than those of normal weight; $2\frac{1}{2}$ stone of excess weight lowered life expectancy by at least four years. On the other hand, overweight men who reduced to the norm for their age and build were found to have almost as favourable life expectancy as those who never allowed themselves to put on surplus fat.

Keep physically active. Leading heart specialists have long advocated regular exercise for all people, young or old, healthy or infirm. The wisdom of their advice has recently been confirmed by a monumental study, conducted in the United States and in the high mountains of Austria. Athletes, mountaineers, lumberjacks and others given to habitual, vigorous exercise were found to have "young" hearts even in their 50's, with low pulse rates, high muscle efficiency and quick

recovery after intensive exertion. On the other hand, the hearts of sedentary office workers, businessmen and medical students—even those in their 20's—had the typical functional characteristics of age and incipient heart disease. Most significant, however, was a third finding: 6 to 12 weeks of intensive exercise restored more youthful heart function to many of the formerly sedentary.

Keep mentally active. No functions atrophy more rapidly under disuse than those of the mind. But studies of the mentally active have shown that the ability for new learning persists far into our later years. Even when it drops off, judgement and reasoning power developed by the mentally active compensate for age deterioration. As one doctor puts it, "the brain, like other organs of the body, shows continuous improvement over the life-span if appropriately exercised."

The Trouble . . .

. . . with a budget is that it's hard to fill up one hole without digging another.

—D. B.

. . . with this personal diplomacy, it seems to get so awfully personal.

—F. K.

. . . with being a good sport is that you have to lose in order to prove it.

—Richard Armour

. . . with people these days is that they want to reach the promised land without going through the wilderness.

—Grit

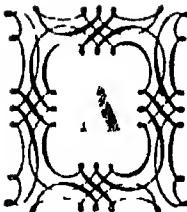
. . . with social benefits is that a man doesn't know whether or not he's got a rise until he goes sick or retires.

—B. V.

*"It's amazing how much good can be done
in this world if one does not care who gets
the credit"*

The Joy of Doing Good on the Sly

BY THE REV. GORDON POWELL.

M. OF US have experienced, at times, the warm glow that comes from performing a good deed and getting credit for it. But there is a *special* kind of satisfaction that comes from doing good and keeping it secret. Those who practise this higher altruism are connoisseurs of inner joy at its loftiest refinement.

Recently I read of a man who came to an understaffed orphanage every Wednesday afternoon to spend an hour or two entertaining the youngsters—doing card tricks, telling stories, giving the harassed matron and her staff a period of rest

and freedom. The matron said, "We have no idea who he is, but the instant he arrives he is greeted with shouts of joy." When the curious tried to discover his identity, the stranger would only say, "That's not important."

Cut from the same cloth was an elderly stranger who appeared one day at a hospital saying, "I know you must have many odd jobs that need doing. Let me help." For four months he performed countless menial tasks: sweeping the car-park, building ramps, removing bits of thread from the laundry. When asked his name, he smiled and shook his head. "If you knew who I was," he said, "you'd feel under an obligation. That would spoil it." Only after he had moved away did the hospital learn that he was a former director of a great business

THE REV. Gordon Powell is minister of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church in Sydney, Australia. He is one of his country's most popular radio-television preachers, and is the author of *Happiness Is a Habit*.

concern. Recently retired and widowed, he had filled months of forced inactivity and grief with cheerful service, rehabilitating his own spirit as well as spreading cheer all round.

The art of secret altruism does not come naturally. It must be cultivated, for it goes against the natural grain of our ego. There are few stronger human hungers than the hunger for approval by others. Yearning for gratitude, we want others to recognize any act of ours that we consider especially noble or unselfish. When such notice is not forthcoming, we're tempted subtly to call attention to it. In so doing, however, we often discover that the deed has been devalued by suspicion that its performance was prompted, at least partly, by a craving for credit. Also, in our eagerness to help, we sometimes fail to realize how embarrassing our gift may be to the sensitive, or how heavy the recipient may find the obligation of gratitude.

Doing good anonymously avoids these pitfalls. A fairly prosperous family I once knew yearned to help an aged aunt. She was living on a pittance, but abhorred anything resembling charity. When the family heard from their lawyer that the poor but proud aunt had received a small inheritance from a distant cousin—only a few pounds, which would soon be spent—they quietly arranged with the lawyer to add secretly a considerable capital sum

to the bequest. The aunt, provided with an adequate income, lived out her life without ever suspecting the kindly duplicity.

Jesus was the supreme preacher and practitioner of doing good secretly. He decried ostentatious charity, and warned His followers to "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen by them." After healing the leper, He sternly told him, "See that thou tell no man," and left the scene immediately.

The saints of all ages have been conspicuous for their inconspicuous benevolence. St. Nicholas, for instance, is reputed to have tossed gifts through windows and hurried anonymously on his way. Today the device of Santa Claus, derived from St. Nicholas, enables parents and other relatives to know the fun of anonymous giving.

In fact, it is often within our own circle that we find our finest opportunities for hidden helpfulness. Years ago the sculptor Sir Hubert von Herkomer found a delightful solution to a distressing family problem. His father, who lived with him, had in his own day won fame for his wood-carving. And though the old man still worked at it, he repeatedly went to bed heart-broken because age had dulled his skill. Worried over his father's unhappiness, Sir Hubert hit upon the idea of stealing downstairs at night to touch up the old man's work. A few deft strokes made all the difference.

The elder Herkomer would come down in the morning, look at the work and exclaim, "It's not bad, not bad. I'll make something of this yet!"

As a minister, I am constantly coming upon people who, unknown to others, are devoting themselves to little deeds of secret kindness. Invariably they are happy, serene people.

Our church in New South Wales has a maternity hospital with a special wing for unmarried mothers. Each time a baby is born to one of these unhappy girls, a large bouquet of flowers arrives from an anonymous giver. With it comes only the message, "From someone who understands." During the years hundreds of girls, feeling abandoned and desperately lonely, have found the way to new life from this thoughtful action. But, knowing the giver—a woman who herself has suffered much sorrow—I know her own rewards to be great.

Secret giving need not be costly in either time or money. It calls only for a keen eye and an understanding heart. I can think of a doctor who, knowing that one of his patients needed a certain expensive medicine he could ill afford, arranged with a wholesale drug firm to send the required drug with a "sample"

label pasted on it. I think, too, of a teacher who, sensing that a bright but uninterested pupil had hidden talents that needed sparking, subscribed to a science magazine to be delivered regularly to the boy's home. The magazine did the trick, and though the boy never learned who his benefactor was, he went on to become a brilliant scientist.

I think, also, of a friend who makes a hobby of writing unsigned but encouraging letters to men in public life who, in his estimate, are performing with integrity despite stinging criticism. His theory is that, for the most part, politicians get letters of appreciation only from people who want something in return. They get anonymous letters only from cranks who want to blow off steam when angry. "Why not," he asks, "blow off a little appreciation as well—with no strings attached?"

Those who do good quietly and without thought of reward are the ones who understand what Wordsworth meant when he wrote of "that best portion of a good man's life: his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." It's amazing how much good can be done in this world if one does not care who gets the credit—and how it can set one's life aglow!

Photo Finish

 IN EAST BERLIN policeman told a Western photographer he could not take photographs in East Berlin. "This is Free Berlin," he said, "and taking photographs is not allowed here." —UPI



The Disappearance of Earl Ellis

No one will ever know what happened to Colonel Ellis. But this much is certain: when it happened, he was engaged in performing his duty—whatever that duty was

By W. L. WHITE

EARL ELLIS was a handsome young man who left his home in Kansas to join the Marine Corps, and in the First World War fought so bravely that he emerged with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The top brass respected Ellis, not only for his fighting record but for his brains, for his ability to think and act in a crisis, and for his granite loyalty to the Corps and to his

country. He was as good as they come. Before you can understand what happened to him, there are some things you must know.

After the war, through a League of Nations mandate, the Japanese were given control of the Carolines—an enchanted string of atolls and islands, including Truk and Yap, in mid-Pacific. Under the terms of the mandate these islands were never to be fortified. But the Japanese Government in the early 1920's virtually closed the Carolines to all outsiders. And fishermen whispered that big things were afoot; that the Japanese might be building a great naval base on either Truk or Yap.

Even in the untroubled 1920's the U.S. Navy was concerned because, in some undreamed-of future war, a naval base in the Carolines could cut the United States' life-line to the Philippines. So they had to find out if the rumours were true. The question was how?

One day Earl Ellis returned to his home town, a sun-parched prairie village floating on a billowing ocean of western Kansas wheat. He told his parents that he was now out of the Marine Corps—for a while, anyway. He was going to take a little holiday and travel out into the Pacific. A few old friends in the Corps and the Navy Department knew where he was going, but he would be out of touch and his parents would not be able to write to him. If everything went well they

would hear from him in exactly* eight months.

Before setting off, however, he wanted to get from his family a promise that if at the end of eight months they did not hear from him, they would do nothing. No enquiries, no publicity, no letters to the Marine Corps. Of course, Ellis insisted, nothing *would* happen to him on this trip. But just in case, that was how they should act.

By now you have guessed the end of this story. No cable or letter came from Ellis when the eight months were up. In spite of their son's instructions, the Ellis family could not resist making discreet enquiries. But the Marine Corps apparently knew nothing — according to official records Colonel Ellis had left the service. There had been no mention of any travel plans in the Pacific.

In response to the enquiries there was a letter from a South Seas missionary to Earl's mother. A young man answering Ellis's description had briefly touched the missionary's island, when his boat put in there for water. But he left immediately, heading north.

At last, news of a sort did come—from Tokyo, of all places. The strange thing was that the Japanese seemed to know of Earl's former service connexion. In fact, they identified him as Colonel Earl Ellis of the Marine Corps. The brief announcement stated that Ellis had been "accidentally killed" in the prohibited area of the Caroline Islands.

Possibly before Ellis died (however he died), he was able to get word back to Washington that on the island of Truk, in those lovely, lazy Caroline Islands, the Japanese were building a gigantic naval base. If he did, it was information that would prove inestimably valuable to the U.S. Navy later on.

U.S. Intelligence men speak of

working "in the black"—their phrase for the duties of those who volunteer for extremely hazardous missions as secret agents.

These are the bravest of the brave. Many men are prepared to die for glory. Those who work "in the black" must forgo that and be prepared to die for solemn duty—alone, and in the hands of the enemy.

Local Customs

IN INDIA, Professor Arnold Nash of the University of North Carolina was travelling on an American passport while his wife had a British one. Mrs. Nash breezed through customs, but Nash had to till in mountains of forms. Bewildered, Nash asked the customs inspector what was the difference.

Smiling, the customs officer explained, "You know how it is—the United Kingdom stayed in the Commonwealth, while the United States dropped out."

—D.H.

AN ENGLISH customs officer was revealing one of the secrets of his trade: "We look at a person's upper lip. If there is a bead of sweat on his lip, we open *everything*."

—T.E.D.

* * *

Fair Exchange

BEFORE agreeing to grant a permit for a Ghanaian dance group to perform in Sofia, the Communist minister for public entertainment in Bulgaria wrote an indignant letter to his counterpart in Ghana. The reason for the indignation was that female Negro dancers appear on stage in what we may call the national costume—naked from the waist up—and the Communists were determined to safeguard public morality. The women dancers would have to cover themselves "to conform with Bulgarian custom."

The Ghanaian minister replied courteously that he was disposed to his compatriots wearing brassières if the Bulgarian dance group going to Ghana in a few months on an exchange visit would present its women with torsos naked "to conform with the customs of Ghana." At this point the case was closed, and the young African women were permitted to dance in Ghanaian undress for the comrades of Sofia. —*Il Borghese*, Italy

Life's Like That

WHEN MY income-tax refund cheque was stolen, the police charged a suspect with the crime, and I had to give evidence. I stammered and fidgeted my way through the ordeal, and as I was about to leave the courtroom, the magistrate called my name. When I stood apprehensively before him, he leaned as far towards me as he could and rasped, "How ever did you manage to get anything back from those tax people?"

—MAURFEN SULLIVAN

ASKED TO describe his native Mexico, the visiting lecturer answered, "You know the cartoon picture of the man wearing a big sombrero, asleep with his head on his knees? Well, that is not really Mexico. But"—and he took out his watch and held it to his ear—"when we listen to a watch, we say, 'It is walking.' You say, 'It is running.' "

—WARREN ROBBINS

MY UNCLE, who is vicar of a rural church, recently had a small growth removed from his nose. During the operation, the doctor warned that part of the surgery might be painful. "I am working in the periphery of the anaesthesia," he explained.

"I know just what you mean," my uncle chuckled. "I do that every Sunday morning."

—EVERETT ALTON

As I waited for the traffic lights to change, I watched the driver ahead of me jump out of his car and hurry round to the boot. He unlocked it, grabbed a packet of cigarettes off the floor, took one out, lit it, returned packet to floor, closed and locked boot, dashed to the front and hopped into his seat—all before the lights turned green.

It was an amazing pantomime of a man waging his battle against the cigarette habit.

—RAPHAEL DAVID BLAU

AFTER leaving the supermarket, my mother-in-law discovered that she had been undercharged for one of her purchases, a liquid diet, which she was taking to speed her reducing campaign. She went back to the store, explained the error, and paid the money due.

The store manager, impressed by her honesty, insisted that she accept a gift. At home, she eagerly opened the wrapped package—and found a tempting, calorie-filled box of chocolates.

—J. C. BLACKWELL

DURING A blinding snowstorm last winter, a car attempting to negotiate a difficult turn near our house floundered to a standstill in the middle of the road. The disgusted driver abandoned the vehicle and walked off. Soon another motorist came along and, taking in the situation a second too late, applied his brakes and skidded into a drift at the side of the road. Before the day was over, five cars were wedged in the same snowbank.

Residents of the neighbourhood watched the local garage man remove them one by one with his break-down truck. When he finally came to the first car, a bystander said, "You don't want to move that one, do you, Ed? That's the goose that laid the golden egg."

—MRS. VICTOR BAKER

A FRIEND of mine, who lives on a beautiful stretch of the Delaware River in the United States, wanted to give an original party for some important business associates. With great effort he moved all his living-room furniture out on to the ice in the river. The set-up, complete with rug and hi-fi, was unique and his guests were overwhelmed. They danced and skated and imbibed until long after dark.



Tired but happy with the success of the party, my friend turned in. It took a few seconds the next morning for the awful fact to penetrate his slight hangover. The river ice had moved out during the night and with it, the living-room.

—ALEC LEWIS

WHEN HE took his grandchildren to a Saturday morning film, my uncle noticed that the box office listed only the admission price for children. He asked the cashier how much it was for adults. "If you can take it," she said, "you can go in free." —B. K.

MY WIFE and I were checking over the many boxes and suitcases that held our possessions when there was a knock at the door. I answered it and was confronted by a smartly dressed middle-aged woman who said she lived in the next flat and had just dropped over to welcome us to our new home.

"You know," she added confidentially, "there are lots of places in this town where the people are very unfriendly. Why, in the building my sister lives in, the people don't even know their next-door neighbours. But," she reassured us, "here we're just one big happy family."

We couldn't bear to tell her we were moving out. —BRIAN CAPTOR

THE KINDERGARTEN teacher handed out sheets of coloured paper and told the children to share the one pair of scissors she placed on each table.

"What does share mean?" I heard one five-year-old ask his neighbour.

"Share," his friend whispered back, "is what you do when you only have one of something and the teacher is looking." —PAUL DAVIS

'Some things are different, but you love them anyway'

The Children Nobody Wanted

By JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS

THE STORY of Bill and Virginia Newhall and their triumphant experience in adoption began with heartbreak.

On a Sunday afternoon in the early spring of 1952 their only child, Martin, aged eight, came in from ski-ing in the hills around their home in Vermont. "My arm hurts," he complained.

X-ray pictures showed a lump pressing against the elbow joint. A biopsy revealed the worst: cancer. Martin died three years later, and was buried in the shadow of the slopes where he had skied.

"You don't know what an empty house is until a child has died in it," his mother says. The rambling, low-ceilinged rooms were full of strange echoes. Powder, the dog, and Buttons, the cat, refused to eat.

Bill Newhall, a physical education instructor, had grown up in an orphanage. He knew there were many children who needed good homes. Virginia, with a medical history of miscarriages, could not hope for another baby. Naïvely, they presented themselves at their local welfare office and said they would like to adopt a child. The answer they received was the same that thousands of would-be parents have had to accept. At 45, they were too old; and their income was too low.

"We can let you have some foster children," the social worker suggested. "I'm afraid you'll have to settle for that."

In the months that followed, the Newhalls cared for a succession of foster children. Young feet drummed on the wide board floors once again. But this wasn't enough.

"We still wanted children of our own," Virginia says.

Then, one day in 1955, Bill read about a farmer who had brought a plane-load of Korean orphans to America and found parents to adopt them. The story mentioned the name of an orphanage in Seoul.

That night Virginia wrote a letter that began, "We are a respectable middle-aged couple, childless . . ."

The director of the orphanage in Korea replied that an eight-year-old boy named Kim was available—if the Vermont welfare authorities approved. To the Newhalls' surprise,



the authorities, having first warned them that they had no knowledge of the Korean boy's mental or physical heritage, agreed to the adoption. "But it was plain that they thought us a couple of fools," Bill says.

On the day Kim was to arrive, the Newhalls drove to New York's Idlewild Airport to meet him. Sitting in the waiting-room with a Korean phrase book in her hand, Virginia was suddenly swept by panic. "How did we get into this?" she asked herself.

At that moment a loudspeaker announced the arrival of the plane. Soon a weary-looking Korean woman led a dark-haired boy by the hand into the terminal.

"He was quite the smallest eight-year-old boy I'd ever seen," Virginia says. "He was dreadfully thin, and his face was covered with smallpox scars. They hadn't told us about that; I guess they didn't think it was worth mentioning. I wondered what else they'd overlooked."

Bill and Virginia Newhall knelt beside the child. "Hello, Kim," Bill said. "I know you can't understand what I'm saying, but I hope you know that we're very glad to see you." There was no reply.

"He doesn't talk much," the Korean woman volunteered. "I don't think he said two words on the whole trip. And all he'll eat is polished rice. It's the only food he has ever had in his life."

Wondering where they were going to buy polished rice along the

route back to Vermont, Virginia said weakly, "Well, I guess we'd better start home."

"He didn't move or speak or eat or drink for 300 miles," Virginia says. "He was like a tiny woodland animal caught in a trap, frozen with fear."

When they pulled into the Newhall farmyard at dawn, Bill carried Kim upstairs to bed. As he tucked the blankets around him, a small white kitten sprang on to the bed.

"I didn't know what to do," Bill says. "Perhaps Kim had never seen a cat. Maybe white cats were bad luck in Korea. But as I grabbed at the kitten it slipped under the covers and curled up in the boy's arms. A beautiful smile spread across Kim's face, and he fell asleep."

The Americanization of Kim proceeded more rapidly than anyone had dared hope. At breakfast the following morning Virginia served him with rice boiled so that the grains stuck together in the Oriental manner. His response was to flood the rice with maple syrup. He ate fried eggs, bacon and rolls. He drank his first glass of milk. He was delighted by the rhythmic whoosh-plump of the washing machine, and sang Oriental songs that matched its beat.

Soon he spoke English well enough to enable him to go to school. Martin's former classmates welcomed him on the playground. Tests showed that he had promising

scholastic ability. His only adjustment problem was his steady refusal to sit at a desk. "It tries to grab me," he explained, and sat cross-legged on the floor.

More than a year later, with Kim now established at the farm, a friend of the Newhalls returned from a trip with a moving story about a Navaho Indian family that had been disrupted by drunkenness. The father had beaten his children so cruelly that the welfare authorities had removed them from his custody. Among them, she said, was an especially appealing eight-year-old boy named Virgil, now in an institution.

Virginia says, "We thought it would be fine for Kim to have a brother who was descended from our very first Americans."

The authorities consented to the adoption, and Bill Newhall went to bring Virgil home.

"His appearance was another shock," Bill recalls. "He was Kim's age, but almost twice his size. Whatever he had been deprived of, it wasn't food. It was clear, however, that he was filled with anger and hostility. All my friendly questions were answered sullenly, and his eyes seemed to say, 'Hit me. I'm as tough as you are.'

"I knew that the first lesson he had to learn was that a father commands respect through love, companionship and admiration, not through brutality. On our way home, we stopped for a swim. I

taught him to float. We practised standing on our heads, and I decided that a little judicious showing-off might be in order. I performed a series of fairly difficult dives, some that I hadn't attempted for 20 years. I heard someone ask, 'Who is that guy?' When Virgil said proudly, 'That's my father!' I knew it didn't matter how much my back ached the next day."

The two boys got on well. But timid Kim needed to be helped to assert himself and to stand up for his rights, while Virgil had to learn to consider others and to control his temper. Seeking to give Kim self-confidence, Virginia began to teach him to play the accordion, and she also put him in charge of the family sow, an expectant mother.

"Although Kim's problem was the more serious, Virgil's was the harder to live with," Bill Newhall says. "But I knew that bad feelings have to come out before good feelings can flow in. Whenever I saw that he was about to blow up, we'd do something physically violent together, like chopping down a tree. Most of the time, it worked. Sometimes it didn't. But, no matter what he said to me, I was determined never to raise a hand to him. I wanted to show that I could afford to absorb his anger without hitting back."

Although Virgil's tantrums grew farther apart, he threatened, one day, to run away.

"I was frightened," Virginia says.

"If the social-welfare people found out that he had left home, maybe they'd take him away from us."

Bill Newhall sent Virginia to the kitchen to bake muffins—Virgil's favourite dish. When Virgil came downstairs, a small bagful of clothing was swinging at his side.

"Good-bye!" he said ominously.

Bill Newhall raised his head from a magazine. "Good-bye," he replied cheerfully. "Write when you get work!"

The smell of muffins was strong. Virgil walked to the window, and looked at the fields and the barn.

"If I go, who'll feed all those chickens?" he asked. He stood for a moment, then said, "Maybe I'm needed around here. What's for dinner?" He went upstairs and unpacked.

The Newhalls now discovered what parents of larger families know: that two children are easier than one, and that three are no harder than two. Another friend, who had been to Canada on holiday, brought back reports of a Chippewa Indian family living in a one-room cabin near a reservation. Their problem was all too common: the family was too Indian to assimilate with the white population, too ambitious to be content with tribal life. Would the Newhalls be interested in adopting Mona, aged seven, one of eight deprived children? They would indeed.

Once again, welfare authorities dubiously signed the required

documents, and the entire family drove to Canada to welcome its new member.

"When our car pulled up at the cabin," Virginia recalls, "I thought the mother was going to cry. I didn't feel very good, either. I had never taken a child away from her mother before."

"The woman opened the car door and put Mona in the back seat between the two boys. Then she took the child's hand, pressed it briefly against her cheek and walked back into the shack. She had offered Mona for adoption because some of her children had tuberculosis, and she was afraid Mona would catch it.

"Mona was laughing and excited. She said, 'You're my new mother and father? Good! I like you!'"

Mona fitted easily into the Newhall family. She brought her problems to Bill, tirelessly helped Virginia with the chores and handled the boys with a practised mixture of winsome femininity and astonishingly hard muscle.

The five Newhalls slowly learned to know one another, to work together in the rhythm of the simple, rural life. Vegetable crops were sown and reaped, then frozen or canned. Eggs were gathered and sold to summer residents. Loaves of rye and whole-wheat bread poured from the oven. The extra loaves were sold locally. Soon there was a market for 50 loaves a day.

That Christmas, the children

Smoking Etiquette...No. 4

All occasions do not leave you free to smoke. For instance, while in a sick-room you can freely smoke only if the convalescent himself is smoking. Smoking is best avoided during ceremonial proceedings, even though they may not be religious.

**IT'S GOOD TASTE TO SMOKE
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pooled their funds and bought Virginia and Bill a very particular kind of gift: a ten-dollar certificate for one month's support of a foster child in Hong Kong. "We know you like this kind of thing," Virgil said mischievously. Then, as Virginia's tears welled over, he enquired anxiously, "The boys at school told me I should get perfume. Would you rather have perfume?"

"I like perfume," Virginia said honestly. "But this is the nicest Christmas present I've ever received."

One day a social worker from the same welfare department that had once told the Newhalls they were not properly qualified to adopt a child telephoned to tell them about a five-year-old Negro girl. "She needs a good adoptive home right away," she said. "I just happened to think. Could you . . . ?"

Virginia said quickly, "Of course we can."

Linda was small-boned and delicate, with large eyes, a pale tan skin and a head of curls the colour of black treacle. In the early weeks she wept easily, kissed everyone too often and climbed too frequently into Bill's lap. She was so anxiously possessive that she wanted the sheets she slept on and the knives and forks at her place on the table to be marked with her name.

"Do I own my chair? Do I own my drawer in the bureau?" she asked.

"Don't be silly," Mona answered

serenely. "This is *our* house. Everybody owns everything!"

The community that the Newhalls live in had accepted the two Indians and the Korean without incident. Linda's adoption, however, caused comment. Mona came home from school one day and remarked casually, "One of the kids in my class says Linda's a nigger."

Virginia says, "For a moment I was so upset I didn't dare turn round. Then I put my arms around both little girls and told them the tale about the day God baked scones —they were all made from the same recipe, but He left some batches in the oven longer than others. I know Linda will have to be helped to face the fact that there are places where her brothers and sisters are welcome and she is not. And there will be other places where no one wants any of us. But I know we'll manage.

"The other day a farmer's wife said to me, 'Well, if you aren't an odd-looking bunch! Where'd you get those kids?'

"I just said calmly, 'They're ours.' As we walked away, Virgil muttered, 'Are we an odd-looking bunch?'

"Bill answered, 'We *are* rather unusual. People can't help staring. But that doesn't mean they don't like us.'

"Linda said, 'Some things are different, but you love them anyway. Like my kitten. It has one green eye and one blue.'"



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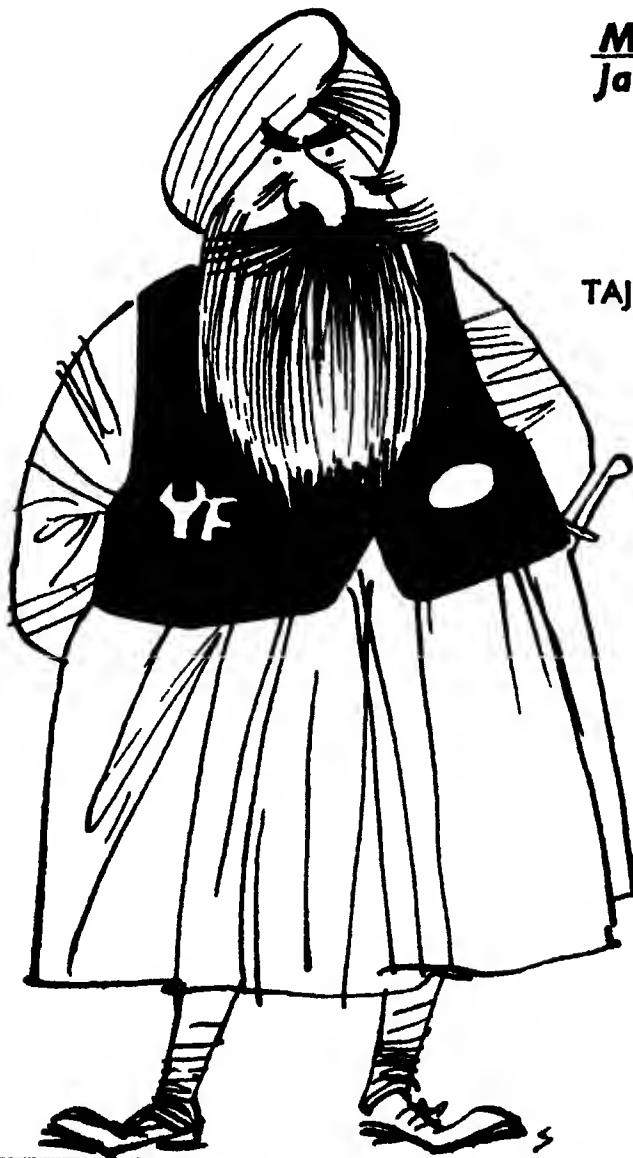
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MORAL: Tyred of life?
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Among other strange things, New York has 200,000 stray cats and a chauffeur who has his own chauffeur

Sidelights on a City

By GAY TALESE



EW YORK is a city of things unnoticed. It is a city with cats sleeping under parked cars, two stone armadillos crawling up St. Patrick's Cathedral, thousands of ants creeping on top of the Empire State Building. Nobody knows any more about how the ants got there than they do about the beggar who takes a taxi-ride to the Bowery; or the dapper man who picks rubbish out of Sixth Avenue dustbins; or the medium who claims, "I am clairvoyant, clairaudient and clairsensuous."

New York is a city for eccentrics and a centre for odd bits of information. Gum chewers on the escalators at Macy's department store stop chewing momentarily just before they get off—to concentrate on the last step. A Park Avenue doorman has parts of three bullets in his head—there since the First World War.

Each month 100 pounds of hair is

delivered to Louis Feder at 545 Fifth Avenue, where fair hair pieces are made from German women's hair; brunette hair pieces from Italian women's hair; but no hair pieces from American women's hair which, says Feder, is weak from too-frequent rinses and permanent waves.

On Broadway each evening a Rolls-Royce pulls up at the corner of 46th Street—and out hop two little ladies armed with Bibles and signs reading, "The Damned Shall Perish." They stand on the corner screaming at the multitudes of Broadway sinners, sometimes until 3 a.m., when their chauffeur picks them up and drives them back to suburban Westchester County.

In New York at 6 a.m. Mrs. Mary Woody jumps out of bed, dashes to her office and phones dozens of sleepers to say in a cheerful voice, rarely appreciated: "Good morning. Time to get up." In 20 years as an operator of Western Union's Wake-Up Service Mrs. Woody has got millions out of bed.

By 7 a.m. a floridly robust little man, looking very Parisian in a blue beret and turtle-neck sweater, moves in a hurried step along Park Avenue visiting his wealthy lady friends—to give them a brisk, before-breakfast rubdown. The uniformed doormen greet him warmly; they know him as a ladies' masseur *extraordinaire*.

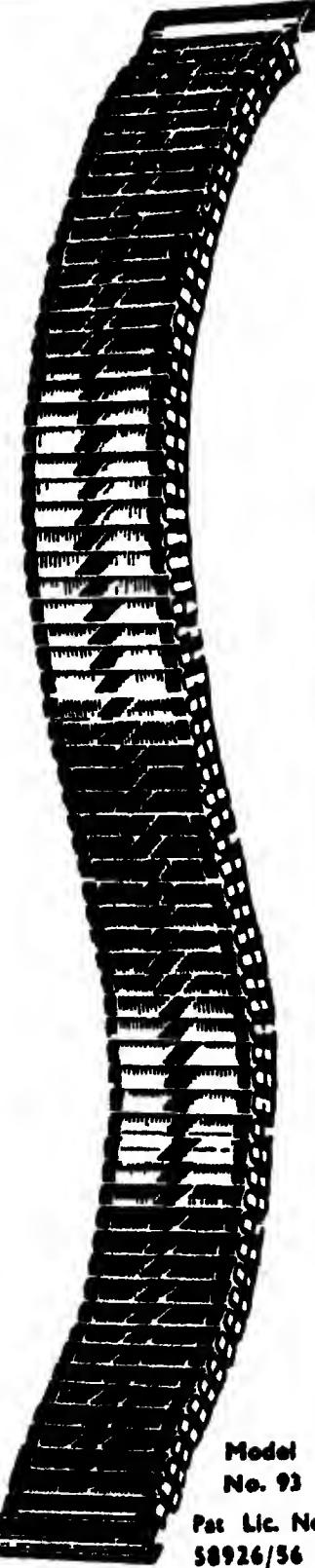
Shortly after 7.30 each morning hundreds of people are lined along

42nd Street waiting for the 8 a.m. opening of the ten cinemas that stand almost shoulder-to-shoulder between Times Square and Eighth Avenue. Who are these people? They are the city's insomniacs, night watchmen, cops, taxi-drivers, truck-drivers, cleaning women and restaurant men who have worked all night. They are also alcoholics who are waiting to pay 40 cents for a soft seat where they can sleep.

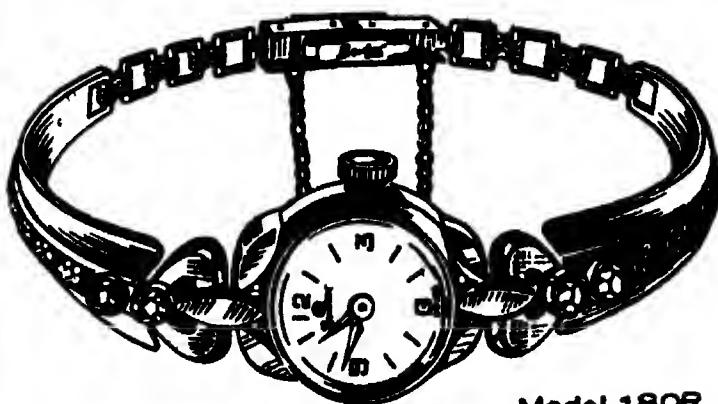
New York is a city of 35,000 cab-drivers, 10,000 bus-drivers, and one chauffeur who has a chauffeur. The wealthy chauffeur can be seen driving up Fifth Avenue each morning, and his name is Roosevelt Zanders. This man will drive anyone anywhere in his silver Rolls-Royce. Diplomats patronize him, models pose with him, and every day he receives cables from all over the world urging that he be waiting at Idlewild Airport, on the docks or outside the Plaza Hotel. Sometimes at night he is too tired to drive. So his chauffeur takes over and Zanders relaxes in the back.

Each afternoon in New York a rather seedy saxophone player, his cheeks blown out like a spinnaker, stands on the pavement playing "Danny Boy" in such a sad, sensitive way that he soon has people peeping out of windows tossing nickels, dimes and quarters at his feet.

In the past 30 years he has serenaded every street in the city, and some days he has been tossed as



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much as 100 dollars in coins. He is also hit with buckets of water, eggs and empty beer cans. He is believed to be the last of New York's street musicians.

There are 200,000 stray cats in New York. A large number of them hang around the Fulton Fish Market, or in Greenwich Village, and in the East and West Side neighbourhoods where dustbins abound. But 25 cats live 75 feet below the west end of Grand Central Station, are fed by the underground workers and never come up into daylight.

New York is a city in which large, cliff-dwelling hawks cling to skyscrapers and occasionally dive to snatch a pigeon over Central Park

or Wall Street or the Hudson River. About 12 of these peregrine falcons patrol the city, some with a wing-span of 35 inches. They have buzzed women on the roof of the St. Regis Hotel and attacked repairmen on chimneys. Maintenance men at the Riverside Church have seen hawks dining on pigeons in the bell tower. The hawks remain there for only a little while. Then they fly out to the river, leaving pigeons' heads for the Riverside maintenance men to clean up. When the hawks return, they fly in quietly—*unnoticed*, like the cats, the ants, the ladies' masseur, the doorman with three bullets in his head and most of the city's other offbeat wonders.



To Be Continued

*I*N "My Search for William Hinds," published in *Harper's Magazine* last July and reprinted in The Reader's Digest in December, the distinguished historian Walter Prescott Webb told of his efforts to find out something about a benefactor he had never met—a businessman who sent him books and magazines and encouraging letters when he was a poor farm boy, and who later helped to finance his education.

The article has brought hundreds of letters to Dr. Webb, now at the University of Texas. Many readers have been deeply touched by the story of William Hinds's quiet generosity—and some have themselves been moved to help needy people.

One man sent a cheque to start a memorial fund "to provide revolving interest-free loans to students who need funds for the completion of their education." Dr. Webb added an equal sum from his own pocket and turned the money over to the University of Texas. Other contributions are now flowing in, and it is predicted that the Hinds-Webb fund will become "one of the great traditions of the university."

—*Harper's Magazine*



It was just a fragile shell, but it saved a life

Message from the Sea

BY ARTHUR GORDON

SOME people in this world have a marvellous gift. It's hard to say exactly what this quality is: a serenity, an inner strength, a generosity of spirit. Whatever it is, when you're in trouble, or have some aching problem, you turn to these people instinctively. Something in them draws you like a magnet. I have a friend like that. So, the other night, when something was weighing

on my mind, I telephoned him. "Come on over," he said. "Alma's gone to bed, and I was about to get some coffee."

So I went over, and at the end of an hour—just as I knew I would—I felt a lot better. The problem was still there, but somehow it didn't seem so frightening. Not with Ken sitting in his old swivel chair, feet up on the desk, hands locked behind his head, not saying

much, just listening . . . and *caring*.

Suddenly the gratitude and affection I felt seemed to need expression. "Ken," I said, "when it comes to smoothing out wrinkles in troubled minds, you're wonderful. How do you do it?"

He has a slow smile that seems to start in his eyes. "Well," he said, "I'm a good deal older than you."

I shook my head. "Age has nothing to do with it. There's a calmness in you that goes very deep. Where did you get it?"

He looked at me pensively for a few seconds, as if trying to make up his mind whether to tell me something. Finally, with the toe of his shoe, he pulled open one of the desk drawers. From it he took a small cardboard box. He put it on the blotter.

"If I do have any of this quality you're talking about," he said, "it probably comes from this."

I waited. On the mantelpiece a clock ticked.

Ken picked up one of his blackened pipes and began to fill it. "You've known me for—how long? Ten years? Twelve? This box is a lot older than that. I've had it more than 30 years. Alma is the only other person who knows what's in it, and perhaps she has forgotten. But I take it out and look at it now and then."

The match flared; the smoke curled, blue and reflective, in the lamplight. "Back in the '20's," Ken said in a faraway voice, "I was a

successful young businessman. Successful as hell. I made money fast and spent it faster. I was the golden boy, able to out-think or out-drink anybody. I married Alma because she was pretty and decorative, but I don't think I loved her. I don't think there was any love in me, really. The closest thing to it was the very high regard that I had—for myself."

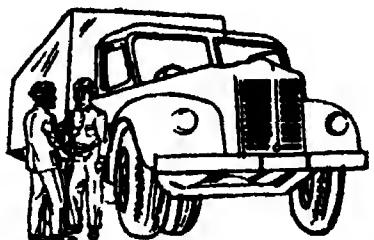
I stared at him in amazement. I found it almost impossible to believe this brutal self-portrait.

"Well," said Ken, "as you've probably anticipated, the day of reckoning came. And it was quite a day. One week I was a millionaire —on paper, anyway. The next I was a pauper. My reaction was predictable: I got drunk and stayed drunk for three days."

He gave a short bark of a laugh and stood up, running a hand through his wiry hair.

"The place I chose for this little orgy of self-pity was a beach cottage that we owned—or, rather, had owned before the bottom fell out of our gilded cage. Alma wanted to come with me, but I wouldn't let her. I just wanted to get away from everything and drink myself blind, and I did.

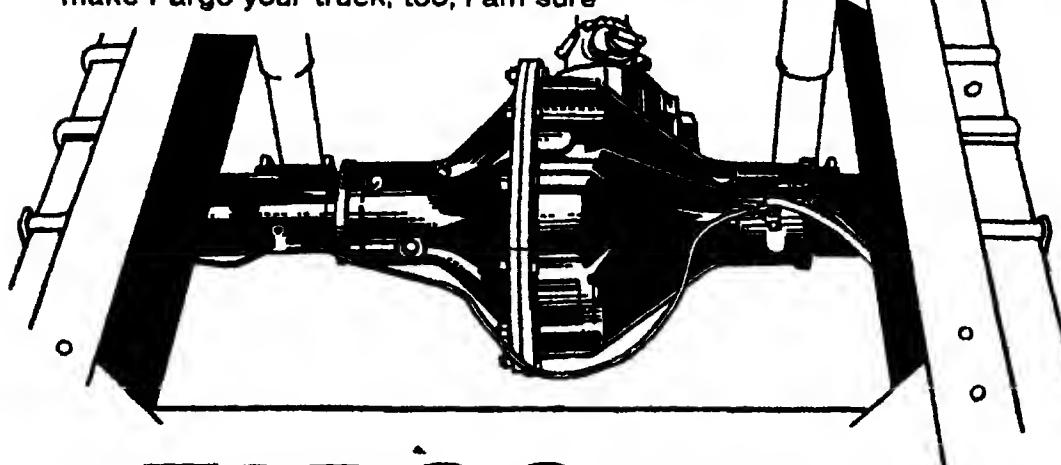
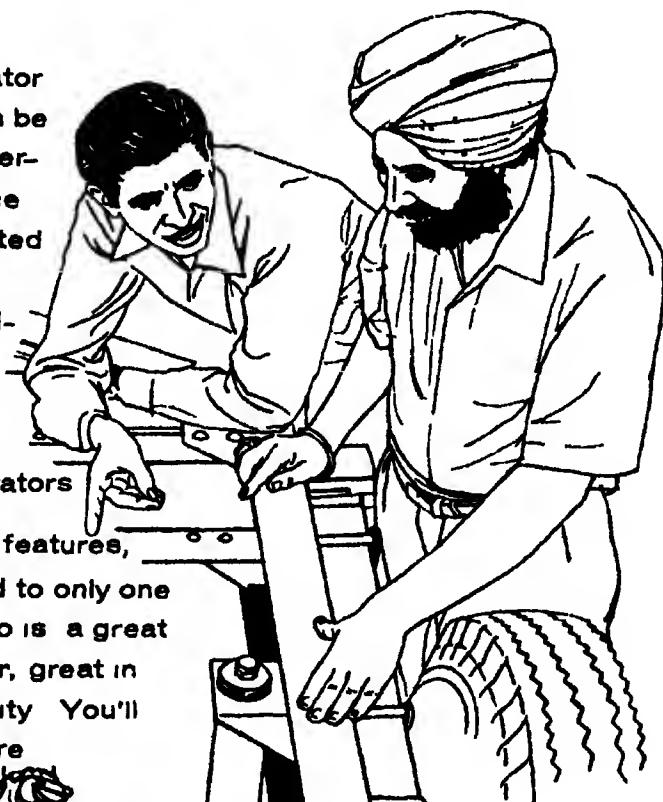
"But the time comes when you begin to sober up. For an alcoholic—and I was close to being one—this can be a ghastly experience. You're overwhelmed with self-disgust; you're choked with despair. I looked at my face in the mirror, the bloodshot eyes, the three-day beard, and



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knew I was looking at a total failure. As a man, as a husband, as a human being, I had made a complete mess of my life. The thought—no, it wasn't a thought, it was a conviction—the conviction came to me that the best thing I could do for Alma and for everyone else would be to remove myself from the scene, permanently.

"I knew, moreover, just how to do it. A half-gale was blowing outside. The sea was wild. I would swim out as far as I could, past the point of no return. That would take care of everything."

Ken's pipe had gone out; he put it on the desk. The old chair creaked as he sat down. "When you're driven to a decision like that, your one thought is to get it over with. So I wasted no time. I stumbled down the porch steps and on to the beach. It was just after dawn, I remember; the sky was red and angry; the waves were furious. I walked straight to the edge of the water. As I reached it, something glinted on the sand." He opened the box. "This."

In the box was a shell. Not a particularly unusual shell; I had seen others like it. A narrow oval of fluted calcium, pale, graceful, delicate.

"I stood there staring at it," Ken went on. "Finally I picked it up, wet and glistening. It was so fragile

that the least pressure of my fingers would have crushed it. Yet here it was, undamaged, perfect.

"How was this possible? The question seemed to seize upon my mind, while all around me the wind shrieked and the ocean roared. Tons of seething water had flung this shell on to the hard-packed sand. It should have been smashed to splinters, utterly destroyed. But it wasn't.

"What had kept the shell intact, unbroken? I kept asking myself this question with a kind of frantic urgency, and suddenly I knew. It had yielded itself to the awful forces crashing around it. It had accepted the storm just as it had accepted the stillness of the depths where it had had its beginnings. And it had survived. And all at once I saw myself, battling against the inevitable, beating my fists against fate, when I should have been accepting, with faith.

"I don't know how long I stood there, but finally, when I turned away from the sea, I took the shell with me. I've had it ever since."

I took the box from my friend and lifted out the shell. It lay in my hand, untouched by the years, exquisitely wrought, feather-light.

"Do you know its name?" I asked.

Ken smiled that slow smile of his. "Yes," he said. "They call it an Angel's Wing."

N THE old-fashioned novel, the hero didn't kiss the heroine until the last page. Now, he kisses her on the dust jacket.

—*Dublin Opinion*



Good News for Bad Dogs

An ex-Scotland Yard detective is
turning canine delinquents into responsible citizens

By C. GREGORY JENSEN

LEO WAS A criminal, on trial for assaulting seven people. Not even his lawyer denied his guilt. When the magistrate had heard the incriminating evidence, he sentenced Leo to nine months. Leo was hauled off, snarling and unrepentant, to a fenced-in reform school 17 miles north of London—the Home for Recalcitrant Dogs.

I saw him there not long ago, in company with the chief "warden," burly 34-year-old Robert Horsfall, whose job is to make bad dogs good. "Look at him," Horsfall mused. "He came to us muzzled, completely wild, ready to attack anyone. We couldn't get near him for five days—had to throw his food to him. And now look at him."

Leo, an Alsatian, was frolicking happily with two visitors—strangers to him. Watching was a mournful little Scottie named Blackie, another criminal, serving a 12-month sentence for biting children. All over the Home's four and a half acres were other "prisoners." There was Ricky, an Alsatian whose owner had trained him to attack anything that moved. There were eight "untamable" Huskies, veteran sled dogs from Antarctic expeditions—now gentle enough to run free among visitors. There were other dogs Horsfall classed as "people-biters," "dog-fighters" or "chicken-killers."

The Home for Recalcitrant Dogs is a branch of the voluntarily supported National Canine Defence League, which has safeguarded Britain's pets for 70 years. The Home was opened in March 1959, after Bernard Workman, chairman of the League, went to court to fight a death sentence against Pat, a Labrador convicted of biting two people. (Under the law, the owner of any dog that bites—or is a nuisance or beyond the owner's control—can be charged with a criminal offence. If the verdict is guilty, the dog is sentenced to death—or was until three years ago when Workman took up the fight for Pat.) Workman engaged Robert Horsfall, then a private detective, who had previously been a Scotland Yard plain-clothes man and a trainer of the guard dogs which patrol the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

Horsfall investigated Pat's case and found that the dog had had good reason for her actions—the defence of her puppies. His evidence in court won the repeal of Pat's sentence.

But the court also ordered that Pat be given "suitable training by, and to the satisfaction of, the National Canine Defence League." And that was the beginning of the Home for Recalcitrant Dogs.

Today the Home employs five trainers, two investigators, two drivers, and several kennelmaids and secretaries. It can handle 80 "problem" dogs at once, and there is a waiting list of 200. Many dogs are brought in by worried owners without a court order. Owners pay £20 (Rs. 270) monthly for residential training if they can afford it and wish to. About one-third do.

In re-training, Horsfall believes that the saying, "There is no such thing as a bad boy," applies equally well to dogs. Dogs become delinquent; they become criminal; they suffer mental illnesses. But all these troubles are the effects, Horsfall insists, of specific causes. He says, "If I can find the cause I can find the cure."

There was Mitzi, a little Welsh Corgi, who bit her mistress whenever the telephone rang. Horsfall found that Mitzi had abnormally sharp hearing, and that her mistress was a nervous sort who jumped towards the phone whenever it rang. The combination of the phone's piercing ring and the woman's sudden swirl of skirts frightened Mitzi,



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and she attacked. At the Home, a bell in Mitzi's kennel accustomed her to sudden sound. When Mitzi was released, Horsfall persuaded her owner to move slowly and deliberately when the phone rang. Mitzi no longer bites.

Whether a case is simple or difficult, Horsfall's training is achieved entirely through kindness. No one at his school so much as lifts a finger in physical punishment. "It's totally unnecessary," Horsfall insists. "You can instil respect, happiness or confidence into a dog—all by your tone of voice."

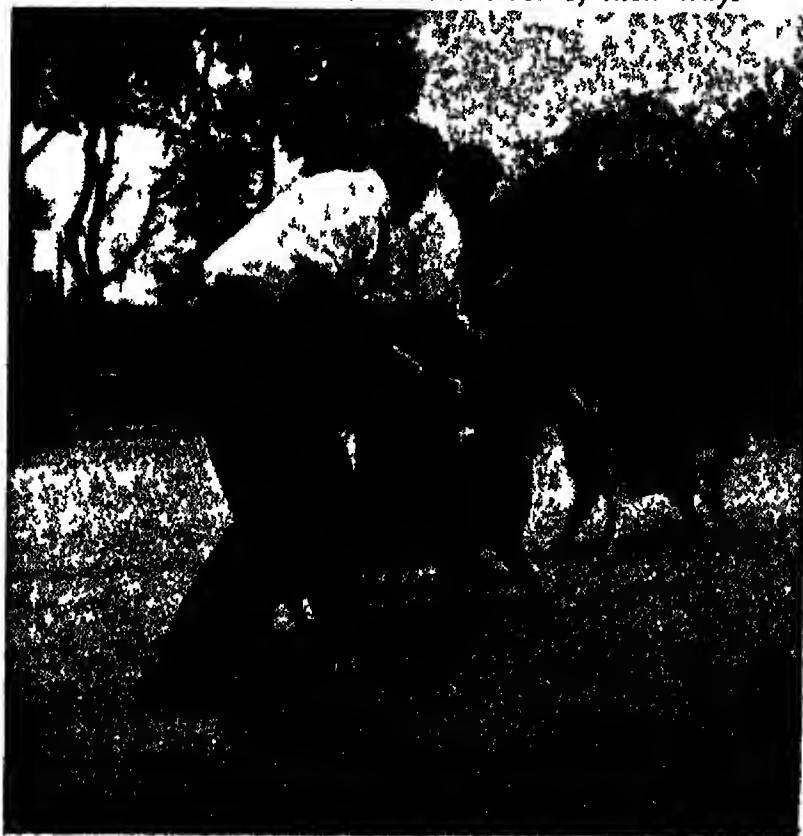
Horsfall says the reactions of dogs are just like those of children. He tells of Kinkie, the jealous springer spaniel. Kinkie began nipping his master on sight. Then one night the dog crawled into bed between the man and his wife, actually kicked the man out of bed, and bit him. Horsfall's detective work uncovered a common situation. "All day long the woman lavished affection on the dog. But when her husband came home from work, she would transfer her affection to him, and the dog would be ignored. Like a child, Kinkie got jealous."

Kinkie was treated in the way all spoilt

dogs are treated at the Home; trainers fussed over other dogs in front of him. His playthings were given to other dogs. All his protests were firmly squashed. When Kinkie had learnt that he was no better than anyone else he was sent home. "Now the husband romps a little with the dog every night to show him that he's not ignored," Horsfall says. "Everything's fine. Incidentally, Kinkie's case illustrates the fact that the biggest cause of dogs going wrong is not cruelty but over-affection."

Most dog problems are caused by the owner. "The dog is the looking-glass of the handler," Horsfall says. The owner of every dog trained at the Home must agree to come there

Leo and another Alsatian were child biters until the trainers showed them the error of their ways



for training himself. "Unless the owners are shown where they go wrong and promise to correct themselves in the future," says Horsfall, "there is little hope for the dog."

No matter what the dog's problem, when he arrives at the Home he is first examined by a vet for possible physical defects. One dog which bit people, apparently for no reason at all, was found to be blind in one eye, with restricted vision in the other. He saw every movement as a frightening blur. An operation restored the sight of one eye, and he became an ideal pet.

Prince, a young Dalmatian, was affectionate and friendly but simply would not do as he was told—his owners couldn't even get him to come when called. He was found to be deaf. Horsfall's head trainer, Frank Pettit, had never heard of a deaf dog being trained, but he agreed to try.

It took two men to train Prince. A handler controlled the dog, while Pettit stood a few yards in front. Pettit gave a command, "Down!" with the appropriate gesture, and the handler gently pushed Prince into position. "When the dog didn't do it right, I made horrible faces and scowled at him," Pettit says. "When he did do it right, I grinned and patted him—showing him I was overjoyed. And believe me, I was!"

Eventually the dog learned to take his commands just from the trainer's lip movements. He became, in fact, a lip-reader.

If a dog's problem is emotional rather than physical, he is given basic training—a four-week course in obedience to commands like "Heel," "Stay," "Sit" and "Down." This builds up a dog's confidence in his trainers and himself, and gets him under absolute control. Dogs of all ages can take this training successfully, but Horsfall says, "I wouldn't train a dog under seven months." Training younger dogs takes endless patience, since they are distracted so easily.

One exception is house-training, which can start as soon as a puppy leaves its mother. Horsfall and Pettit recommend that owners scold the offending pup severely, and perhaps "rub his nose in it" to emphasize the lesson. "It's no good doing it five or ten minutes later, because the puppy won't know what he's being scolded for," Horsfall says. The owner should take the puppy outside several times a day. Through such repetition and praise the puppy should be house-trained in three weeks.

Obedience-training is not unusual in Britain. But Horsfall goes one step further, with specialized instruction to eliminate the specific problem which first made a dog go wrong.

To get to the root of the trouble, Horsfall questions the owners, the neighbours, the local children to find out when and where the dog went wrong. "We always re-create the situation that caused the

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trouble," Horsfall says. "Then we soothe him and show him no harm will come to him. We gradually build up a dog's confidence."

If a dog is afraid of cars, his trainers play with him near a parked car. Later they open the doors and get the dog used to being inside. Then they shut the doors; then start the engine. Eventually they take him for rides. If a dog bites postmen, his trainer dresses in a postman's uniform to help him overcome his fears.

One of the cases Horsfall is most proud of is that of Rufus, a springer spaniel who hated children and turned savage near any body of water. Horsfall traced Rufus's problem to one incident: several children had thrown the dog into a river with banks too steep for him to climb out. Rufus had nearly drowned.

At the Home for Recalcitrant Dogs, Rufus gradually made friends

with more and more children until his fear of them disappeared. Then his trainers tried to entice him into the water to overcome that fear. Rufus wouldn't go. Time and again he would run up to the river's edge, then balk.

The trainer had an inspiration. He threw himself into the river, flailing wildly and shouting for help. Like a shot, Rufus plunged into the water and swam to his "drowning" friend. They played in the water together for some time.

A few weeks later Rufus was back at home near the same river where the children had nearly killed him. One day a four-year-old boy tumbled into the water. Rufus plunged in, swam to the drowning boy, grabbed his collar and held him until rescuers reached them.

"Rufus," says Robert Horsfall, "is an outcast who has earned his passage back."



Matters of Priority

EPISCOPAL BISHOP Harry Kennedy was asked if he had ever been to Tahiti. "Yes," said the bishop sadly. "And I have only one regret—that I didn't visit Tahiti before I joined the Church."

—Jack Guinn

WHEN West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt visited the great new Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv, he commented on Israel's gesture in naming a concert hall after the late German writer, Thomas Mann. But he was corrected—the hall was named not after the German writer but after Frederic Mann of Philadelphia.

"What did he ever write?" asked Mayor Brandt.

"A cheque," was the reply.

—Leonard Lyons

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FIELD-MARSHAL Lord Montgomery is an infectiously jaunty person, especially in tight situations. Like the time he took over the defeated Eighth Army in North Africa during the war. "It's a sad thing," Montgomery remarked to General Lord Ismay, "that a professional soldier can reach the peak of generalship and then suffer a reverse which ruins his career."

"Don't be depressed," said Ismay. "It may be that you will win through."

"My dear fellow," replied Montgomery, "I'm not talking about myself. I am talking about Rommel."

—John Toland, *Battle* (Muller, London)

DESIGNER Chanel has a mania for non-parcel craftsmanship. She literally tears clothes apart and repins them. Before showing one of her collections she remade a suit 35 times and at the last minute threw out 25 dresses and refused to show them. Her models

wept, fainted, or verged on hysteria.

One girl, sick with anger, put on her own suit and marched up to Chanel to announce that she was leaving. Chanel listened absent-mindedly, then, scissors in hand, began through force of habit to cut right through the suit shoulder and down the back. The startled girl let out a piercing scream, "The suit is *mine!*"—but she was too late.

—Helen Lawrenson

"BUT THINK of history!" said former U.S. President Harry Truman, coming upon his wife burning his letters to her. "I have," said Mrs. Truman, continuing to toss letters on to the fire.

—Ellen Hart Smith

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY, the cellist, tells about an evening a few years ago when some musicians got together for what he called a jam session. In the group were Heifetz, Stravinsky and Rubinstein. Afterwards, a woman came up to Rubinstein and gushed, "This is the most extraordinary experience I shall ever have!"

"I think I understand what you mean," Rubinstein told her. "We do make pretty good music, considering we have to use local talent." —Art Ryon

As CORNELIA Otis Skinner tells it, during the rehearsal of her wedding, her father, the famous actor Otis Skinner, asked the minister, "What do I say when you ask, 'Who giveth this woman . . . ?'"

The minister replied, "Mr. Skinner, you don't say anything. You just hand your daughter over."

"Nonsense," replied Skinner. "I have never played a walk-on part in my life." —Leonard Lyons

WHILE on a ski-ing holiday in Switzerland before the war, U.S. diplomat Jacob Beam returned to his hotel room one night and found he had an apple-pie bed and his pyjamas were in knots. Suspecting an American newspaperman who was staying in the hotel, Beam slipped down the corridor, took a coiled fire hose off the wall and approached the culprit's door.

What he did not know was that the friend had moved out during the day and a French bridal couple had moved in.

Opening the door without warning, he hurled the hose at the bed. Then he saw the startled faces of the couple wreathed in coils of hose. Without a moment's hesitation the young diplomat raised his hand in a reassuring gesture.

"Do not be alarmed, monsieur and madame," he said in impeccable French. "It is only one of those damn fire drills."

—N.Y.T.

WHEN Rudolf Bing completed a decade as general manager of the New York Metropolitan Opera, he said, "I prefer to remember the happy things over ten years, the things that went well. Let me see, what *did* go well?"

—James Simpson

EARLY in his political career, former Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives Joseph Martin, a bachelor, was fair prey for the ladies of his home town who intended to change his status. He reports in his book *My First Fifty Years in Politics*: "One day I dropped by the Red Cross, where I was surrounded by 25 women. Since I was going to Washington, they said, I would have to have a wife. When I

asked them if they had any candidates, they named two charming women. I made the group a proposition which I knew would be a safe one for me. 'If you can unanimously agree on one or the other,' I said, 'I'll marry her.' I doubt that they have achieved unanimity yet."

As HE started out on a European concert tour, 71-year-old violinist Mischa Elman lamented, "When I made my debut as a 12-year-old in Berlin, people used to say, 'Isn't he wonderful for his age?' Now they're beginning to say it again."

—Newsweek

THE ELDER Henry Ford rarely summoned his executives to his office to iron out a problem. Instead, he went to see them. "Why don't you tell them to come to you?" he was once asked. "Wouldn't it save time?"

"No. I go to them to save time," replied Ford. "I've found that I can leave the other fellow's office a lot quicker than I can get him to leave mine."

—E. E. Edgar

WHEN author-editor Lowell Brentano worked for his family's publishing house, he succeeded in signing Rabbi Stephen Wise to write a book that was to be called *My Forty Years' Battle in the Ministry*. For years he kept prodding Rabbi Wise about starting work on the book. One day, in exasperation, he cornered Wise and asked, "Tell me frankly, have you done anything about *My Forty Years' Battle in the Ministry*?"

"Yes, I've made some progress," replied Rabbi Wise. "I've changed the title—to *My Fifty Years' Battle in the Ministry*."

Leonard Lyons

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He Gave a Nation Back Its Soul

By CLARENCE HALL

In what has been called "the most significant religious movement since the Reformation," Reinold von Thadden has spurred thousands of Germans to find workable ways of applying their Christian convictions to their important daily decisions

ON A SUNDAY afternoon last July, at the height of the mass flights to freedom by East Germans, I sat jammed in with 100,000 others at West Berlin's huge Olympic Stadium. From its topmost tiers fluttered a forest of church banners; in the place once dominated by Nazi emblems a

Christian cross now towered. And while church bells throughout Germany tolled, the men and women in the stadium, accompanied by a 3,000-piece band, lifted their voices in an ancient hymn.

On a small platform, almost on the very spot where Hitler once reviewed his Nazi legions, stood a man of 69, tall and erect, his sparse white hair ruffled by the breeze, his penetrating blue eyes misted with emotion. This was Reinold von Thadden-Trieglaff, known throughout Europe as "the man who gave Germany back its soul." The gathering was the 1961 assembly of the *Kirchentag* (Day of the Church), a religious movement which he founded.

No mere church rally dominated by the clergy, the *Kirchentag* is run by and for laymen. Its theme: "Christians are responsible for what happens to their world." Its aim: to prise organized religion from its paralysing concern with itself, and to get the church into every phase of life—political, economic, cultural. Spreading rapidly through Europe, the *Kirchentag* is hailed today by world church leaders as the symbol of "the renaissance of the laity, the most significant religious movement since the Reformation."

Von Thadden is peculiarly fitted to lead this renaissance. Born into a distinguished family of Old Prussia's nobility, he grew up in an atmosphere of Christian faith, and later welcomed as guests at his family's

castle many prominent theologians and bishops.

At college in Greifswald he entered the Student Christian Movement, and was elected its national chairman in Germany in 1928—just in time to begin a series of head-on clashes with Hitler's National Socialism. When, at the annual German Student Christian Movement conference in 1933, he was asked what he thought of Hitler, he shouted, "He's the greatest charlatan in history!" And when Hitler forced all Protestant churches into one body under a Nazi Minister of Church Affairs, von Thadden's response was to help form a Pomeranian synod of the "Confessing Church"—an underground resistance movement started by such men as Pastor Niemoller and Bishop Dibelius—and become its president.

Members of the Confessing Church met secretly in small groups in private houses. The Gestapo pursued it relentlessly. Von Thadden was arrested again and again and charged with treason.

Unable to prove their charges, the Nazis ordered von Thadden into the army at the start of the Second World War, and made him head of the military district embracing the Belgian city of Louvain. In few areas were the occupying Germans more hated. Yet, during his three years in Louvain, von Thadden's flinty integrity so won the Belgians' admiration that after the war they invited him back to Louvain and

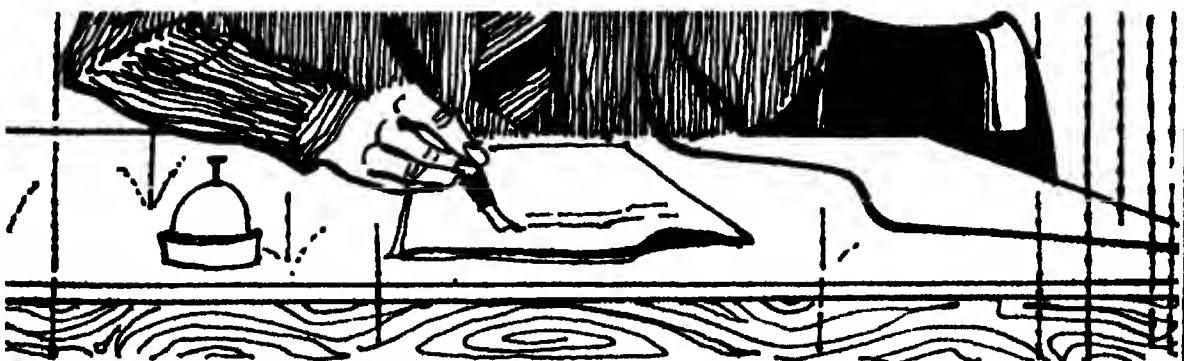
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fêted him as "the city's saviour."

Typical was von Thadden's action when, after a wave of sabotage, German military police rounded up 30 Belgian hostages and demanded their execution. Von Thadden indignantly replied, "A civilized nation does not punish innocent people for the crimes of others." In September 1944, when the Germans began their retreat from Louvain, von Thadden ordered that German food stocks, usually burnt in any evacuation, be taken to the market and distributed to the people.

Wounded in the retreat, in hospital for weeks, von Thadden was captured by the Russians when they stormed into Pomerania. He was brutally beaten, then sent to Archangel, near the Arctic Ocean. There nine months of starvation and illness reduced him to a skeleton.

Yet his Christian faith sustained him, and others as well. Scarcely able to drag himself about, he called together little groups for prayer and discussion. The overriding question among them was: *How could such things as Nazism and Communism happen in the very centre of Christianity?* The answer was plain: *Because Christians haven't been Christian enough.* He organized groups of men to care for the sick and cheer the dying, and plotted strategy for action and attitude that, in a matter of weeks, transformed the spirit of the whole camp, and impressed even the Russian guards.

"It was here, one sleepless night," von Thadden told me, "that I saw the image of the *Kirchentag* for the first time. With not a professional churchman among us, here we were, Lutherans and Reformed, Adventists and Mennonites, Baptists and Catholics, working together. Here, in miniature, was the Church Universal."

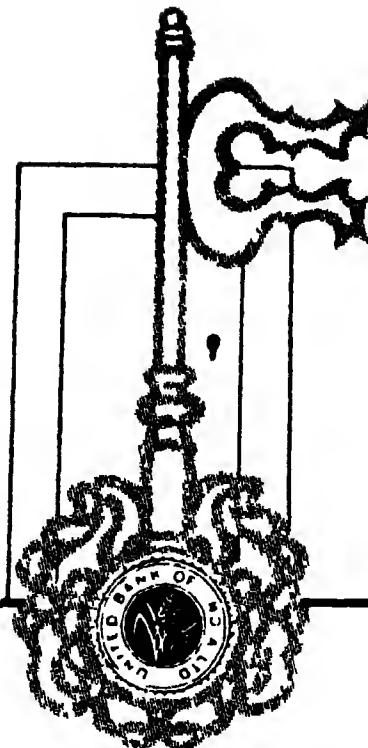
After the war von Thadden returned to Germany to find his lands confiscated, his family scattered. Three of his five sons had been killed in action. His sister had been executed by the Nazis. He made his way to Berlin, where he was re-united with his wife. Then his old friend Bishop Dibelius helped to smuggle them across the Soviet zone beneath a lorry-load of furniture. Eventually they reached South Germany.

Now von Thadden learned that while he had been a prisoner in Russia former leaders of the Confessing Church, spearheading an Evangelical Church federation of all state-supported churches (Lutheran, Reformed, and United), had issued an amazing declaration. It admitted the churches' failure to combat "the spirit which found its terrible expression in the National Socialist government. We accuse ourselves . . ." The church pledged itself to "make a new beginning," to provide the climate in which "tortured humanity can find healing."

Von Thadden read the declaration with a leaping heart. Now,

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perhaps, the church would go out to the people.

In November 1948 von Thadden took his idea for the *Kirchentag* to leaders of the Evangelical Church in Germany. He described his dream: a big rally at which all professions and trades, free of clerical control, could discuss their problems, search for solutions that squared with the Christian faith and become bearers of responsibility for the shaping of their world.

Eventually church leaders gave von Thadden's crusade their blessing on one condition: the *Kirchentag* was to be von Thadden's own responsibility.

The first rally was scheduled for 1949 in the bomb-scarred city of Hanover. Expecting a few hundred to attend, von Thadden was astounded when 7,000 turned up for the five-day meeting. He grouped them according to vocations, set each group to discussing common problems and charged them with finding practical, workable ways of applying their Christian convictions to their important daily decisions.

For the 1950 *Kirchentag*, von Thadden chose one of the toughest areas of West Germany: the industrial city of Essen in the heart of the Ruhr. The church there had long been buffeted by Socialist and Communist attacks and was in low repute. But the rally drew some 200,000 people. Management and trade-union leaders, sitting down together, found more common ground

than either imagined existed. Impending strikes were called off; arbitration committees were formed. The head of one large factory revised his whole scheme of worker relations, and declared, "It will mean less profits, perhaps, but in doing what's right the *real* profit is greater."

At succeeding *Kirchentag* rallies, Munich, heavily Catholic, drew some 350,000 people and Red-held Leipzig, in East Germany, more than 600,000. Von Thadden soon established contact with lay leaders of the *Katholikentag*, the *Kirchentag*'s Catholic counterpart. At his behest, Protestants opened their homes to Catholic participants in the *Katholikentag*'s Berlin rally in 1958; the next year, when the *Kirchentag* was held in Munich, Bavarian Catholics reciprocated.

Nothing so incensed East German Communists as this display of inter-faith amity. Red leaders who had hoped to exploit hostility between the two faiths and then destroy each in turn now stepped up repression of all religion. Church schools were gradually closed; all teaching of religion in state schools was banned. The *Kirchentag*, under no church authority, was another matter. Not until 1961 did the Communists start all-out war against it.

Von Thadden had chosen Berlin for the 1961 meeting because, by Allied-Soviet agreement, it was the one place where free movement between East and West sectors was



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permitted. During the months of preparation, the Communists did nothing to halt plans for events in either sector. Then suddenly, a few days before the *Kirchentag* opened, East German participation was *verboten* "in the interests of peace." In East Berlin, posters announcing the rally were ripped down, ministers were warned to keep their people away. Hopefully, *Neues Deutschland*, East Germany's Communist Party organ, predicted: "Christians will respect the laws of the German Peace State."

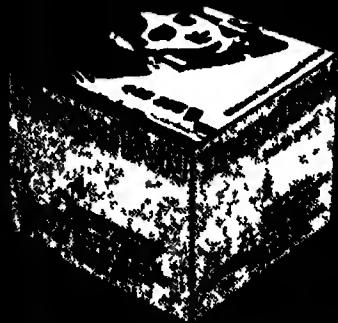
They didn't. An estimated 19,000 East Germans went to the West Berlin meeting, outwitting tight travel restrictions, train searches at

border stations, and road blockades at check-points. All over Germany, as the rally began, thousands went to church to pray for its success.

At the Berlin *Kirchentag*, the Christian definition of man born in the image of God and created free to work out his own destiny stood crystal-clear against the Communist concept of man as a soulless slave existing only to glorify the state. Hundreds of the East Germans who came to the *Kirchentag* elected to stay on as refugees.

At the bulging Marienfelde refugee centre I talked to many who said, "The *Kirchentag* made up my mind for me." One man said, "I'd forgotten what free speech and the

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air of freedom are like. I can't go back."

The core of the 1961 *Kirchentag* was as usual the discussion groups, which for four days addressed themselves to areas where Christian conscience needed to be formed and strengthened, and Christian action suggested.

There are many examples of life-changing action, taken by individuals over the years of this movement to express in concrete form their Christian ideals.

A worker in a West German car factory employing 20,000 recruited 1,500 fellow workers to take a stand that transformed a Communist-ridden workers' council into a body

controlled by Christians. A doctor went home from a *Kirchentag* meeting to lead a triumphant drive to abolish an abortion ring in his town. An architect gave up a lucrative practice to go to Ethiopia to lend his skills to building up that country. Scores of German pastors have taken leave from their churches to work in industry, the better to understand their people's problems.

One of the most dramatic examples of the newborn spirit of Christian responsibility is *Aktion Sühnezeichen* (Operation Atonement), a "penance corps" composed of some 200 young Germans dedicated to fostering reconciliation with peoples scarred by Nazi atrocity.



Enlisting for six months to a year and working without salary, members go to "those who have every reason to hate us," and demonstrate their desire to expiate their fathers' crimes.

In an area of Norway where the Nazi scorched-earth policy of 1944 levelled almost every house, members of the corps recently constructed a home for retarded children near Narvik and a village church near Hammerfest. In Holland, they erected a youth centre. In France, they are building a new

church at Taizé; in Greece, they are helping to restore a village completely burnt by German soldiers.

A prominent educator said to me in West Berlin, "We speak of West Germany's miraculous rise from the ashes as something accomplished by a combination of German ingenuity and foreign aid. But the real 'German miracle' has been the recovery of the soul of a war-broken people." Then, pointing to Reinold von Thadden, he added, "And there's the man mainly responsible for bringing that miracle about."



A foreign student, confused by English spelling, submitted this poem to his professor of literature:

The wind was rough
And cold and blough;
She kept her hands inside her mough.

It chilled her through,
Her nose turned blough,
And still the squall the faster flough.

And yet although,
There was no snough,
The weather was a cruel fough.

It made her cough,
(Please do not scough);
She coughed until her hat blew ough.

—Bennett Cerf

* * *

Strike Action

We know a young fellow who marches in any picket line, no matter what the cause. He carries a big placard that reads simply, *SHAME!*

"I feel that covers anything," he explains, "and it gives me a feeling of belonging."

—H. C.

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Struggle for the

One of history's decisive political conflicts is taking shape on India's northern border, says this distinguished foreign observer. With calculated effrontery, Red China is probing for new areas to conquer

ABIT MORE than seven years ago, Pandit Nehru arrived in Peking on a 12 day State visit to Communist China. Red flags rippled from yellow tiled roofs and from the massive 50 foot city walls. Throngs of Chinese applauded the distinguished guest. At a public reception, Nehru spoke feelingly of the 2,000 year friendship between the two countries. "There is no record of conflict," he said, "—only one of friendship, trade and cultural exchange. That is a proud heritage."

But, in his talks with the Communist Premier, Chou En-lai, Nehru took the opportunity to mention that he had seen maps, published in Communist China, which gave "a wrong borderline between the two countries."

On India's northern border, along

approximately 2,000 miles in the High Himalayas, the maps showed sections of India as Communist China, and indicated that parts of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan also belonged to Red China.

Chou En-lai affably reassured Nehru. The maps, he said, were reproductions of old "pre-liberation maps"—that is, those published by China under Chiang Kai-shek.

The Communist regime, Chou explained, had not had time to revise them. Nehru came home partly satisfied.

Today it is woefully apparent that the "pre-liberation" maps were, in fact, blue-prints of Chinese aggression. The Chinese Communists now

Himalayas

By JOHN FRAZER

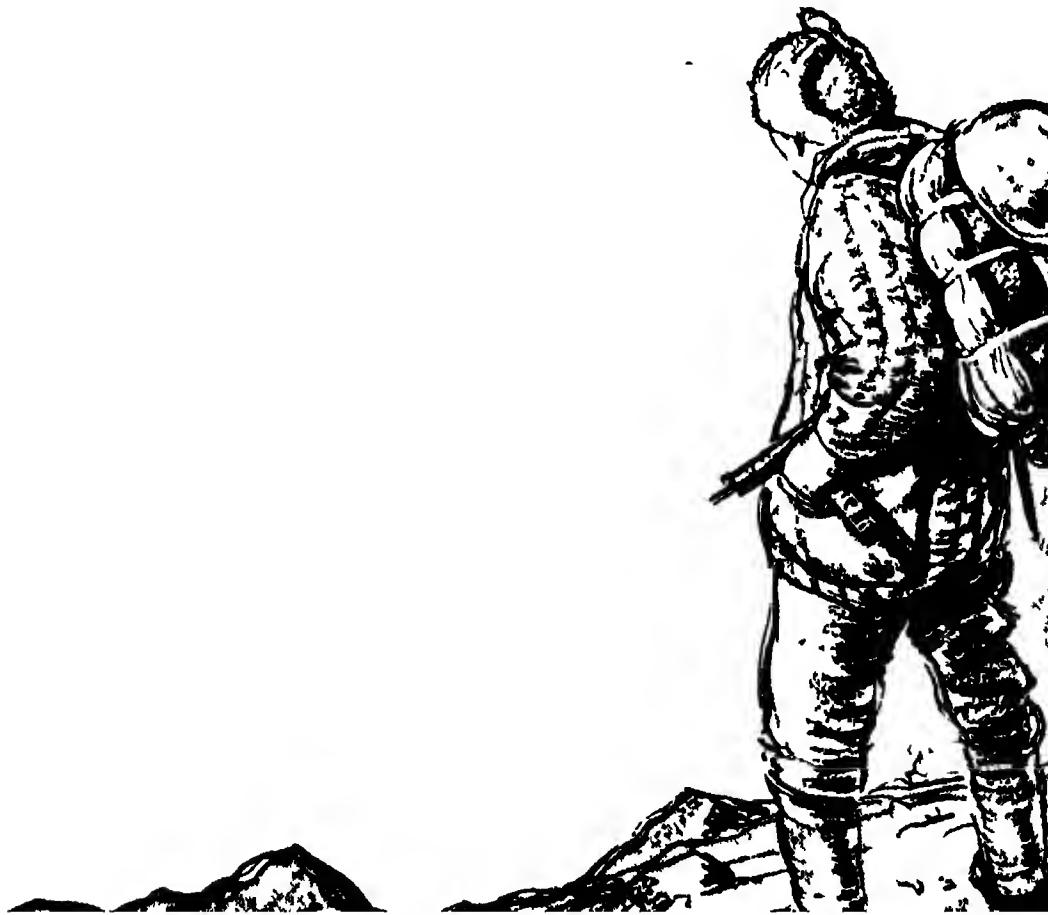
occupy 12,000 square miles of Indian territory in Kashmir—taken while India dozed.

They also claim about 33,000 square miles in the primitive North East Frontier Agency. And they refuse to recognize India's rights by treaty to negotiate on behalf of Sikkim and Bhutan.

Red China, indeed, denies that the Himalayan border is an established border at all. Nehru sharply dissents. India's northern borders, he states, "are firm by treaty, firm

by usage, firm by geography." They have been known for centuries, and they follow "the geographical principle of the watershed."

There the dispute stands, and it introduces a new note in the cold war. For a decade, India championed Communist China. She vigorously promoted Red China's admission to the United Nations. She co-sponsored with Communist China the Bandung Conference, which elevated the prestige of the Communists. "*Hindi Chini*



Bhai Bhai [India and China are brothers]," she chanted — and believed it.

Now trust has vanished. The Himalayan frontier, for centuries calm and unguarded, echoes to the whine of jet patrols and the clatter of road-building equipment. Amid the glacial ravines and snow-capped turrets of the earth's greatest mountains, one of history's decisive political battles is gathering momentum. In simplest terms, it is a conflict over borders; in far graver terms it is part of the protracted struggle for the world.

As far as India is concerned, nothing could be more vital than the question: What will Red China do next?

"You will get the answer to that question in just one place," an Asian diplomat in Delhi said to me wryly. "That is at a meeting of the Communist Politburo in Peking." A member of Nehru's cabinet said with a scowl, "We do not know what China's intentions are. We can only assume that she does not mean us well."

Although Peking's plans are hidden, they are not unpredictable. From conversations with Nehru, Asian ambassadors, officials and journalists, it is possible to make a tentative list of Chinese aims. What it portends can offer no comfort to India, Asia's largest democracy.

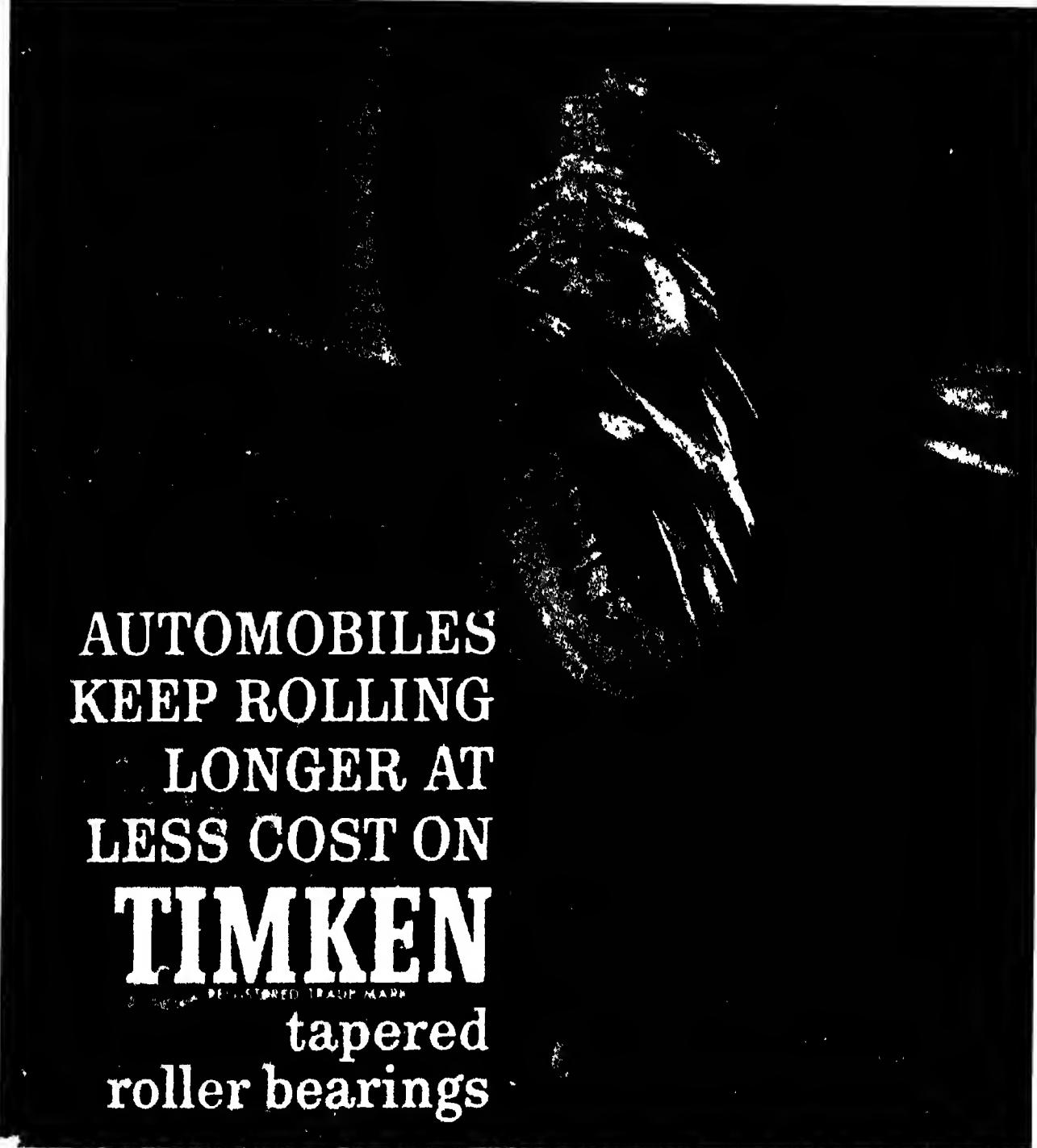
* Mr. Nehru told Parliament last November that the Chinese had built new check-posts in Ladakh. His note of protest to the Chinese spoke of new military roads deep inside Indian territory.

Communist China will arm Tibet to the hilt. Refugees report that Tibet is occupied by thousands of Chinese troops, with armed contingents quartered in border villages. A dozen jet airfields, it is said, are under construction. A 1,500-mile broad-gauge railway is being built from Peking to Lhasa, Tibet's capital. Under way is a fantastic network of roads, looping high across the Himalayas, which will connect China with India's frontier. Arms and ammunition are stored in mountain tunnels.

Communist China will use Tibet as a base for subversion. From Tibet rumours are spread that China will triumph throughout the Himalayas.

"Reports have reached us," Nehru has complained to Chou En-lai, "that some Chinese officers in Tibet have repeatedly proclaimed that the Chinese authorities will before long take possession of Sikkim, Bhutan, Ladakh * and our North East Frontier Agency." Indian Communists in the fragrant tea gardens of Darjeeling whisper of a Chinese take-over, and in Kalimpong I was told how a spy posing as a Tibetan refugee one midnight silently murdered a leading Tibetan foe of Communist China.

Communist China will nag India with border claims. When China is strong, she expands; when she is weak, she withdraws. This is as true of Communist China as it was of dynastic and pre-Communist

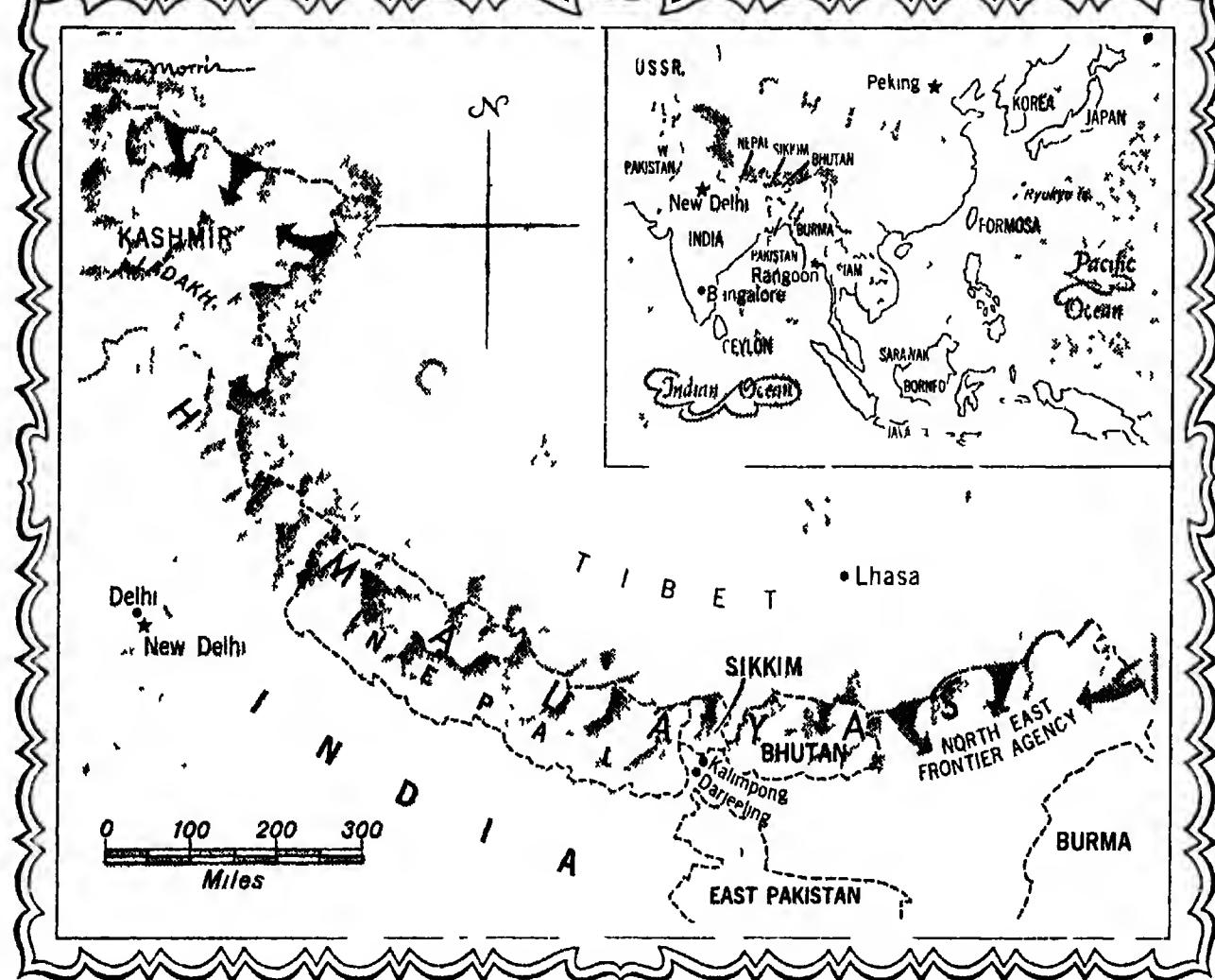


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China. In his book *The Revolt in Tibet*, Frank Moraes, editor of the *Indian Express*, writes: "Over 40 years ago the late Sun Yat-sen cited a long list of so-called lost territories which China would reclaim. 'We lost,' he declared, 'Korea and Formosa to Japan after the Sino-Japanese War, Annam to France, and Burma to Britain . . . In addition, the Ryukyu Islands, Siam, Borneo, Sarawak, Java, Ceylon, Nepal and Bhutan were once tributary states to China.' Chiang Kai-shek subsequently repeated these claims, and Mao Tse-tung has reiterated them."

In his sunlit office in the red sandstone Ministry of External Affairs

in New Delhi, Nehru said to me, "The Chinese way of thinking is that what may have formed part of China's territory off and on in the distant past should revert to China now—even though the temporary conquests happened hundreds of years ago."

Communist China will try to isolate India. Neighbouring Burma already appears to have been neutralized. Her six-year boundary dispute with China is now settled. In 1960 she signed a treaty of "mutual friendship and non-aggression." Huge interest-free loans pour in from Peking. The Communist Chinese embassy is the largest in

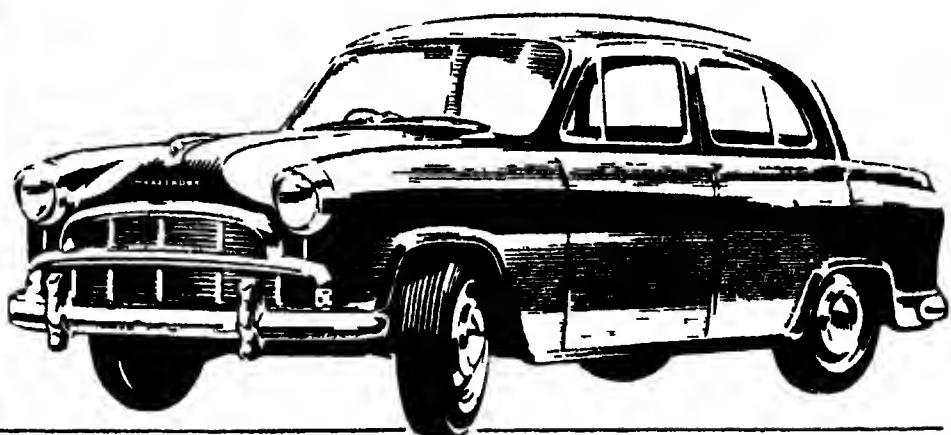


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Rangoon. Chinese banks, language schools and cultural festivals help to steer public opinion to the north.

Traditionally, Nepal faces towards India, and India guarantees her against aggression. But buffer Nepal prefers non-alignment. And lately a "virulent"—to quote Nehru—campaign against India has appeared in portions of the Nepalese press.

China also probes delicately at the festering wound of India's dispute with Pakistan over Kashmir. India is weakened by the 14-year impasse there; the thorny dispute ties up an estimated 150,000 troops on each side and swallows huge resources.

Communist China will foment indirect aggression through local Communists. The ultimate aim of the world's 81 Communist parties is a Communist world, and Asia's parties willingly suspend national loyalties in an overriding loyalty to Communism. Thus in India the Communist Party spreads propaganda for Red China.

Chinese design, said an editorial in the *Hindustan Times*, is "purely and simply to establish a contiguous supply-line with the agents of Communism in India, so that the Chinese can take an active hand in bringing about the kind of government they want to see functioning in New Delhi."

How WELL-EQUIPPED is India to cope with the challenge from the north?

Military action by the Chinese

Communists is a possibility that India cannot ignore. India has an estimated 500,000 men in her armed forces. Red China has at least five times as many. However, Indian army troops are justly renowned for their valour and discipline, and India's military spending is now the largest since independence—almost a third of the nation's annual Rs. 1,023.52-crore budget.

The Indian army has replaced the local police and the Assam Rifles in guarding the frontiers. The Territorial Army is to be increased by 500,000 and the National Cadet Corps by 250,000.

Last June India's first supersonic jet, the HF-124, equipped with guided missiles, made successful test flights over Bangalore. Railway tracks, newly laid, glint in the western approaches to the Himalayas.

But criticism resounds in Parliament that India's military pace is still a slow walk.

India's flat policy of non-alignment is unchanged. "We do not propose to have a military alliance with any country, come what may," Nehru told Parliament in 1959, discussing the shocking news from Tibet.

India's diplomats work hard to develop friendships with both the West and the Soviet Union. Nehru insists that Chinese activity on India's borders has nothing to do with international Communism. It is, he says, only Chinese expansionism

reasserting itself. He cultivates a deeper friendship with Moscow in the belief that only the Soviet Union can restrain the Communist Chinese.

"There is not the slightest doubt that some understanding exists between Russia and China for the conquest of south-east Asia," an experienced diplomat told me in New Delhi. It is inconceivable that the Soviet Union, or Communist China, or the international Communist *bloc*, grimly intent on taking over the world, will allow India to remain unaffected.

India is deftly, and of necessity, perhaps, playing a double game. But

the Russians are also playing it. A clue to their real position is to be found in the 1959 edition of the Soviet *World Atlas*, published by the Soviet Ministry of Home Affairs. Like Peking's maps, it shows parts of Kashmir and Bhutan, as well as the North East Frontier Agency of India, as Red China's territory.

The struggle for the Himalayas will not end soon. "We dig where it is soft," a Chinese diplomat said frankly to a south Asian acquaintance of mine. In the Himalayas the Chinese will continue to probe for weakness and, eventually, they are likely to flex their muscles.



Table d'Hôte

THE proprietor of a French restaurant has thought up a scheme that has doubled his clientele in a matter of weeks. When a fellow comes in with his girl, a smiling waiter hands each an ornate menu. They look alike, but the one given to the man has the genuine prices listed for each item, while his lady friend's copy shows the same dishes at fictitious and highly inflated prices. As the escort orders, the girl is struck dumb at his nonchalant generosity.

—Noel Anthony

I USED to go often to a Spanish restaurant that makes *burritos*—*tortillas* filled with refried beans, spices and grated cheese—exactly the way I like them. In time I became well acquainted with the owner, though it was a great effort to make myself understood with the little Spanish I knew.

One day as I was struggling desperately to converse with her in Spanish, her little boy appeared. "Hello, Mum. How's business?" he said. With a stern glance in his direction his mother replied, "*Buenos días, mi hijo.*" Then she smiled and said to me, "No English during working hours."

—Contributed by Muriel Johnson

BOOK OF THE MONTH

LIVING FREE

from the book by
JOY ADAMSON



Elsa the lovable lioness romped and rollicked her way into the hearts of millions in Joy Adamson's best-selling book, Born Free. In a story that delighted and amazed the world, Mrs. Adamson, the wife of a Kenya game warden, told how Elsa became an accepted member of the family. Now, in Living Free, Elsa has her own pride of three delightful cubs, who were born and reared in the wild. And this time it is Elsa who welcomes her human friends into her family.

The story is charming and utterly incredible—but true.

LIVING FREE

FOR FIVE anxious and exciting months now we had known that Elsa was pregnant. My husband, George, and I had reared her from a cub, and returned her to the wilds only when she was fully grown, an affectionate and sometimes embarrassingly playful 300-pound lioness. We knew the adjustment would be difficult, and to wean her of dependence on us we had released her 150 miles from our home in Isiolo (from which George was then operating as senior game warden in the Northern Frontier District of Kenya) and had tried not to interfere with her new life.

But according to jungle belief, a pregnant lioness who is handicapped in hunting by her condition is helped by one or two other

lionesses who act as "aunts." And as poor Elsa had no aunts, we felt it was our job to replace them. So we established a herd of goats at the nearest game post and periodically put out a freshly killed carcass where Elsa could find it. She accepted this cafeteria service, and in return often visited George and me in camp, stretching out on my camp bed as if she thought it the only suitable place for an expectant mother.

Like all expectant mothers, however, she was unpredictable. As her time approached, late in December, Elsa disappeared altogether and we could find no trace of her. Had something bad happened? We were worried and fretful, the more so because we had just experienced another tragedy of the wild.

A few weeks earlier George had rescued and brought home a baby elephant that had fallen into a well. We called him Pampo, found him a most engaging creature, and fed him two gallons of milk a day, fortified with cod-liver oil and glucose. But we knew it would be difficult to rear him, since there is no substitute for elephant milk, which is richer than any other.

Housekeeping for two animals 150 miles apart was a problem, but luckily a woman friend who is a great animal lover offered to act as an elephant-sitter. After returning from a visit of several days in Eisa's territory we were delighted to find

Joy Adamson and the baby elephant Pampo



Pampo well, though nervous because of the many admirers he had attracted. Strangers seemed to make him uneasy, but as soon as he and I were alone he trustfully moved his body against mine and went to sleep. Plainly this contact gave him a sense of security.

But when next we returned home after an extended stay in camp, I was horrified at Pampo's appearance. His face had fallen in alarmingly, especially around the eyes, and as he dragged himself up to us his bones stuck out. His milk consumption had suddenly fallen off, my friend said, which she first thought was due to teething pains since he kept

rubbing his gums against anything he could find. When his condition grew steadily worse she had called in the vet, who put Pampo on glucose and water only, and treated him with sulphaguanidine.

But Pampo got weaker day by day, and a few days after our return he died very peacefully, leaning his head against me. I loved the little elephant and it was sad to lose

him, but a post-mortem showed both pneumonia and diseased intestines; we could not have hoped to save him.

It was with a heavy heart that, on Christmas morning, we went in search of Elsa. It was now five days since she had visited us, and on that occasion she was already moaning in the first pangs of labour. We believed that she must have given birth on the night of the 20th, but we had not seen her since. After hours of fruitless tracking we sat down in the shade of an overhanging rock and discussed her possible fate. We were depressed, and even Nuru and Makedde, the two Africans who were with us, spoke in subdued voices. Was Elsa alive? It seemed strange and ominous that giving birth to cubs should have caused her to go completely wild.

At midday we returned to camp and began a gloomy and silent Christmas dinner.

Suddenly there was a swift movement and, before I could take in what was happening, Elsa was between us, sweeping everything off the table, knocking us to the ground, sitting on us and overwhelming us with joy and affection.

Her figure was normal again, and she looked superbly fit. We gave her some meat, which she ate immediately. Meanwhile, we discussed many questions. Why had she come to visit us during the hottest part of the day, a time when normally she would never move? Had she chosen

it deliberately as the safest time to leave the cubs, since few predators would be on the prowl in such heat? Or had she heard the shot when George had fired at a particularly aggressive cobra that morning, and taken it as a signal to her? Had the cubs died? And, whatever had happened, why had she waited for five days before coming to us for food?

After she had had a good meal and drunk some water she came and rubbed her head affectionately against us, walked about 30 yards down the river, lay down and had a doze. We left her alone, so that she would feel at ease. When I looked for her at tea-time she had gone.

No Trespassing, Please

AFTER THIS, Elsa often visited us in the afternoon. Each time she ate heartily, and sometimes hopped on to the roof of the Land Rover or rested in its shade. She seemed in no hurry to get back to her cubs, and stayed until we were troubled by her neglect. When we tried to get her to leave by walking along the path on which she had come, she accompanied us nervously, but kept turning back towards camp. Only when it was completely dark would she slip away.

One evening when I saw her sneak into the bush upstream, I followed. Obviously she did not wish to be observed, for when she caught my scent she pretended to sharpen her claws on a tree. Then as soon as I turned my back, she jumped at me



Elsa, Christmas 1960

and knocked me over, as though to say, "That's for spying on me!" Now it was my turn to pretend that I had come only to bring more meat to her. She accepted my excuse, followed me to the carcass and began eating. But after this nothing would induce her to return to the cubs until long after dark when I was reading in my tent, and she felt certain I would not follow.

We worried about her family, for zoo authorities had told us that the offspring of hand-reared lionesses often fail to live. Feeling that we must check on the cubs and rescue

them if necessary, we set out early one morning and followed Elsa's spoor. It led us to a big rock which formed a landmark for what seemed to us an ideal lion home. Very large boulders gave complete shelter, and these in turn were surrounded by almost impenetrable bush.

We made straight for the topmost boulder and from it tried to look down into the centre of the "den." We could see nothing. Then, suddenly, out of a cluster of bush only 20 yards away, a lioness appeared. It was Elsa. She seemed shocked at seeing us, looked at us silently and remained very still, as though hoping we would not come nearer.

She moved slowly back towards the bush and stood for about five minutes with her back towards us, listening intently for any sound from the thicket. Then she sat down, still with her back to us. It was as though she were saying, "Here my private world begins and you must not trespass."

It was a dignified demonstration,

and no words could have conveyed her wishes more clearly. We withdrew as quietly as we could.

Despite this rebuff, we decided to take Elsa's meals to her, so as to reduce the time she had to spend away from her cubs. During the following days I left food near her supposed nursery. Whenever I met Elsa on these occasions, she took great pains to conceal the whereabouts of her lie-up, often doubling back artfully on her tracks.

One afternoon when I was passing at some distance from the big rock I saw a large animal standing on it. I could not identify it, and when it saw me it sneaked off; but it had obviously spotted the cubs, and I was much alarmed. After this, I determined to find and see about them in spite of Elsa's disapproval.

On the following afternoon, accompanied by our personal servant, the *toto*—the word simply means "boy" in Swahili—I climbed the big rock, calling repeatedly to warn Elsa of our approach. She did not answer. When we reached the top we stood on the edge of the cliff and raked the bush below with our field-glasses. There was no sign of her, though the place had the look of a well-used nursery.

As I was concentrating on examining the bush below us I suddenly became aware of a strange feeling of danger. I dropped my field-glasses, turned and saw Elsa creeping up behind the *toto*. I had just time to shout a warning to him before she

knocked him down. She had crept up the rock behind us quite silently, and the *toto* missed toppling over the cliff by only a hairbreadth.

Next Elsa walked over to me and knocked me down, too. It was done in a friendly way, but it was obvious that she was expressing annoyance at finding us so close to her cubs.

Then she walked slowly along the crest of the rock, from time to time looking back over her shoulder to make sure we were following her. Silently she led us to the far end of the ridge, down into the bush, through thorny thickets and finally back to the road. She had made a wide detour, by-passing the lie-up completely.

When we walked together I usually patted Elsa occasionally, and she liked it, but today she would not allow me to touch her, and made it clear that I was in disgrace. After we had got back to camp, even when she was eating her dinner on the roof of the car, whenever I came near she turned away from me.

She did not return to her lair until it was dark.

It was George who first spied out Elsa's family. Silently peeping over the big rock one day, he saw Elsa below suckling two cubs. Her head was hidden by an overhanging rock, and he went away quickly before she saw him.

Again on the afternoon of January 14, while Elsa was visiting our camp, George slipped away and climbed to a vantage point from

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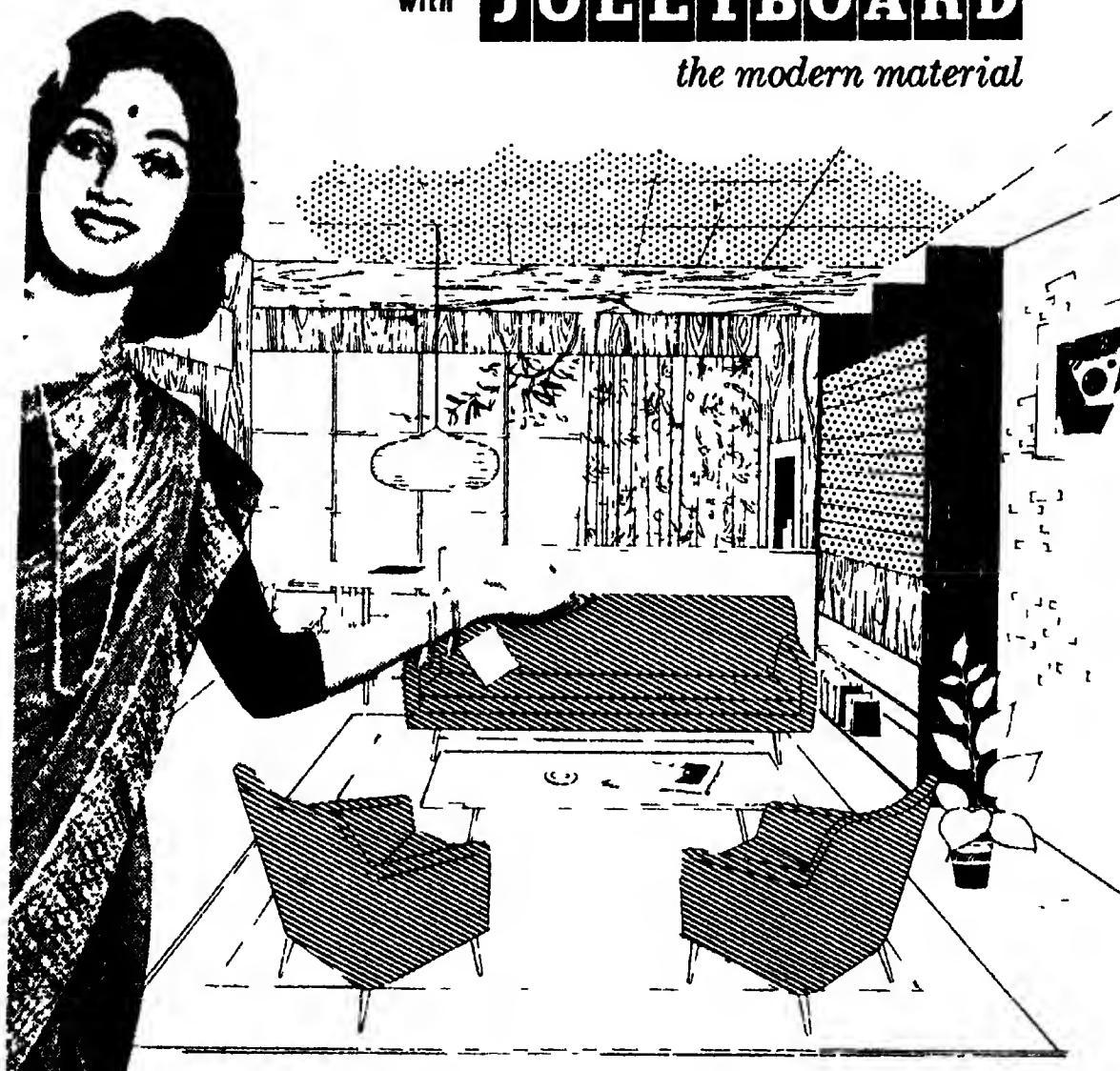


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which he could see the cubs. There were three of them. Two were asleep, but the third was chewing at a sansevieria plant. The cub looked up with eyes that were blurred, bluish, and apparently still unfocused. As George was taking photographs, the two sleeping cubs woke up and crawled about. They seemed perfectly healthy.

One afternoon two weeks later Elsa herself brought the cubs out to show us. I was writing in my improvised camp studio when the *toto* came running to tell me that she was calling very strangely from across the river. I went upstream, following the sound, till I broke through the undergrowth at a fairly wide sandbank.

Suddenly I stopped, unable to believe my eyes. There was Elsa standing within a few yards of me, one cub near her, a second just emerging from the water, the third still on the far bank, pacing to and fro and calling piteously. Elsa looked fixedly at me, her expression a mixture of pride and embarrassment.

I remained absolutely still while she moaned gently to her young — it

sounded like M-hm, M-hm. She walked up to the cub which was now on shore, licked it affectionately, then turned back to swim across to the youngster stranded on the far bank. The two cubs with her followed immediately, swimming bravely through the deep water, and soon the family was reunited on the other shore.

Elsa rested under a fig tree that grew out of some rocks, her golden coat showing up vividly against the dark-green foliage and the silver-grey boulders. The cubs hid, peeping at me through the undergrowth; but soon curiosity conquered their shyness and they came out into the open and stared inquisitively. Elsa M-hm, M-hm'd reassuringly, and they climbed on to her back, and tried to catch her switching tail.

I had sent the *toto* back to fetch

The cubs, 22 weeks old, drinking water near the camp



Elsa's food. When he arrived with it, she swam across quickly and settled down to her meal.

One plucky cub swam over with her, but now started back to join the others. As soon as Elsa saw it swimming out of its depth, she plunged into the river, grabbed its head in her mouth and ducked it thoroughly, as a lesson not to be too venturesome. Then she brought it to our bank, still dangling from her mouth. A second cub plucked up courage and swam across, its tiny head just visible above the water, but the third timidly stayed on the far bank.

Elsa came up to me and rolled on her back as if to show her cubs that I was part of the pride. Reassured, the two cubs crept cautiously closer, their large expressive eyes watching Elsa's every movement and mine. Soon they were within three feet, and I found it difficult not to lean forward and touch them. But a zoologist had advised: never touch cubs unless they take the initiative.

Meanwhile, the third cub kept up a pathetic miaowing from the far bank. Finally its distress moved Elsa to go back to it, and she was accompanied by the two bold ones, who seemed to enjoy swimming.

I watched for about an hour as they all played together on the opposite bank. Elsa licked the cubs affectionately, talked to them in her soft, moaning voice, never let them out of her sight and quickly brought back any cub that ventured too far away.

Then I called to Elsa. She replied and again started to swim across. This time all three cubs came with her.

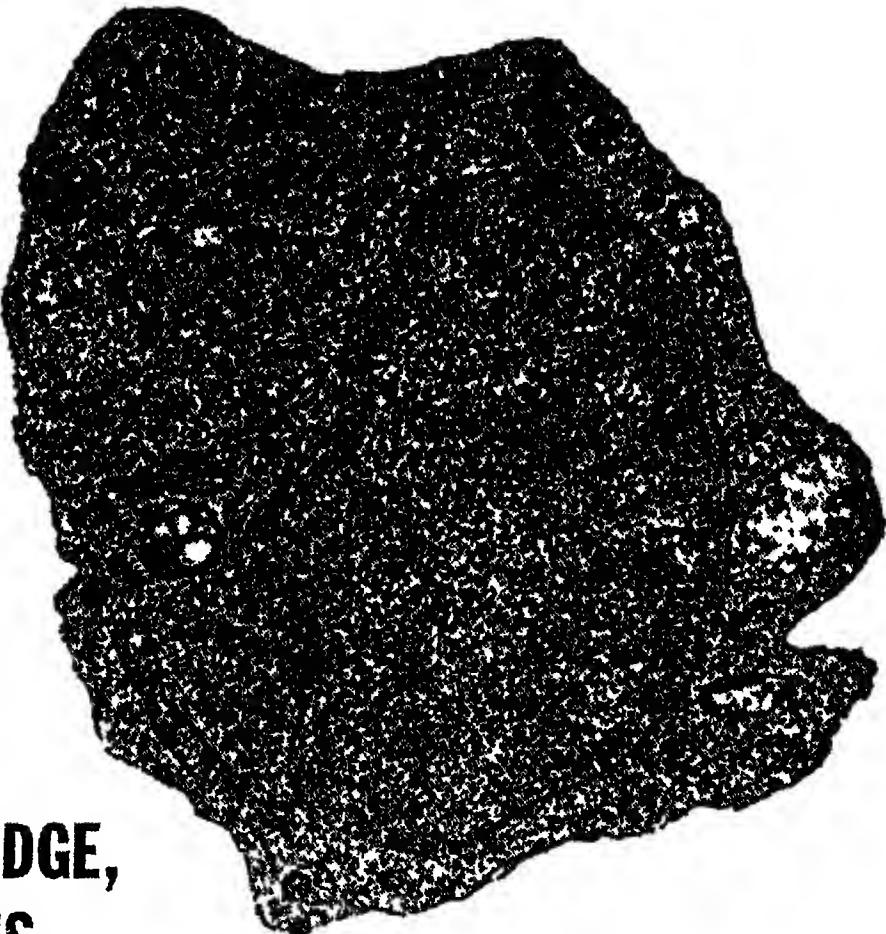
On landing, she licked each cub in turn, then walked over and rubbed herself gently against me. To show the cubs that we were friends she rolled in the sand, licked my face and finally hugged me. They watched from a distance, interested but puzzled, and determined to stay out of reach.

Next Elsa went to the carcass and started eating, while the youngsters licked the skin and tore at it, somersaulting over it excitedly. It was probably their first encounter with a "kill."

They seemed about six weeks old. They were in excellent condition and though their eyes had a bluish film they could certainly see perfectly. I could not tell their sex, but I noticed that the cub with the lightest coat was much livelier and more inquisitive than the other two and especially devoted to its mother. It always cuddled up close to her and embraced her with its little paws. She was gentle and patient with all of them, and allowed them to crawl all over her and chew her ears and tail.

When it got dark Elsa listened attentively and then took the cubs a few yards into the bush. A few moments later I heard the sound of suckling.

I returned to camp—only to find Elsa and the cubs already waiting



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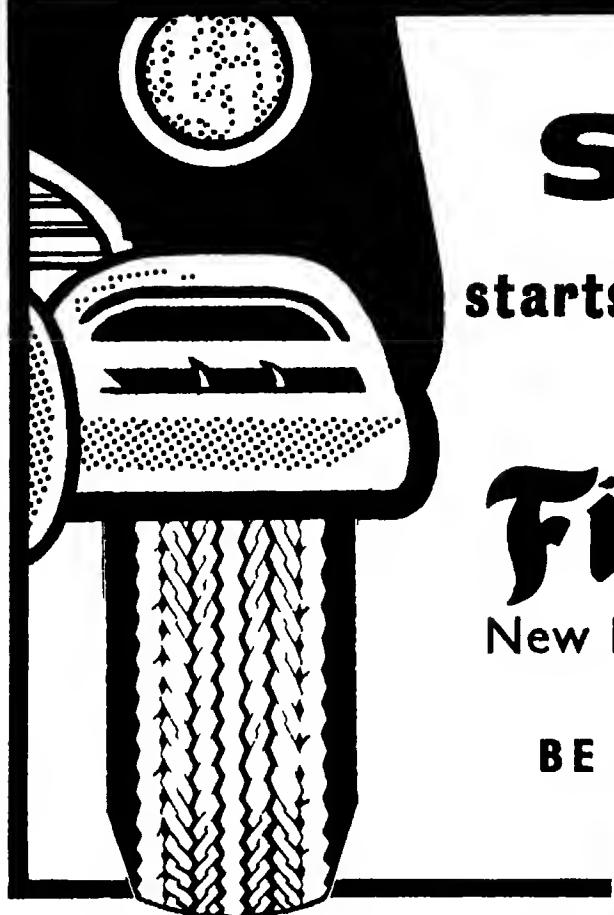
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BEST TODAY—STILL BETTER TOMORROW!

there for me. She followed me into my tent, flung herself on the ground and called to the cubs to join her. But they remained outside miaowing; soon she went back to them and so did I. We all sat together on the grass, and Elsa again began to suckle her family, meanwhile leaning against me and hugging me with one paw. Motherhood had left her as trusting and affectionate as ever, and she clearly wanted me to share her happiness. I felt very humble.

Family Portrait

FOUR DAYS later George and I tried to make a return call, but Elsa obviously saw a difference between bringing the cubs to see us and our visiting them. As we neared her lie-up, talking loudly to herald our approach, Elsa suddenly emerged and stood gazing at us. There was no welcome in her greeting, and as we started forward she sat down abruptly, flattening her ears. Plainly we were not to come any nearer. We respected her wishes; we know a lion "on guard" when we see one.

On her visits to camp, however, Elsa was as affectionate as ever, though perhaps less playful than before the advent of motherhood. She was also less friendly with the Africans. If Nuru or Makedde approached the cubs, she flattened her ears and watched apprehensively through half-closed eyes. Me, she trusted completely and gave proof of it by sometimes leaving the cubs in

my charge when she went to the river to drink.

She demonstrated her affection for George by going into his tent, especially when it rained, and lying on his bed. Safe inside, she would call to the cubs to join her, but only the smallest was brave enough to accept. The other two stood shivering outside, their inbred fear of man evidently so great that they preferred the misery of the cold rain.

In time we learned that two of the cubs were male, one female. The Africans began calling the bold, plucky little fellow Jespah, a name which they said came from the Bible (apparently after Jephthah, which means "God sets free"—a very appropriate name indeed). We called Jespah's brother Gopa, which in Swahili means "timid," and his sister Little Elsa.

Jespah was much the lightest in colour, was perfectly proportioned, and had a pointed nose and eyes so acutely slanted that they gave his sensitive face a slightly Mongolian cast. He was not only the most nonchalant, daring and inquisitive, but also the most affectionate. He followed his mother everywhere like a shadow.

Timid brother Gopa was equally engaging; he had dark markings on his forehead, but his eyes, instead of being bright and open like Jespah's, were rather clouded and squinty. His legs were short, and he was so potbellied that at one time I feared he might have a rupture. He was

by no means stupid but took a long time to make up his mind.

Little Elsa fitted her name, for she was a duplicate of her mother at the same age. She had the same expression, the same markings, the same slender build. Her behaviour was so like Elsa's that we hoped she would develop the same lovable character. She was, of course, at a physical disadvantage compared to her two brothers, but she used cunning to restore the balance.

In the late afternoon the cubs' favourite playground was near a palm tree which had fallen at the edge of the river bank. Here we took many photographs of them playing king-of-the-castle or wrestling over a stick. At times they played hide-and-seek and "ambushes." Often two of them would get locked in a clinch, the victim struggling on his back with all four paws in the air. Elsa usually joined in their games, and in spite of her great weight she sprang and hopped about as though she, too, were a cub.

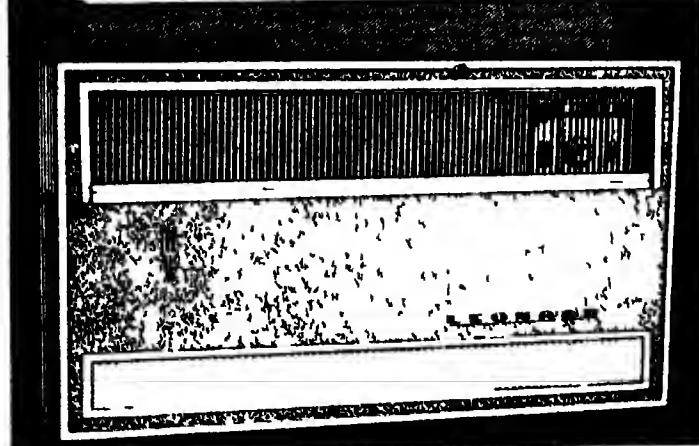
We Resist Taming the Cubs

WHEN HER youngsters were ten weeks old, Elsa started to wean them. In camp, if she thought they had had enough milk, she either sat on her teats or jumped to the roof of the Land Rover out of their reach. The cubs soon realized that they must either eat meat or starve. They tore the intestines of the "kill" out of their mother's mouth and sucked them like spaghetti through closed teeth, pressing out the unwanted contents just as she did.

Elsa was frequently rather rough with the cubs, holding their heads down with one paw so they would not interfere with her meal, biting them affectionately or pulling their skin. When she and I played together, however, she was always gentle. I attributed this partly to the fact that when I stroked her, I always did so very gently, talking to her at the same time in a low, calm voice. The cubs were most upset if I behaved in any other way.

Elsa, suckling the cubs at nine months





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Whenever Elsa, persecuted by tsetse flies, flung herself in front of me, for example, and I squashed the flies by slapping her, Jespah in particular would come close and crouch, ready to spring to his mother's protection.

My impulse was to love and pet the cubs much as I had Elsa, but I resisted it. George and I were determined that they should grow up as wild lions. We both remembered the struggle it had been to give Elsa back to the wild world, and we did not want to go through such an ordeal again.

When Elsa tried to bring her two families closer together, our attitude must have appeared heartless. One evening she entered my tent,

deliberately lay down behind me, then called to her cubs to suckle her. This would have forced the cubs into the tent and near to me, but I made no move to encourage them. Elsa looked at me with a disappointed expression, then went out to join her children. She could not understand my lack of response, but gradually she became accustomed to it, and by the time the cubs were 18 weeks old she appeared resigned to our "coldness" with them.

The cubs' father was a great disappointment to us. No doubt we were partly to blame, for we had interfered with his relationship with his family, but certainly he was of no help as a provider. One night

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he tried to get at a goat that was inside my truck. Another time when Elsa and the cubs were eating outside our tent she suddenly scented him, became very nervous, sniffed repeatedly towards the bush, cut her meal short and hurriedly removed the cubs. George then went out with a torch; he had not gone three yards when he was startled by a fierce growl and saw the cubs' father hiding in a bush just in front of him. George retreated rapidly, and luckily so did the lion.

The nights when the cubs' father kept his distance were the happiest. After Elsa and the cubs had eaten heartily, they would come to sit in front of our tent, facing the bright

lamplight. The cubs were quite unperturbed by the glare; perhaps they thought it was some new kind of moon. After I had gone to bed, George turned out the "moon" and sat for a while in the dark. The cubs always came within touching distance of him, then, having had "a drink for the road," they all trotted off towards the big rock, from which immediately afterwards we would hear Elsa's mate calling.

Elsa Meets Her Publisher

AFTER the publication of *Born Free*, my first book about Elsa, she found herself famous. People all over the world wrote, saying they'd like to come and see her. This posed

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Elsa publisher William Collins, Makedde and Joy Idamson Mr Collins visit was brief but not uneventful thanks to Elsa's unabashed desire to make friends

a problem. We were earnestly trying to keep Elsa and the cubs wild, and we could not have them turned into a tourist attraction. We were afraid, too, that someone might provoke Elsa and cause trouble.

Reluctantly we discouraged all visitors except old friends who had known Elsa since she was a cub. One such friend, Lady William Percy, came to make sketches of the cubs, and Elsa raised no objections.

But we were hardly prepared for the reception Elsa gave William Collins, her publisher, whom we

had invited out from London to meet her. We chartered a plane to bring him from Nairobi to the nearest air strip, and I drove him from there back to camp. We were relieved when Elsa welcomed us in her usual friendly manner and, after a few cautious sniffs, rubbed her head against Billy Collins while the cubs watched from a distance.

We made a special thorn enclosure for Billy's tent and, having barricaded his wicker gate from outside with more thorns, left him for a well-deserved night's sleep.



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Elsa remained outside my tent enclosure, and I heard her softly talking to her cubs until I fell asleep. At dawn I was wakened by loud noises from Billy's tent. I recognized his voice and George's, both evidently trying to persuade Elsa to leave.

She had squeezed through the densely-woven wicker gate and hopped on to Billy's bed, tearing the mosquito net, caressing him affectionately, and finally holding him prisoner under her 300 pound body. Billy kept admirably calm, considering that it was his first experience of waking up to find a fully grown lioness sitting on him. Even when Elsa nibbled at his arm, her way of showing fondness, he did nothing but talk quietly to her. Soon she lost interest, followed George out of the enclosure and began to romp with her cubs.

Before daybreak the next morning I was again wakened by noises from Billy's tent, into which Elsa had once more found her way to say good morning. After some coaxing from George, who had come to Billy's rescue, she left.

George then reinforced the thorn barricade until he felt sure it was impenetrable. But Elsa was not going to be defeated by a few thorns, and at dawn the following morning Billy found himself again being heartily embraced and squashed under Elsa's weight. By the time George forced his way through the thorn barrier, Elsa had both paws around Billy's neck and was holding

his cheekbones between her teeth. She often held her cubs in this fashion as a sign of love, but the effect on Billy must have been very different. Luckily he suffered only slight scratches on his shoulder, which I carefully dressed with disinfectant powder.

Now much alarmed at Elsa's unusual behaviour, I remained with Billy in his tent until I hoped Elsa had taken her cubs away for the day. Despite this precaution she again forced herself through the wicker gate before either George or I could stop her. Billy was standing up this time. She approached him directly, then stood on her hind legs, rested her front paws on his shoulders and started to nibble at his ear. Being tall and strong, Billy braced himself against her weight and stood his ground. As soon as she released him I gave her such a beating that she sulkily left the tent. Outside, in a rather embarrassed way, she turned her attention to Jespah, rolling with him in the grass, biting and clasping him exactly as she had done with Billy. Finally the whole family gambolled off towards the rocks.

I do not know who was more shaken, poor Billy Collins or myself. Apparently Elsa's extraordinary reaction towards Billy was simply her way of accepting him into the family. But it would be dangerous to risk a repetition of such demonstrations. So we decided to cut Billy's visit short, and left camp immediately after breakfast.



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The Cubs' First Big Hunt

EARLY IN June we were returning from Isiolo, and near sunset were about six miles short of camp when suddenly we found ourselves surrounded by elephant. The herd, which must have numbered some 30 or 40 head, closed in on us from every direction. It contained many very young calves whose worried mothers came up to the car with raised trunks and fanning ears, shaking their heads at us angrily.

The situation was tricky. George jumped on the roof of the Land Rover and stood there, rifle in hand, waiting while the elephant mothers continued their infuriated protests. After what seemed an endless time, the herd started to move away.

It was a magnificent sight. The giants walked in single file, wedging their young protectively in line between them, and jerking their massive heads disapprovingly in our direction.

Every bush and tree around us was loaded with birds which feed on carrion, and when it was safe to do so, George looked around for the kill which had attracted them. Presently he found the carcass of a freshly killed waterbuck. There was lion spoor around it, but little of the buck had been eaten; plainly the lion had been interrupted by the elephant herd.

Had it been Elsa who made the kill? This was far from her usual hunting ground, and tackling this

fearsomely horned, 400-pound beast, while protecting her cubs, would have been a dangerous enterprise. We felt sure Elsa would not have undertaken it unless she was very hungry indeed.

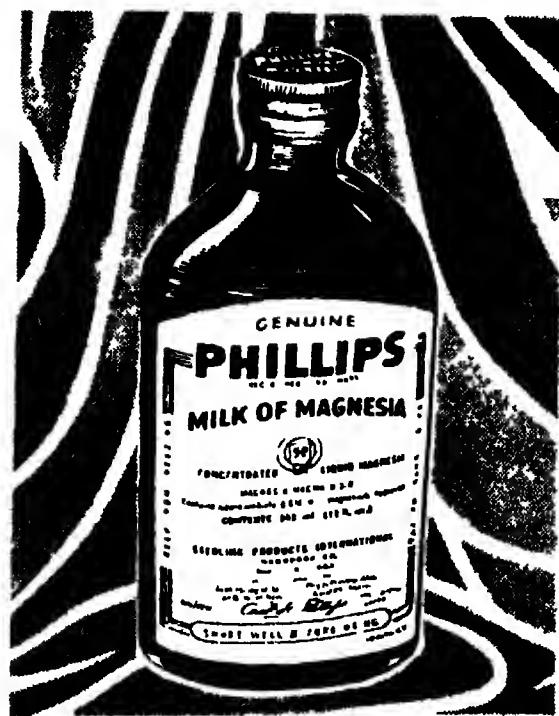
When we reached camp we signalled Elsa with a rifle shot, but she failed to appear that night. Next day we were greatly relieved to see her and the cubs on the big rock. She at once threw herself against George, squashing him with her affection, and afterwards bowled me over while the cubs quizzically craned their heads at us above the high grass.

In camp, we provided a meal for them over which they competed with the hungriest kind of growls, snarls and spankings. Little Elsa had the best of it and eventually went off with her loot, leaving her brothers still so hungry that we felt obliged to produce another carcass for them.

That evening Elsa took her usual position on the roof of the Land Rover; but instead of romping about—at this hour they were normally most energetic—the cubs flung themselves on the ground and never stirred. During the night I heard Elsa talking to them in a low moan and also heard suckling noises. They must indeed have been hungry to need milk after consuming two goats in 24 hours.

In the morning they had all gone. When we followed their spoor, it led straight to the waterbuck kill. So

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it must have been Elsa who two days earlier had tackled this formidable beast. It was bad luck that the arrival of the elephant herd had given her and her cubs no chance to eat her kill. Now we understood why they had been so hungry and exhausted.

We collected the waterbuck's fine horns and hung them in the studio, a proud record of the cubs' first big hunt with their mother. They were now five and a half months old.

The Pride Follows a New Leader

At dusk, when their bellies were full, the cubs were always bursting with energy and played the most outrageous tricks on their mother. Jespah, for instance, discovered that when he stood on his hind legs and clasped her tail she could not easily free herself. In this fashion they

would walk round in circles, Jespah, behaving like a clown until Elsa had enough of it and sat down on him. He seemed delighted by this and would lick and hug his mother until she escaped into our tent.

But the tent soon ceased to provide an asylum, for he would follow her into it, give a quick look round, then sweep everything in reach to the ground. During the night I often heard him busily sorting through the food boxes and the beer crates, whose chittering bottles provided him with endless entertainment. Although his less venturesome brother and sister always watched the fun from outside, he became quite at home in the tent.

About this time Jespah began to emerge as the accepted leader of the pride. One evening when Elsa and the cubs walked back to camp

Jespah playing with joy while Elsa rests

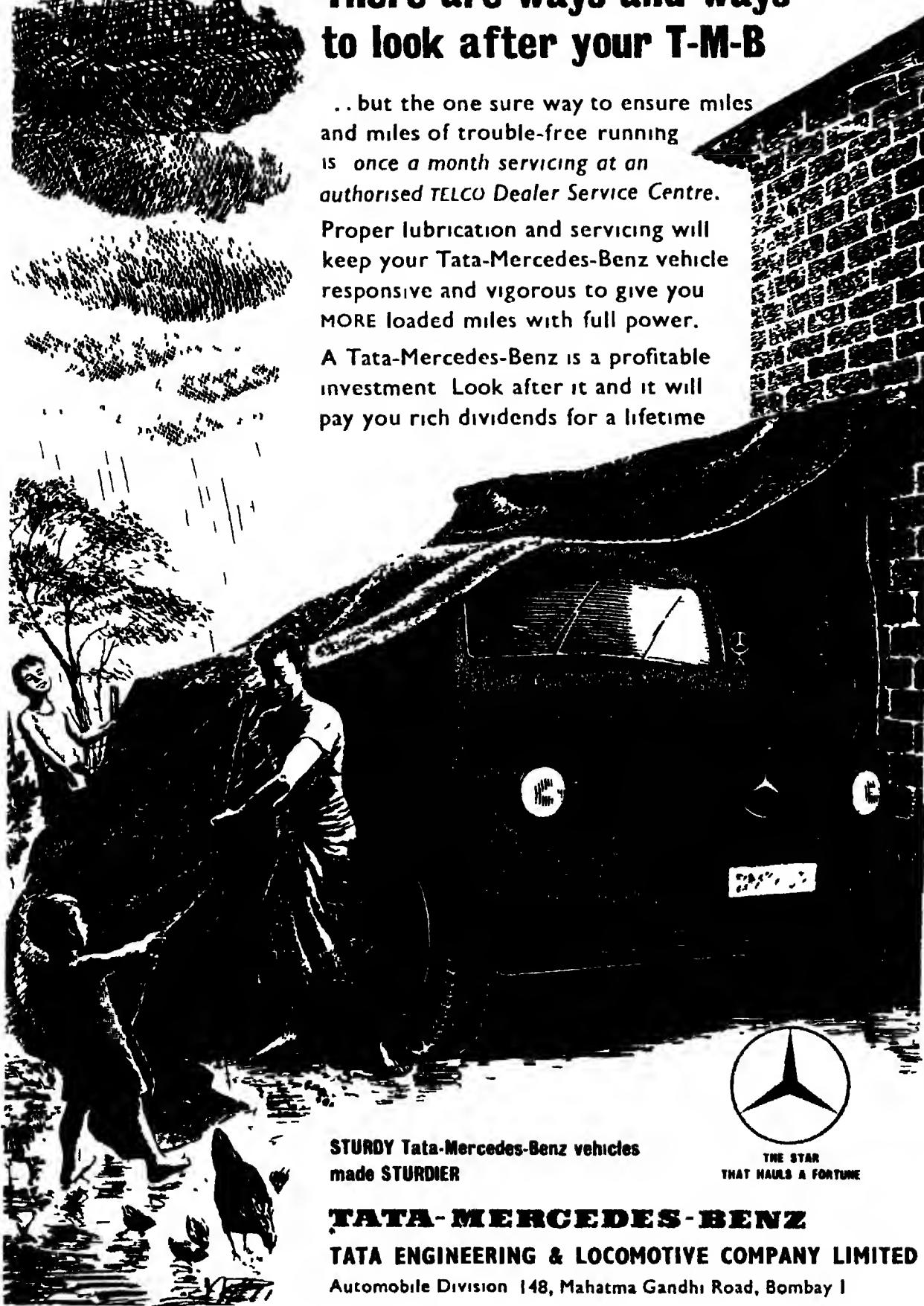


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with us from the big rock, she and Jespah got in front of us while Gopa and Little Elsa stayed behind. This worried Jespah very much, and he rushed to and fro trying to marshal his pride, until finally his mother stood still and allowed us to pass her, thus reuniting the family. Afterwards she rubbed our knees as though to thank us for having taken the hint.

On June 20, when the cubs were six months old, George celebrated the occasion by shooting a guinea fowl. Little Elsa took possession of it and disappeared into the bush. Her indignant brothers went after her but returned defeated and, tumbling down a sandy bank, landed on their mother. She was lying on her back, her four paws straight up in the air. She caught the two cubs and held their heads in her mouth until they struggled free and pinched her tail.

After a splendid game together, Elsa walked up to me sedately and embraced me as though to show that I was not to be left out in the cold. This apparently angered Jespah, for whenever I turned my back he began to stalk me. Each time I turned to face him, however, he stopped and looked most bewildered and uncertain.

Then he seemed to find the solution: he would go off. He walked straight into the river and made for the other bank. Elsa rushed after him. Boran tribesmen had recently been trespassing and poaching over

there and, considering the area dangerous, I shouted, "No, no!" But my warning was without effect: Elsa and the others continued to follow Jespah. This left us in little doubt that they had all now accepted his leadership.

When they finally returned, Elsa dozed off with her head on my lap. This was too much for Jespah. He crept up and began to scratch my shins with his sharp claws. I could not move my legs because of the weight of Elsa's head, so I tried to stop him by stretching my hand slowly towards him. In a flash he bit it, making a wound at the base of my forefinger. Luckily I always carry a disinfectant powder and was thus able to treat it at once. All this happened within inches of Elsa's face, but she diplomatically ignored the incident and closed her eyes sleepily.

When we were alone together Elsa was as devoted as ever, but she normally took great care not to show too much affection for me in the presence of her cubs. Once when she visited us in camp, however, some experience had left her very nervous; she affectionately allowed me to use her as a pillow and also hugged me with her paws. Jespah apparently did not approve, for after his mother had left he crouched and then started to charge me. He did this three times and though he always swerved at the last moment, pretending to be more interested in elephant droppings, his flattened

ears and angry snarls left me in no doubt about his jealousy. But, significantly, he started to attack only when his mother could not observe it. To placate him I gave him some tit-bits and then tied an inner tube to a ten-foot-long rope which I jerked about.

By now we were beginning to worry about his relationship to us. We had done our best to respect the cubs' natural instincts and to permit their being real wild lions, but inevitably this had resulted in our having no control over them. Little Elsa and her timid brother were as shy as ever and never provoked a situation that required chastisement. But Jespah had a very different character, and I could not push his sharp, scratching claws back, saying, "No, no," as I had done when Elsa was a cub and so taught her to retract her claws when playing with us. On the other hand, I did not want to use a stick, for Elsa might resent it and cease to trust me. Our only hope seemed to lie in establishing a friendly relationship with Jespah, but for the moment his unpredictable reactions made a truce more possible than a friendship.

A Brush With the Crocodiles

RECENTLY the crocodiles, which had scattered during the floods, had reassembled in the deep pools. This worried us because Elsa often took her meat down to the river, and several times after dark, when her growls had brought us to her with

torches and a rifle, we found her defending her "kill" against a crocodile. It invariably vanished as soon as we came on the scene, for however carefully we stalked these reptiles they almost always outwitted us. We had only their eyes to aim at in any case, as all the rest of their bodies were submerged. They have the most highly developed sense of impending danger of any wild animal I know.

Elsa and the cubs were well aware that the "crocs" were not friendly and often watched the water attentively for any suspicious eddy or floating sticks. On the other hand they had moments of unconcern--and I was anxious about their safety.

One afternoon I called to Elsa, who was on the far bank. She appeared at once and was preparing to swim across with the cubs, when suddenly they all froze. Then Elsa took the cubs higher up the river and indicated that they were to cross there, the water being very shallow at that point in the dry season. In spite of this they did not cross for an hour, nor did the cubs indulge in their usual splashing and ducking games. This was reassuring, for it showed their prudence, but it was characteristic of their variable reactions that next day when I called Elsa from the same place at the same time, they all swam across at once and without the slightest hesitation. Then I noticed that Elsa had a small wound in her tongue, and a very deep gash across the centre that

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was bleeding. Surprisingly, this did not prevent her from licking the cubs.

When it was getting dark we were all sitting near the river. Suddenly Elsa and the cubs looked at the water and stiffened, and three or four yards away I saw a big "croc." I fetched my rifle and killed him, and afterwards Elsa came and rubbed her head against my knee as though to thank me.

Elsa Fights a Strange Lioness

ONE MORNING in mid-July Elsa arrived in camp long after dark with only two cubs. Jespah was missing. Much worried, I called his name over and over again till Elsa decided to go and look for him, taking the two cubs with her.

For over an hour I heard her calling, the sound gradually receding into the distance. Then suddenly there were savage lion growls, accompanied by the terrified shrieks of baboons. We knew that a fierce lioness was lurking near, and I was sure Elsa was being attacked. Miserably I awaited the outcome.

When Elsa finally returned she was covered with scratches, and the root of her right ear was bitten through, leaving a gap into which one could stick two fingers. This was much the worst injury she had ever suffered, and Little Elsa and Gopa sat near, looking frightened. I tried to disinfect Elsa's wounds but she was far too irritable to let me near her, nor was she interested in

food. She sat holding her head to one side, the blood dripping from her wound, while the cubs ate, then called them and waded across the river.

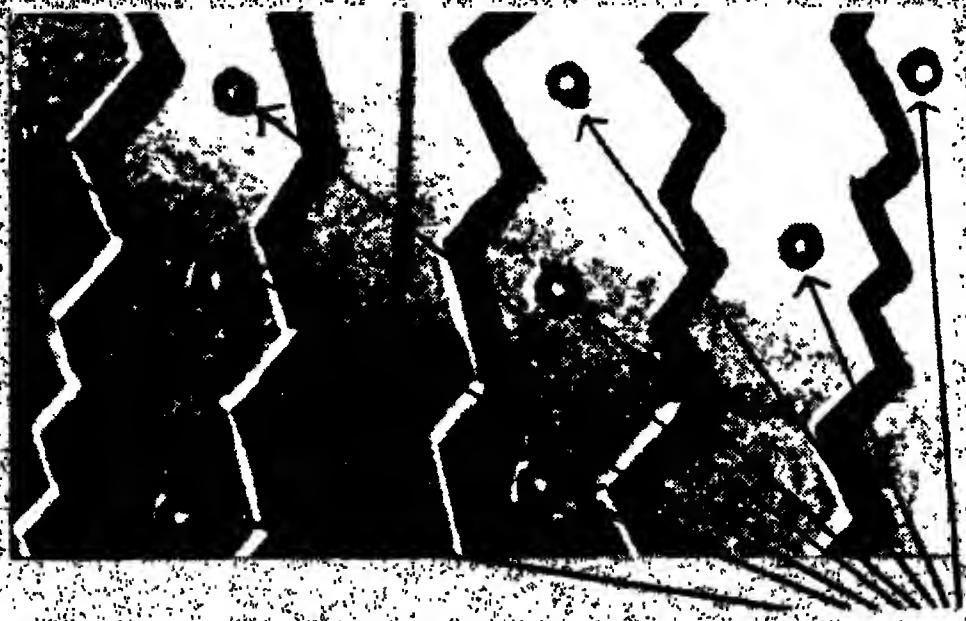
That morning Makedde, Nuru and I followed Elsa's spoor to a cave and were relieved to find the entire family there, including Jespah. All the cubs seemed very subdued. Elsa's wound was still bleeding profusely, and at intervals she shook her head to drain the cavity. That evening, when she and her family came to be fed, I put M. and B. tablets into her meat, hoping to prevent her wound from becoming septic.

Elsa also returned to camp the next evening. But that night two strange lions noisily cracked the bones of a goat we had laid out in front of George's tent. They spent a long time over their meal, then crossed the river with many grunts and "whuffings" in reply to the barking of baboons. We later found the spoor of a large lion and lioness, and Elsa kept away for days.

After much vain searching for her, I became anxious, for her wound greatly handicapped her when hunting and made her vulnerable to the poachers. When I saw vultures circling one evening I feared the worst. But next morning all we found was more evidence of poachers—curing hides, ashes of recent fires and charred animal bones.

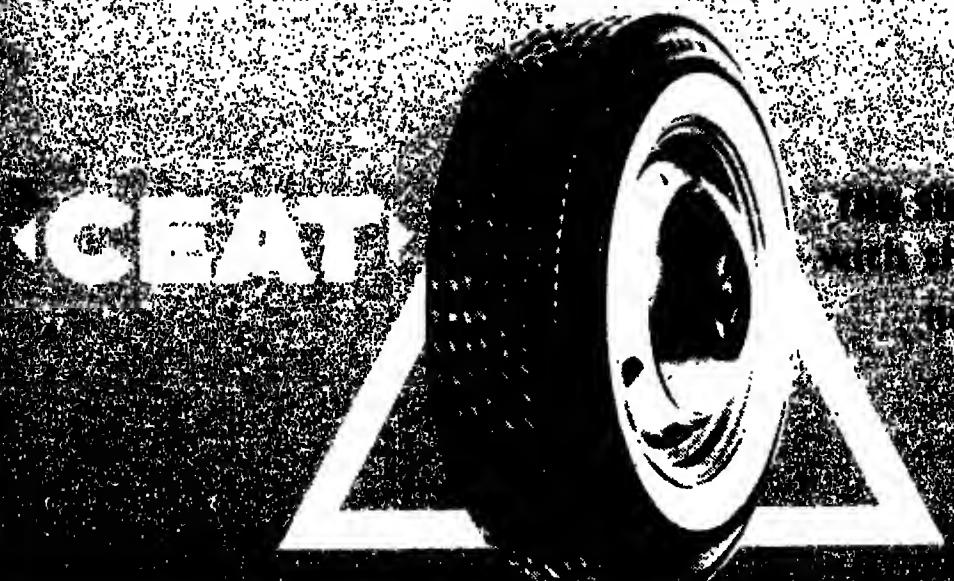
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Elsa and two of the cubs when they were nine months old

Patrol, sent out to deal with the poachers, reported seeing Elsa across the river. She was lying under a bush, and the cubs were asleep. The men said she saw them approach but did not move—which sounded odd unless she was so ill that she did not care.

When I went to this lie-up and called to her, she emerged, walking slowly, her head bent low to one side. I was alarmed that she should have settled in such an exposed place. Her ear had gone septic, was discharging pus and obviously gave her great pain; and when she shook her head, as she often did, it sounded as if her ear were full of liquid.

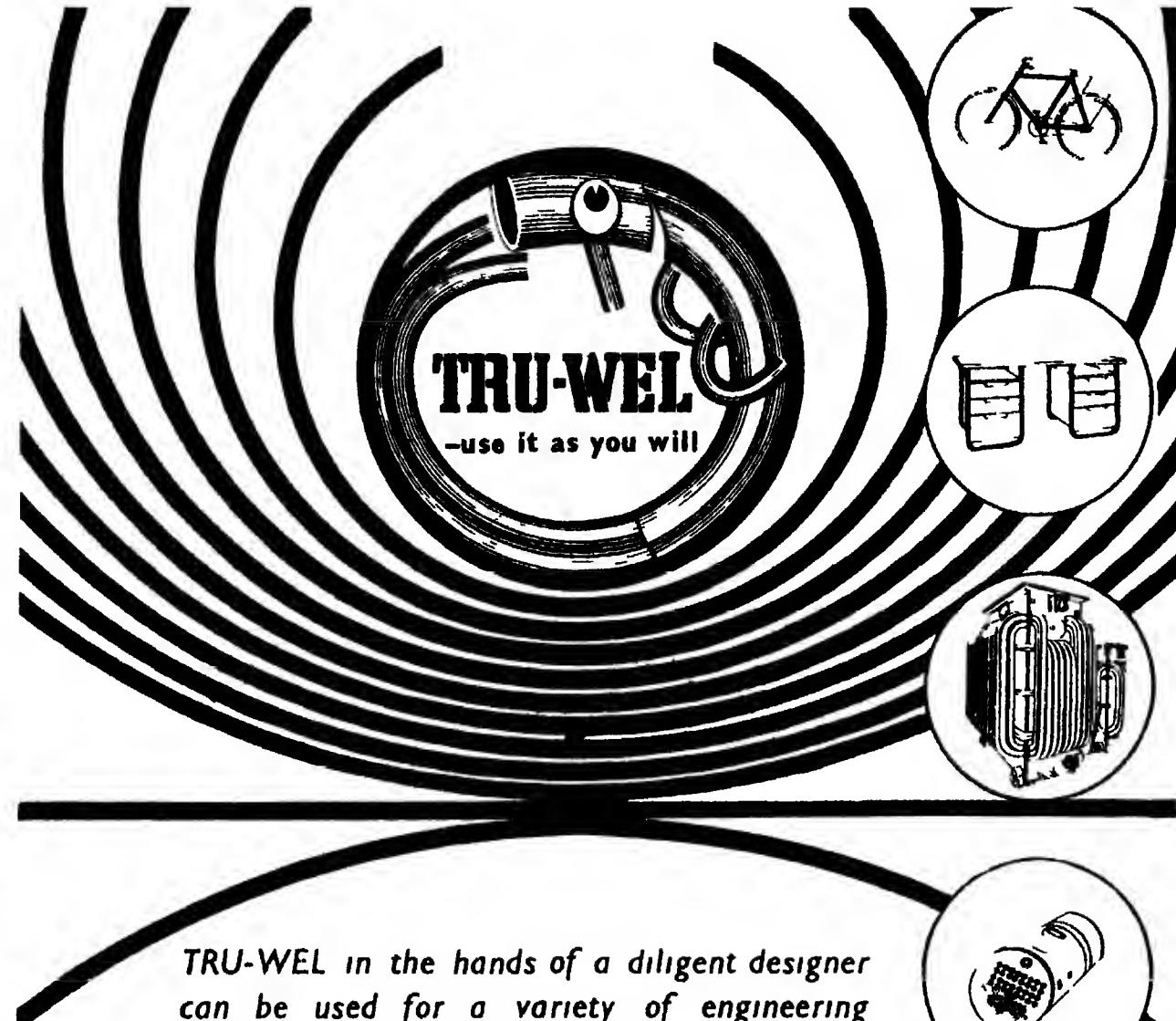
When George arrived from Isiolo

—I had been in camp without him for three weeks—he decided to scare off the strange lioness that had attacked Elsa. She and her mate had now chased Elsa away completely.

George and I spent two days covering the boundaries of Elsa's territory, partly on foot and partly by car. We did not find the belligerent strange lioness. And though we searched eight hours a day, we learned nothing of Elsa.

George left in the last week of July, and I continued the search. It was very hot and, after several hours of tracking, Makedde and I sat down to rest.

My spirits were low. It was now over two weeks since Elsa's fight, and when I last saw her wound it



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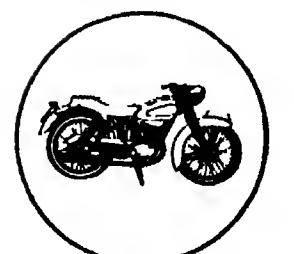
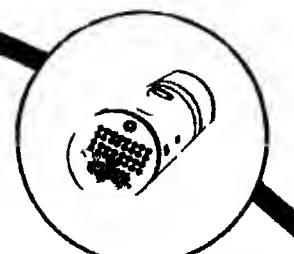
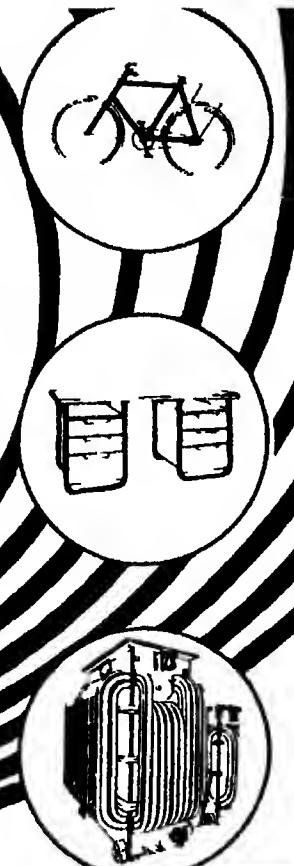
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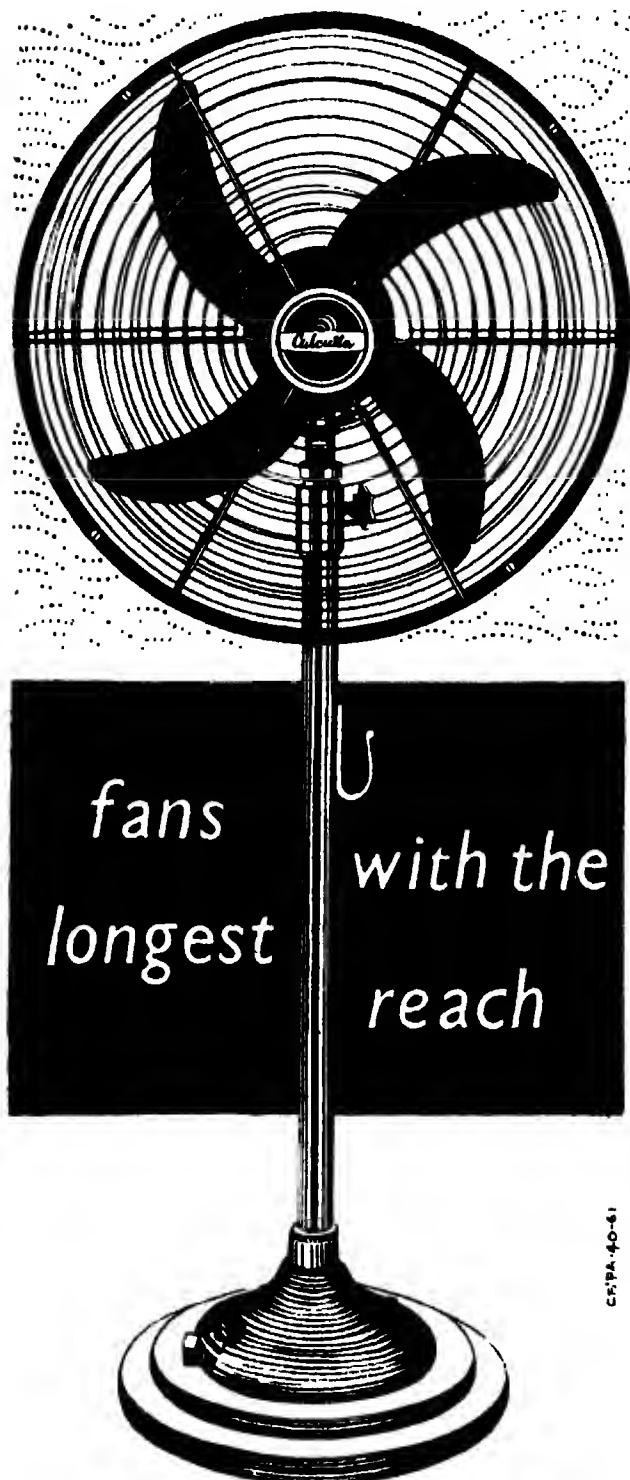
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had grown worse. So how could she hunt for food or protect the cubs against the poachers?

"You have nothing but death in your mind," Makedde scolded angrily, after watching my deepening depression. "You think of death, you speak of death, and you behave as though there was no Mungo [God] Who looks after everything. Can't you trust Him to look after Elsa?"

On the evening of the sixteenth day since her disappearance I had reason to remember this reprimand. I had just lit the lamps, poured myself a drink, and was sitting, straining for any hopeful sound. Suddenly there was a swift slurry, and I was nearly knocked off my chair by Elsa's affectionate greeting. She looked thin but fit, and her wound was healing from the outside, though the centre was still septic. She seemed in a great hurry, gorged herself on half a goat the boys had brought, and disappeared within half an hour.

She did not then bring in her cubs. But at dawn on August 1, I was woken up by their hungry miaowing. I was relieved, but puzzled, to see that there was not a single new scratch on her or the cubs, although they must have hunted regularly during all this time in order to live.

I asked Makedde to follow Elsa's spoor and find out what she had been up to. He traced her to the limit of her territory and there, on

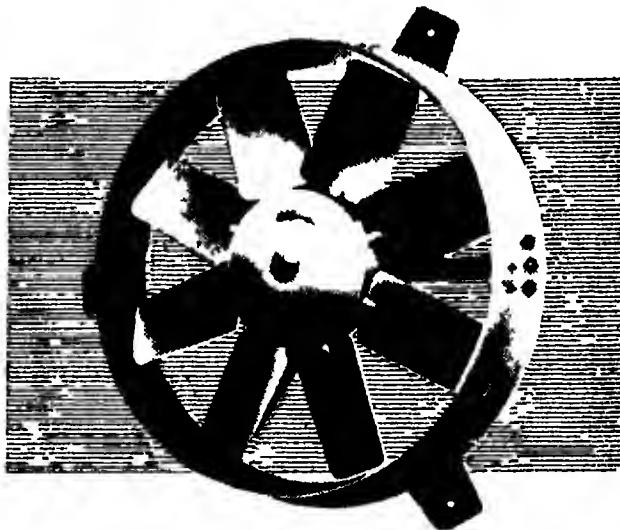
some rocky outcrops, found not only her pug marks and those of the cubs, but also the spoor of at least one other lion, if not two. So it seemed probable that when Elsa was driven from her territory by the hostile lioness she had joined up with a new male lion.

This solution had not occurred to us, for as Elsa was still suckling her cubs we had not expected her to be interested in a mate. It is generally believed that wild lionesses produce only every third year, because in the interval they are teaching the young of the last litter to hunt and become independent. But perhaps Elsa felt that, as we were supplying unlimited food, it was enough for her simply to produce cubs. Obviously she could not know our decision, but we had no intention of running a canteen for lions indefinitely.

Dangers of the Bush

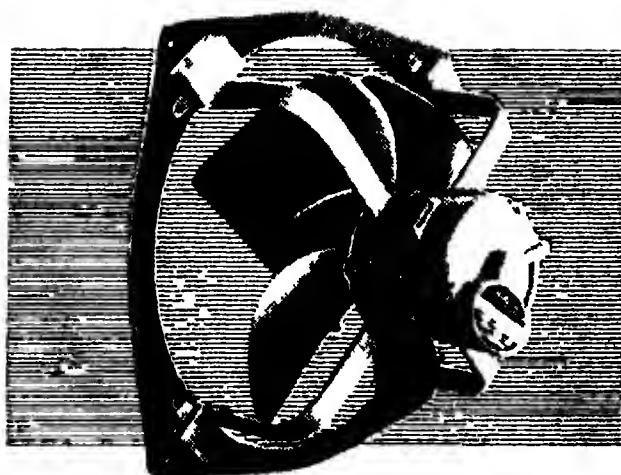
THE ANIMALS who lived near our camp got so used to us that a Garden of Eden atmosphere often prevailed there. A bushbuck ram, for example, came every day while we were at lunch to drink in the river opposite us, sometimes browsed within sight for an hour, and remained unconcerned even when we talked or moved about. A waterbuck family, consisting of two males, three does and three youngsters, frequently allowed us to come quite close. And the baboons, who sometimes ran in troupes of 50, were our oldest friends. Indeed we

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had lived side by side for so long that we paid no attention to each other unless something unusual happened.

Normally no scene could be more peaceful. But violence and danger were always close.

About nine o'clock one dark night Elsa and the cubs appeared in front of my tent and began calling for their supper. I asked Makedde and the *toto* to help me drag in a half-eaten goat carcass Elsa had left near the river. Silently the three of us set out on the narrow path we

had cut through the dense bush; Makedde, armed with a stick and a hurricane-lamp in the lead, the *toto* close behind and I, carrying a bright pressure lamp, bringing up the rear.

We had walked only a few yards when there was a terrible crash and out went Makedde's lamp. Then my lamp was smashed, too, as a monstrous black mass hit me and knocked me over.

The next thing I knew was that Elsa was licking me. She seemed to realize that I was hurt and was most gentle and affectionate. As soon as I

could collect myself I sat up and called to the boys. Makedde yelled that he was all right, but only a feeble groan came from the prostrate *toto*. Then, holding his head, he got up shakily, stammering, "Buffalo, buffalo!"

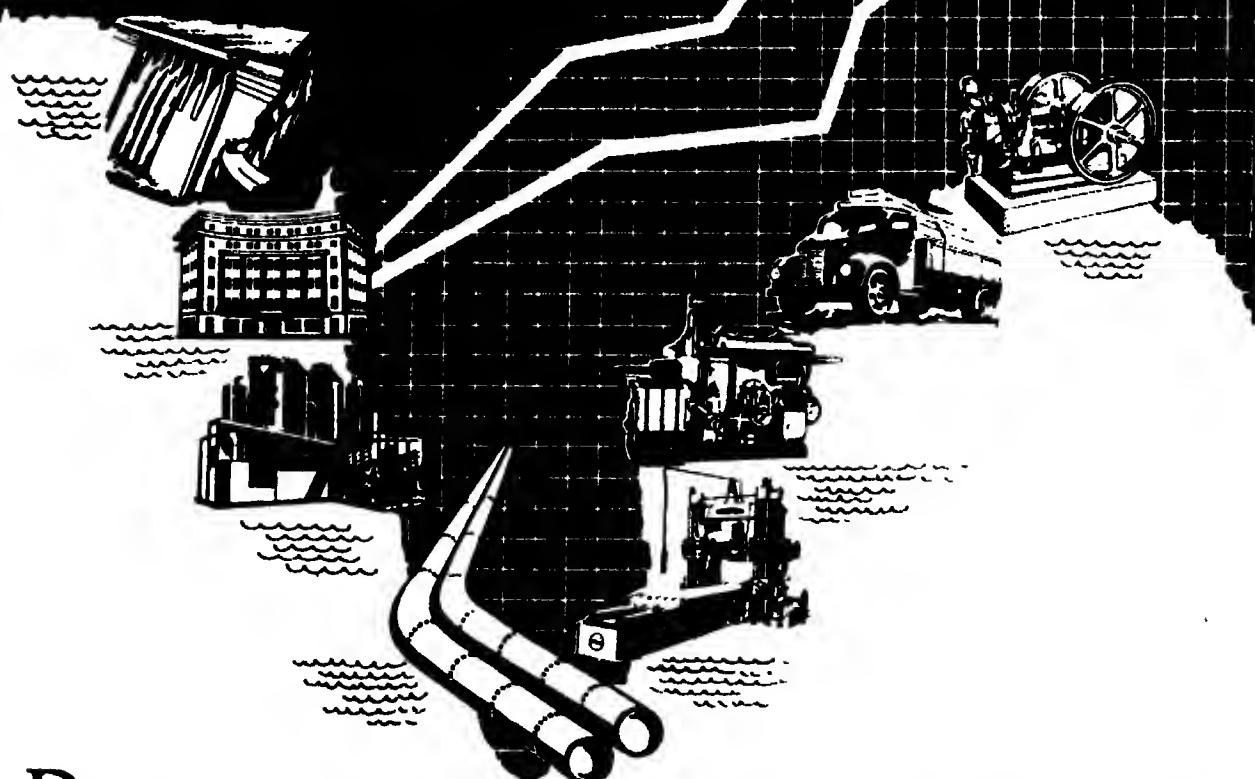
Makedde had suddenly jumped to one side and hit at a buffalo with his stick, the *toto* breathlessly informed me, and the next moment first he and then I had been knocked down. Luckily

George Adamson and visitors, Elsa on her favourite perch



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the *toto* had no worse injury than a bump on his head, caused by crashing into a fallen palm trunk, but my arms and thighs were bleeding and bruised from the trampling I had undergone.

As for Makedde, I later found him in the kitchen, completely unhurt and having a splendid time recounting to an awe-struck audience his single-handed combat with the buffalo.

I had no doubt as to the identity of our assailant. For several weeks past we had seen the spoor of a bull buffalo, leading to a near-by sand bank where he had a well-marked drinking place. He had never come out until after midnight before, though we had often heard his snortings and splashings in the early morning hours. This evening, however, he had come out early and, evidently frightened by our moving lamps, had rushed up the nearest path to safety, only to find us blocking his way. What happened when Elsa and the buffalo met none of us will ever know. But she had obviously come to protect us from him.

In September, David Attenborough arrived to make a film of Elsa and the cubs for BBC television. The night before, Elsa had fought yet another battle with her fierce lioness enemy. Again she suffered a bad mauling. She was deeply gashed and in need of treatment. Two days later, Nuru and I, after much searching, found her lying up with her cubs, far from home.

It took a lot of coaxing to get her to follow us, and we made our way back to camp slowly. When I thought we were nearly there I sent Nuru, who was acting as my gun bearer, ahead to warn David of our coming, so that he could film the lions crossing the river. Then I found I had miscalculated and had lost myself in the bush. By now it was midday and very hot, and the lions stopped under every bush to pant in the shade.

I knew that the best thing to do was to find the nearest *lugga* or stream bed and follow it, for it must lead to the river, and the river would give me my bearings. Fairly soon I came upon a *lugga* and walked along between its steep banks; Elsa followed me, and the cubs scampered some way behind her. At a bend I suddenly found myself standing face to face with a rhino. There was no question of "jumping nimbly aside and allowing the charging beast to pass" as one is supposed to do in such encounters, so I turned and ran back along my tracks as fast as I could, with the beast snorting behind me.

At last I saw a little gap in the bank and before I knew I had done it, I was up the bank and running into the bush. At this moment the rhino must have seen Elsa for it swerved abruptly and crashed up the opposite side.

For Elsa, the main peril of the bush came from another quarter.

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Predators might still eye her cubs, and lion feuds might embroil her, but her chief danger lay in poaching tribesmen. It was this fact which upset all our plans for Elsa and her family.

We wanted them to lead natural lives and had every intention of leaving them to look after themselves as soon as Elsa recovered from her savage fight with the lioness. But just as her ear wound had more or less healed, the Game Scouts anti-poaching team brought in prisoners with news that changed all our plans. For an informer among the prisoners told George that the poachers had determined to kill Elsa with poisoned arrows as soon as we left the camp.

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The dry season was on and, as the drought increased, so would the poachers' activities. Unless we fed Elsa it would be impossible for the anti-poaching team, however efficient, to prevent her from hunting farther afield and risking an encounter with the tribesmen.

Obviously if we stayed on, the cubs' education in wild life would be delayed and they would probably become spoilt. But it was better to face this than risk a tragedy.

A Full House

HOWEVER long we supported her, Little Elsa remained truly wild, snarled if we came close and then sneaked away. Though much smaller than her brothers, she had a

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quiet and efficient way of getting what she wanted.

Jespah had lost his earlier truculence, was most friendly and had begun to imitate his mother in her relation to us. He often wanted to play with me, and sometimes would come and lie under my hand, evidently expecting to be petted. And though it was against my principles, I occasionally did pet him.

Both Jespah and Gopa as well as Elsa used George's tent as a sort of den, and he found it rather crowded at night. He prefers to sleep on a low hounsfeld bed, and with Elsa, Jespah and Gopa around it I wondered whether there might not be trouble one night. They all behaved reasonably well, however, and whenever Jespah tried to play with George's toes, George's authoritative "no" made him stop at once.

The extent to which the lions felt at home was illustrated one night when Elsa rolled round and tipped over the bed, throwing George on top of Jespah. No commotion followed and Gopa, who was sleeping near George's head, did not even move.

At eight months Jespah had lost his baby fluff, and his coat was rather like a rabbit's. Now growing very fast, he was a grand little lion, but so insatiably curious and so full of life and fun as to be a problem. Elsa often helped me control him, either by adding a cuffing to my "no's" or by placing herself between

the two of us. But I wondered how long it would be before, even with her support, my commands failed to have any effect.

Once in chasing after his brother and sister, Jespah tipped a large water bowl over on Elsa, giving her a drenching. She clouted him for his pains, then squashed him under her heavy, dripping body. It was a funny sight, and we laughed. But this tactlessness offended Elsa and, giving us a disapproving look, she walked off followed by her two more obedient cubs. Later she jumped on the roof of the Land Rover, and I sought her out there to make friends again and apologize. The moon was full, and in its brilliant light Elsa's great eyes appeared nearly black, owing to her widely dilated pupils. They looked down at me reproachfully as though saying, "You spoilt my lesson."

Elsa Signs Her Story

THE TIME had come for us to leave the lion cubs to live their natural lives. They had become a little too used to camp life. Certainly Jespah was now on quite intimate terms with us, although Gopa and Little Elsa still put up with us only because their mother insisted we were friends.

It now seemed possible for us to leave the camp. Elsa had at last got the upper hand of the fierce lioness and was able to defend her territory. The poachers seemed to have left the district and we hoped they

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would not return until the next drought, by which time new anti-poaching measures might be able to deal with them. Besides, the cubs were now powerful young lions, quite able to hunt with their mother. When they were ten months old we had noticed signs of adolescence in both Jespah and Gopa. They had grown fine fluff around their faces and necks, and if they looked a bit unshaven their appearance was certainly very endearing.

We decided to space our absences, spending longer and longer periods away each time until finally we would not return to camp at all. On the first occasion we intended to be away for only six days, but because of heavy rains it was nine days before I could return. I came alone this time and made my way to the big rock and came upon Elsa trotting along with the cubs. Gopa and Little Elsa kept their distance, but Jespah was as delighted as Elsa to see me, and struggled to get between us so as to receive his share of the welcome.

All were in excellent condition. Elsa had a few bites on her chin and neck, but nothing serious. Gopa had grown a much longer and darker mane than Jespah, whose colouring was light and tawny. In a year's time, I thought, what a handsome pride they would make—two slender, graceful lionesses, accompanied by one blond and one dark lion.



Although I had brought a carcass, the cubs were in no hurry to eat and played about for some time before settling down to it. Elsa, however, quickly ate her fill, then came over to me and once again was very affectionate. In her exuberant affection, Elsa before I left unknowingly presented me with a priceless farewell gift.

I had often been asked if I could get Elsa's autograph; her pug marks on a piece of paper. This I had never been able to achieve, but the next afternoon, while I was

typing this book in the studio, Elsa suddenly arrived and, before I could prevent her, placed her front paws on my table.

They left muddy imprints on the papers lying there. And so she has put her signature to the book that tells the story of her life with the cubs up to their first birthday.

A Postscript to Elsa's Story

AFTER JOY ADAMSON had completed her book, *Living Free*, there were sombre developments in the family of Elsa the lioness. Late in January last year, George Adamson found Elsa ill under a bush.

"That night I slept beside Elsa in the bush to guard her against the attentions of wild lions and hyenas," Adamson wrote in the *East African Standard*. "Her cubs appeared and played round my bed, but Elsa would not tolerate them near her. In spite of her weakness she twice

rubbed her face against mine with all her old friendliness. Late in the morning she was desperately ill, with laboured and painful breathing. I stayed with her all day and from time to time tried to give her water in my cupped hands, but she seemed unable to swallow, though obviously she was thirsty.

"Finally, thinking the end was near, I roused my camp and on an improvised stretcher four of my men and I carried her back to my tent. She appeared to settle down and I lay beside her and was dozing off when suddenly she got up and quickly walked to the front of the tent and collapsed."

A post-mortem showed that Elsa was heavily infected with Babesia, a tick-borne parasite which attacks red blood cells.

After their mother's death, the three cubs began to maraud native herds of goats and cattle. The

Adamsons paid heavy compensation for damages, but the natives tried to kill the cubs with poisoned arrows. Jespah, the leader of the three, had an arrow stuck in his hindquarters for a month, although he was not poisoned.

Finally George Adamson was told that unless he could trap the animals and place them in a game reserve, he would have to shoot them. Adamson chose to trap them. Three large crates were built with steel bars and trap doors, and food was put out every night, first near the crates and finally inside. The cubs were not nervous and often they fed and spent the night inside the crates. But the Adamsons did not spring the traps until the floods had subsided and the cubs could be moved at once through 800 miles of bush to the Serengeti National Park in Tanganyika. They were set free there last May.

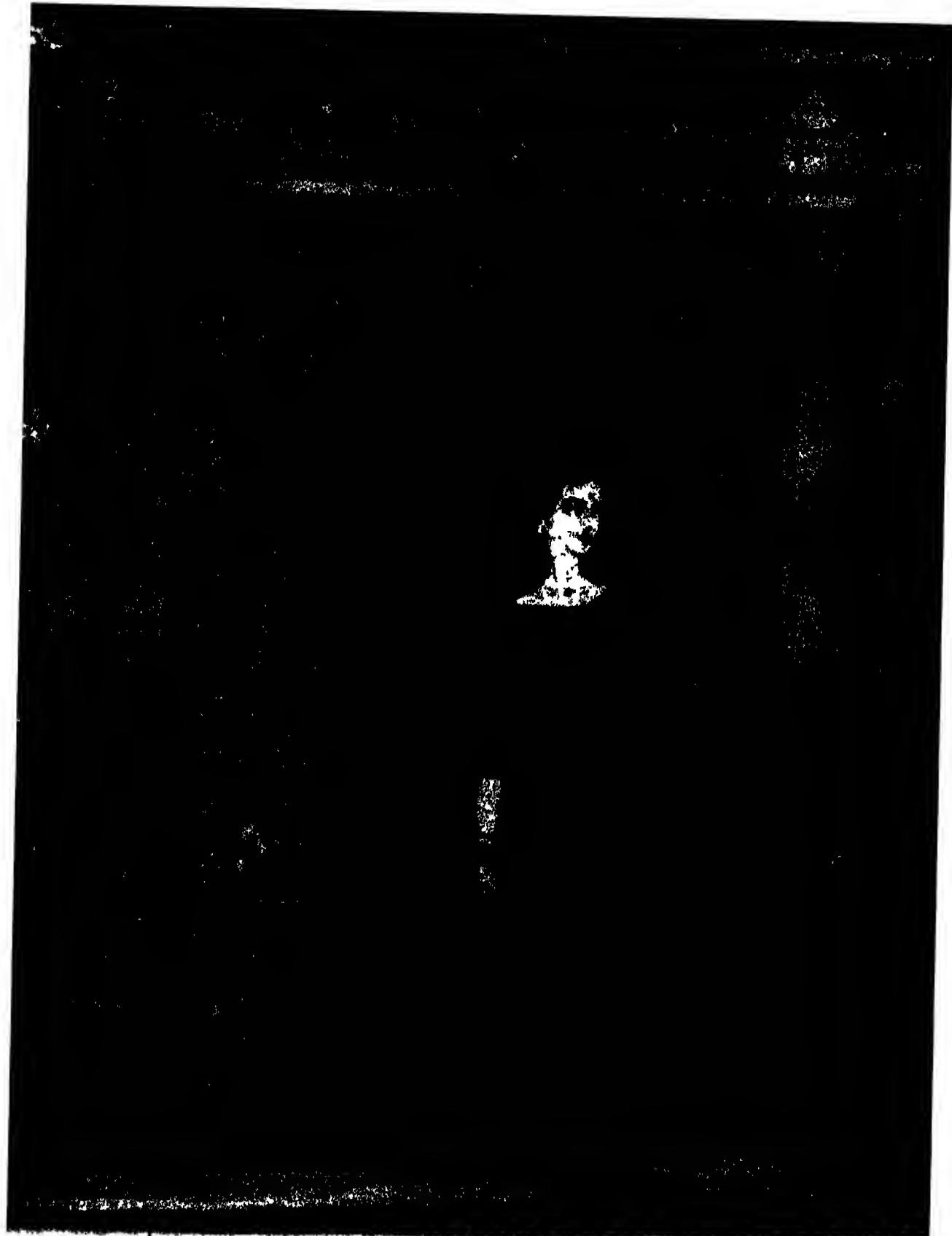
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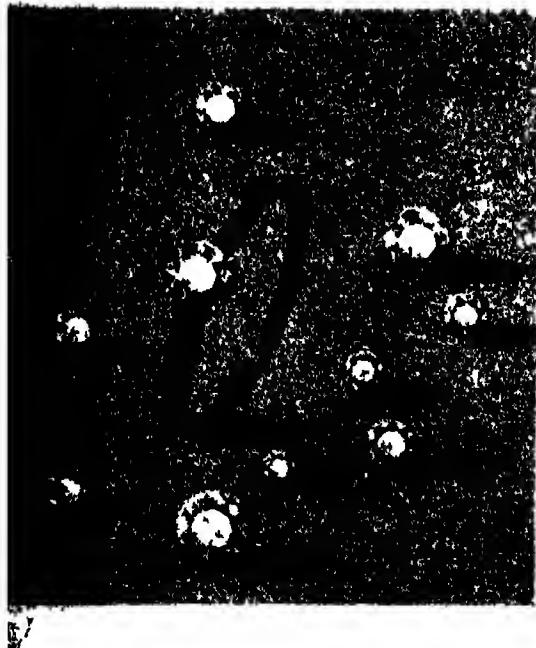
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

BY WILFRED F.

To take this test, tick the word or phrase you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 10.

- (1) **candour** (kan' der)—A: sweetness. B: frankness. C: modesty D: annoyance.
- (2) **tendentious** (ten den' shūs)—A: comparative. B: worthy. C: brief. D: having a definite bias.
- (3) **desist**—A: to stop. B: insist. C: oppose. D: delay.
- (4) **parlance**—A: sophistication B: calmness. C: mode of speech. D: sense.
- (5) **nebulous** (neb' ū lüs)—A: small. B: hazy. C: foolish. D: moist.
- (6) **virulent** (vī' rü'lent)—A: noisy. B: hopeless. C: sorrowful. D: poisonous.
- (7) **pundit**—A: stuffy critic. B: learned man. C: politician. D: man of wealth.
- (8) **bovine** (bo' vine)—A: sluggish. B: gross. C: luxurious. D: savage.
- (9) **tonsure** (ton' sher)—A: elegance. B: cowl worn by monks. C: sacred ring. D: shaved part of the head of a cleric.
- (10) **envisage** (en vī' zij)—A: to visualize. B: deceive. C: dream in an impractical way. D: envy.
- (11) **laconic** (lä kōn' ik)—A: deficient. B: mournful. C: using few words. D: relaxed.
- (12) **invective** (in věk' tiv)—A: oratory. B: abusive speech. C: intrusion. D: intrigue.
- (13) **perfidy** (per' fi dī)—A: harmony. B: uncertainty C: good faith. D: treachery.
- (14) **bucolic** (bū kōl' ik)—A: rural. B: sick. C: bad-tempered. D: beast-like.
- (15) **ruse**—A: speed. B: trick. C: insult. D: power.
- (16) **recalcitrant** (ri kal' sī trānt)—A: sparkling. B: ambitious. C: disobedient. D: capricious.
- (17) **farcical**—A: forlorn. B: quaint. C: serious. D: ludicrous.
- (18) **eschew** (ĕs choo')—A: to argue. B: masticate. C: shun. D: confiscate.
- (19) **spate**—A: blow. B: flood. C: gaiter. D: spawn of shellfish.
- (20) **approbation** (ăp rō bā' shun)—A: act of taking possession. B: act of mediating. C: approval. D: gratitude.

you
are
so
important..

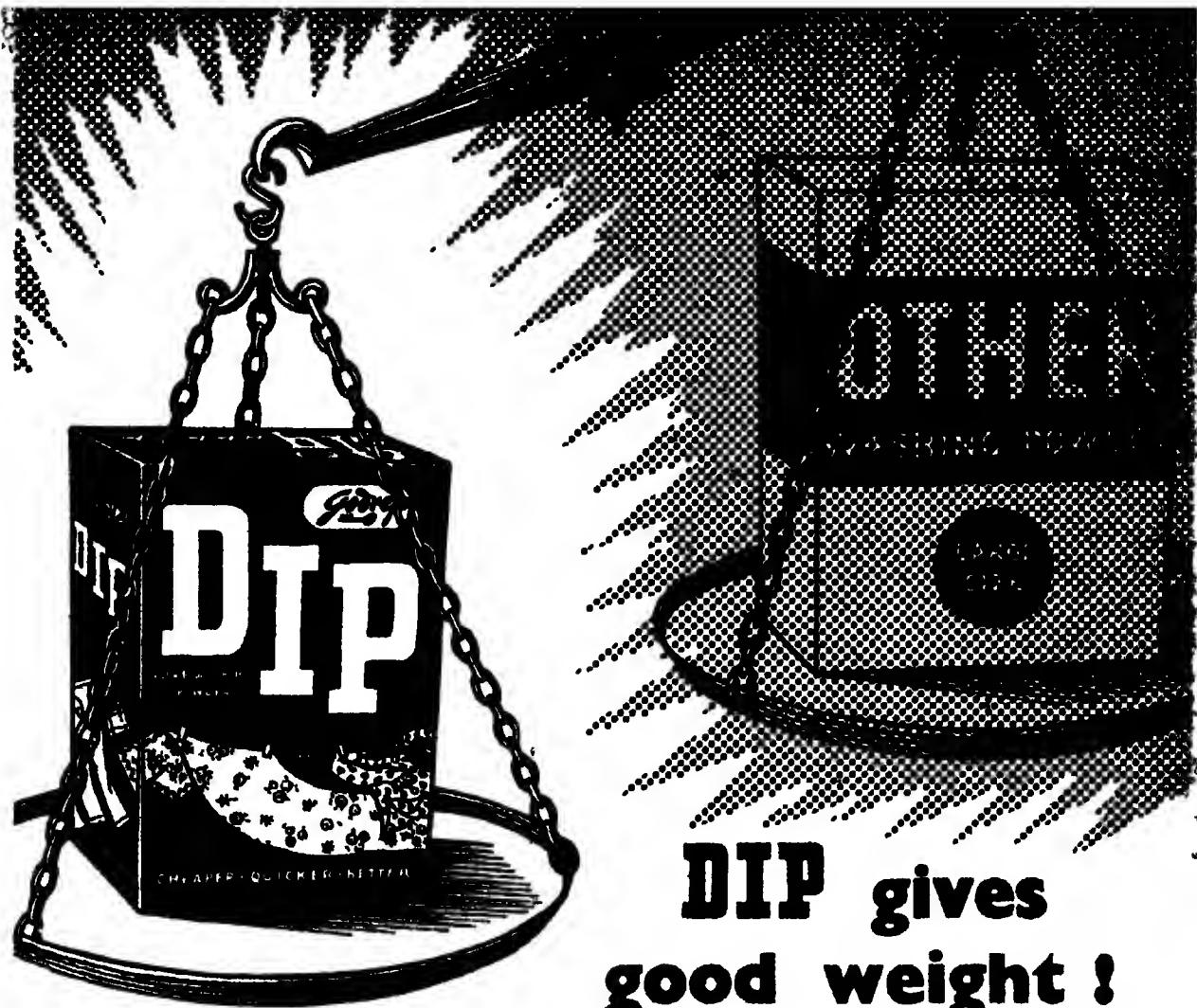


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Answers to the quiz on page 5

- (1) **candour**—B: Frankness; openness, sincerity; as, to exhibit a disarming *candour*. Latin *candor*, “whiteness.”
- (2) **tendentious**—D: Having a definite bias or underlying purpose; as, a *tendentious* news story. German *tendenzios*, “tendency.”
- (3) **desist**—A: To stop; cease; as, to *desist* from debate. Latin *desistere*, “to leave off.”
- (4) **parlance**—C: Mode of speech or way of speaking; as, in the *parlance* of that time. Old French *parler*, “to speak.”
- (5) **nebulous**—B: Hazy; blurred or confused; as, a *nebulous* arrangement. From Latin *nebulosus*, “misty.”
- (6) **virulent**—D: Poisonous, malignant; as, a *virulent* attack. Latin *virulentus*, from *virus*, “poison.”
- (7) **pundit**—B: Learned man; scholar; as, a literary *pundit*. Hindi *pandit*, “learned Hindu.”
- (8) **bovine**—A: Sluggish and patient; ox-like; as, a *bovine* disposition. Latin *bovinus*, from *bos*, *bovis*, “ox, cow.”
- (9) **tonsure**—D: The shaved part of the head of a priest or monk. Latin *tonsurā*, “shearing.”
- (10) **enviseage**—A: To visualize; view with the mind’s eye; as, to *enviseage* the future. French *enviser*.

(11) **laconic**—C: Using few words; terse; concise; as, a *laconic* style. Greek *Lakēnikos*, “Laconian,” referring to an ancient tribe noted for pithy speech.

(12) **invective**—B: Abusive speech; violent attack in words; vituperation; as, to launch a stream of *invective*. Latin *invecītus*, from *invehere*, “to attack with words.”

(13) **perfidy**—D: Treachery; violation of faith or trust; as, a nation with a history of *perfidy*. Latin *perfidia*, from *perfidus*, “faithless.”

(14) **bucolic**—A: Pertaining to rural life; rustic; as, a *bucolic* scene. Greek *boukolikos*, from *boukolos*, “cowherd, herdsman.”

(15) **ruse**—B: Trick; artifice; act intended to deceive; as, to entrap the enemy by a *ruse*. Old French *ruser*, “to dodge.”

(16) **recalcitrant**—C: Disobedient; difficult to handle; as, a *recalcitrant* ally. Latin *recalcitrare*, “to kick back.”

(17) **farcical**—D: Ludicrous; pertaining to farce, absurdly futile. Old French *farsir*, from Latin *farcire*, “to stuff.” Early French plays were “stuffed” or padded with humorous skits between the acts.

(18) **eschew**—C: To shun as something unworthy or injurious; avoid; as, to *eschew* vain pleasures. Old French *eschiver*, “to shun.”

(19) **spate**—B: Flood; excessive quantity; rush, as of words; as, a *spate* of nonsense.

(20) **approbation**—C: Formal or authoritative approval; sanction. French, from Latin *approbationem*, “an approving.”

Vocabulary Ratings

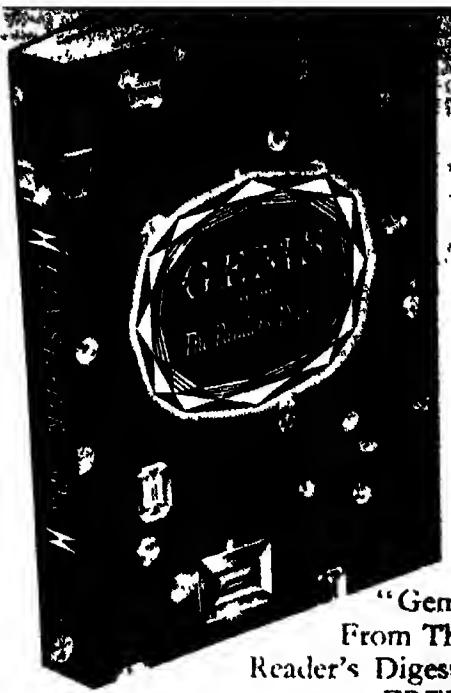
20–19 correct	excellent
18–16 correct	good
15–14 correct	fair

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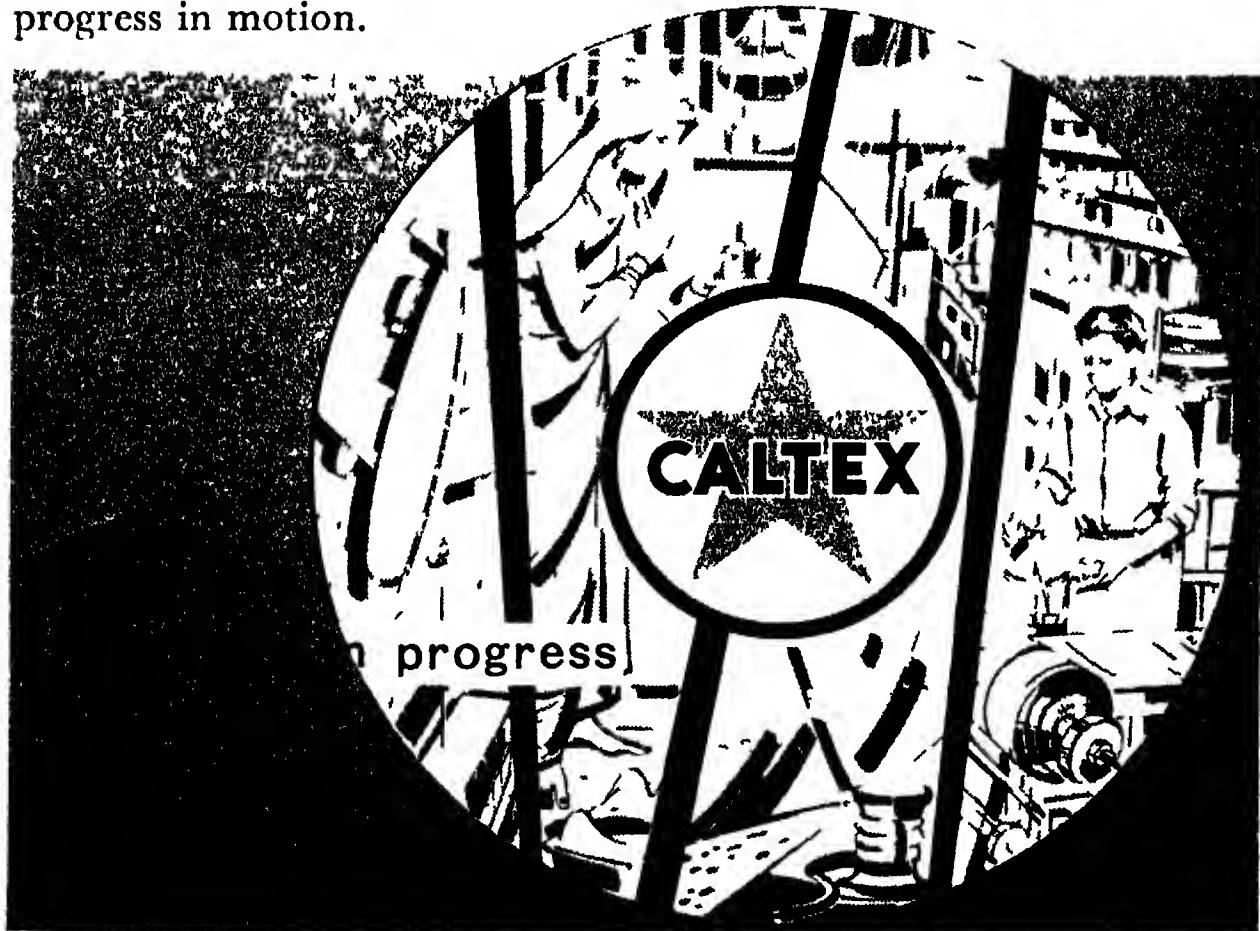
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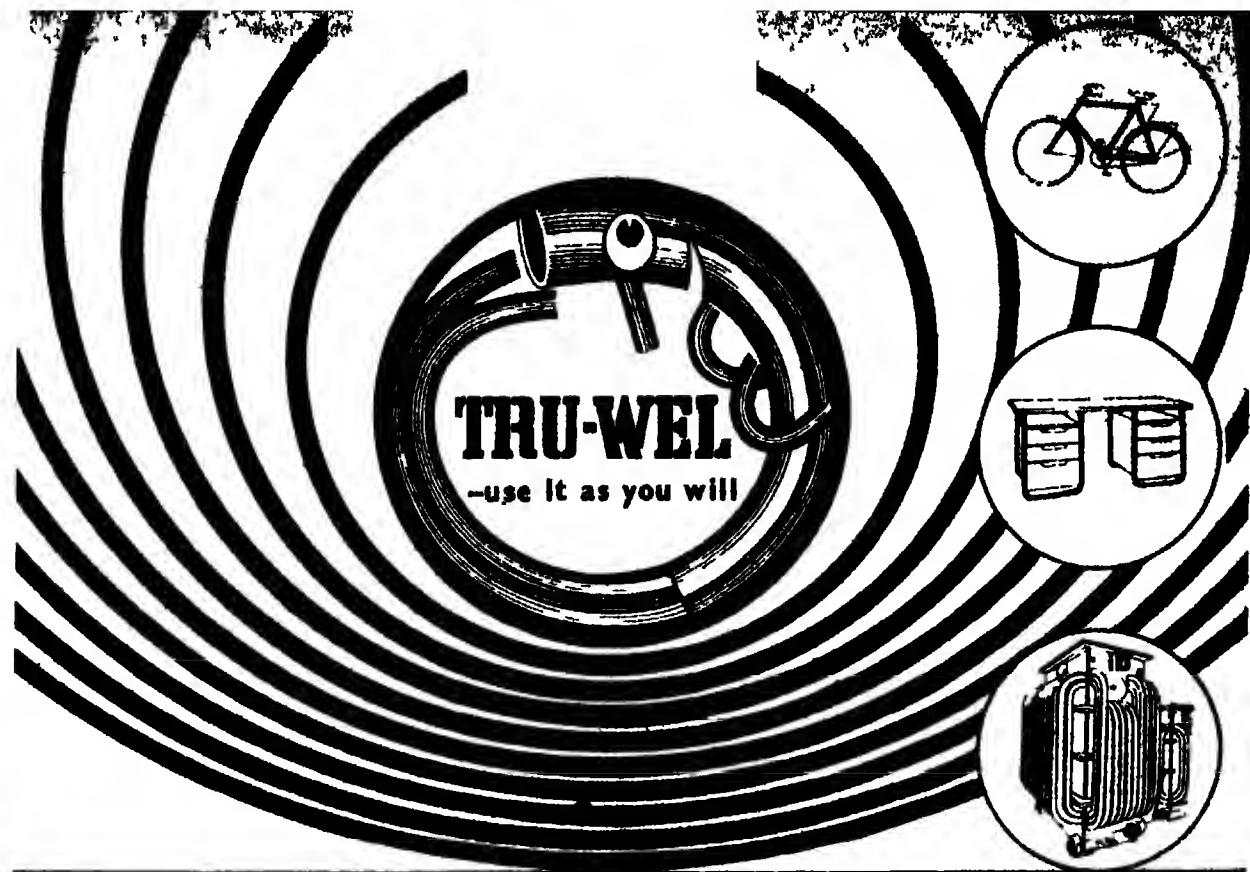
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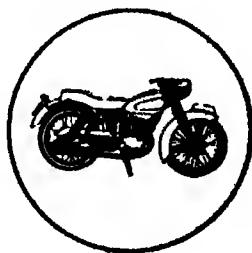
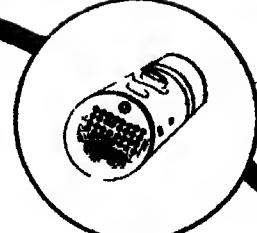


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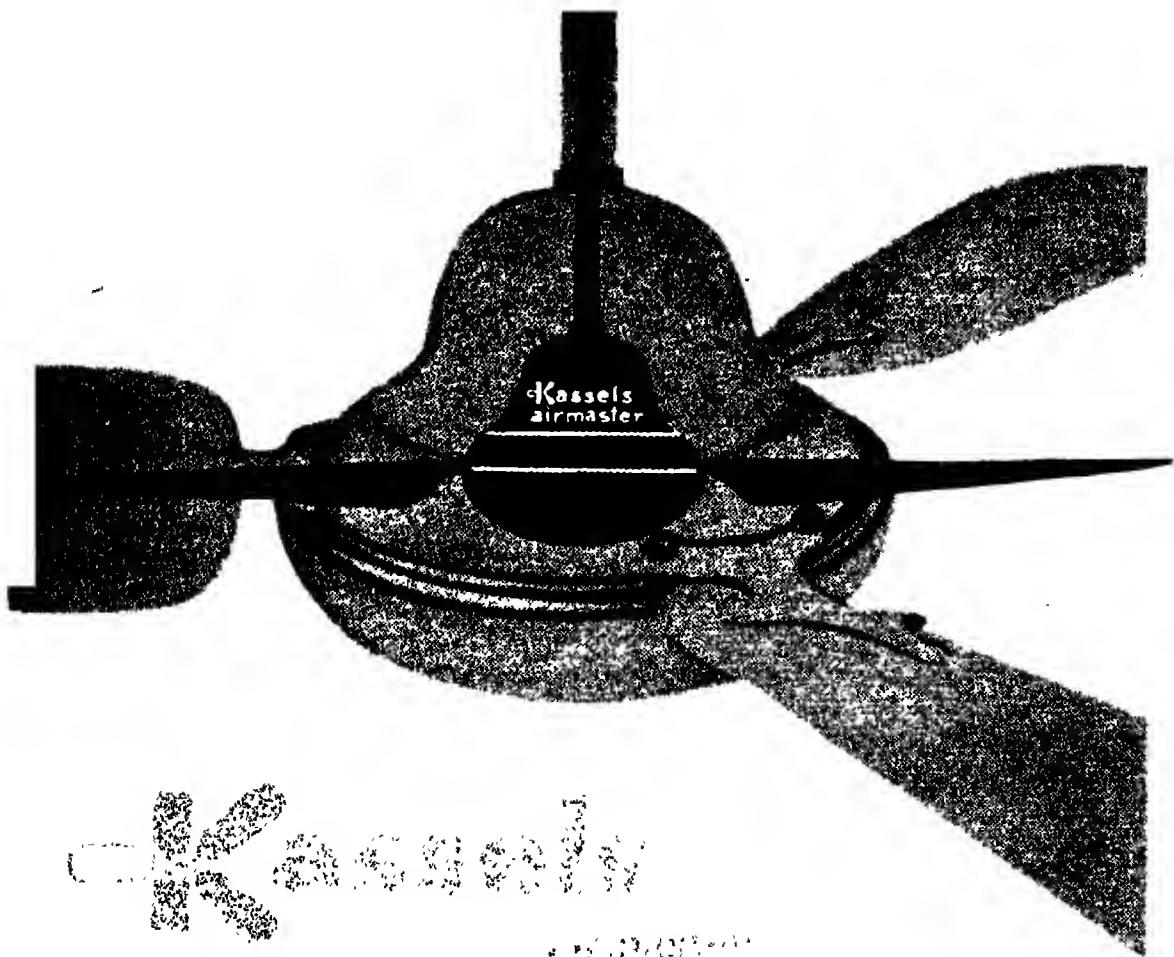


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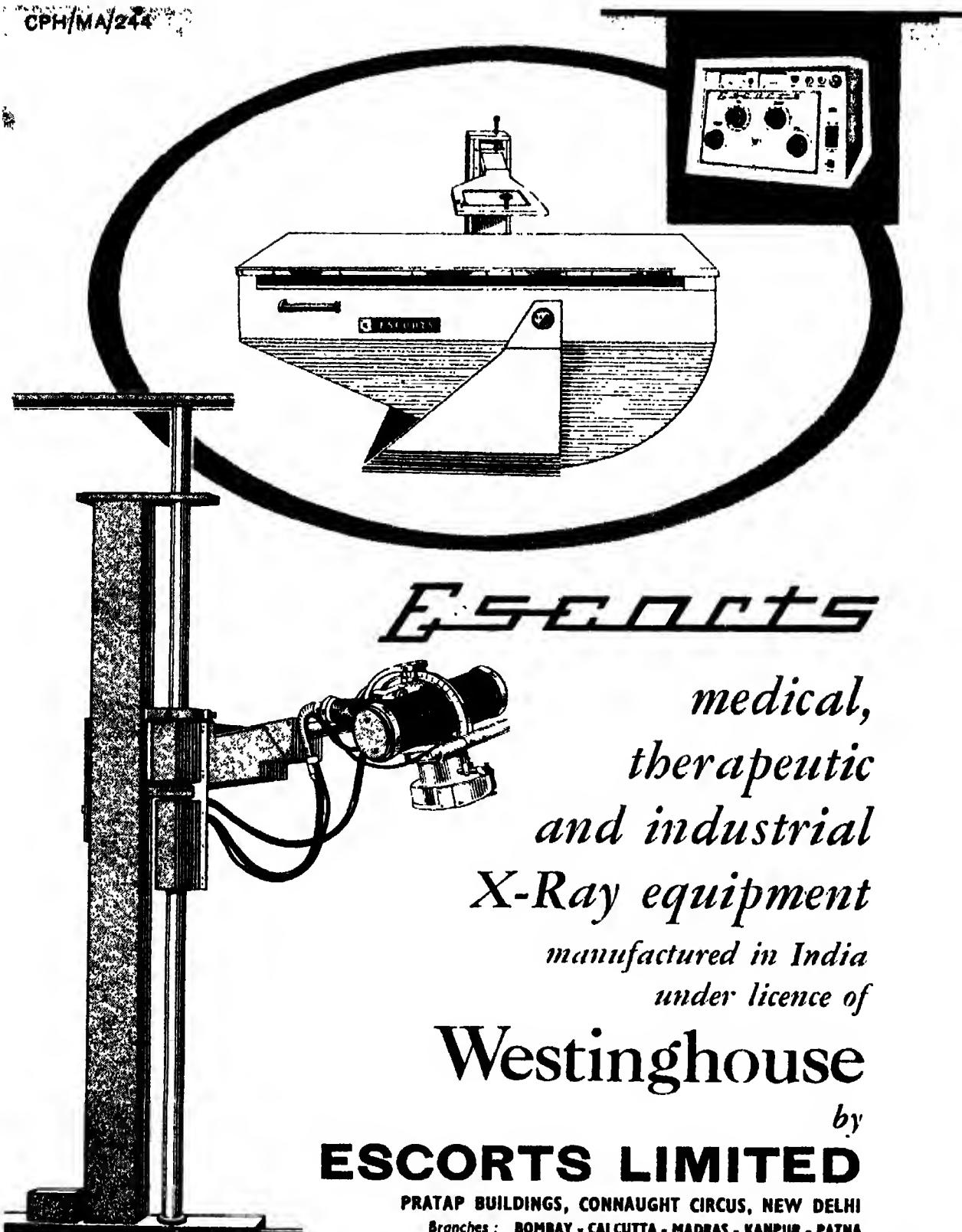
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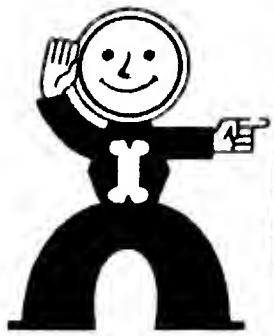
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China's Great Leap Backwards

RED CHINA this past winter was like a ravenous giant. From the snowy plains of Manchuria to the humid bamboo forests of Yunnan, from the sky merging grasslands of Central Asia to the dimly neon lit waterfront of Shanghai, there was one totally absorbing subject—food.

At Wuhun, where steel mills were slowed to part-time operation, a month's rice ration lasts barely three days, sugar is issued only four times a year, and housewives try to thicken watery gruel by adding grass. In Peking, when the first fish to arrive in weeks proved rotten, enraged women beat up a Communist official. Everywhere the traditional Chinese greeting, "Have you eaten?" had turned bitter.

In 1959, the Chinese in Hong Kong shipped 870,000 food parcels

The paradox among nations: a country that drives defiantly for world power cannot even feed its own people

to their relatives in China. In 1961, in answer to desperate appeals, they shipped more than nine million. To avoid feeding those unable to work, Red China gave exit visas to the aged and infirm. Refugees streamed into Hong Kong and Macao.

One Hong Kong resident had gone to China in 1958 because "I wanted to work for my country"; last November he fled back to Hong Kong and reported, "There was no meat, and fish only once a week. You had to get up at two and three in the morning to stand in line for

your ration of rice, fruit and vegetables—and even then they were not always available. A man is not a machine; if he has no food, he has no interest in working."

Communist films and propaganda show happy, healthy children gambolling in village nurseries, smiling Kazakh herdsmen shearing fat sheep, clear eyed workmen scrambling among the scaffolding of a thousand construction sites. But non-Communist Swiss journalist Fernand Gigon (who was admitted to Red China last year) and other foreign visitors tell a story that sharply contradicts Peking's propaganda. In fact, even Red China's normally boastful leaders guardedly admit serious trouble. Party chairman Mao Tse-tung told France's ex-cabinet minister, François Mitterand that what "Western newspapers call famine in China" is not a famine, only "a period of scarcity."

The Experiment. China's history has been one long "period of scarcity." But in the past, China's endemic hunger had usually been the result of wars, of natural disasters, of ignorance about how land should be treated. China's present hunger is the result of a vast plan. *Time* correspondent Stanley Karnow writes from Hong Kong: "This is a rationed, regimented hunger. It symbolizes the miscarriage of the most massive social experiment ever undertaken—the Communist attempt to transform China overnight from the most impoverished country

in the world into a major industrial power."

At the moment of victory over Chiang Kai-shek in 1949, Mao Tse-tung resolved that China must industrialize—not primarily for a better life, but so that China could become a militant force in world affairs. For eight years, Communist China worked single-mindedly towards Mao's goal. It achieved comparative miracles. Steel production rose nearly six times above the 1943 peak of 900,000 tons, although even this spectacular advance brought China's *per-capita* steel production to only four per cent of Japan's. With Soviet technical aid, China for the first time started to manufacture trucks and locomotives, tractors and planes. Big industrial developments sprang up at Paotow, Wuhan and Anshan; dams rose to harness the great rivers; Chinese products invaded foreign markets.

Down on the Farm. But by 1957 the farm sector of the economy was already sagging. Only eight per cent of the nation's capital investment had been allotted to its development. Though the gross industrial product increased by 123 per cent, gross farm production rose a mere 26 per cent, scarcely more than the eight-year population growth.

Li Fu-chun, chairman of the state planning commission, warned that the economy was getting lopsided. Now, he said, there should be concentration on the farm problem. He was supported by fellow economists.

One of them, hiding behind a pseudonym, wrote ominously: "We may gain heavy industry only to lose Man; we may even lose Man without gaining heavy industry."

Mao Tse-tung agreed that the farms desperately needed chemical fertilizer, machines of all sorts and skilled labour. But he treats an economic problem precisely as he would an enemy's main line of resistance—by ordering forward a human wave to storm and overwhelm it. His solution: let the farmers do it themselves through the commune system.

The Red Press and radio excitedly told of Mao's visit to rural Chiuling, where 31,000 peasants had "spontaneously" decided to "go forward on two legs"—build their own factories and blast furnaces in their spare time. Beginning in 1958, millions of dazed peasants were regimented into the "Great Leap Forward." Banners called for 20 YEARS OF PROGRESS IN A SINGLE DAY!

Kanpu's Whistles. The instruments used to shape the formless multitude were the *kanpus*, or cadres, who carry out Peking's policies at all levels of society. They hustled China's peasant millions into 24,000 Spartan people's communes, complete with mess halls, barracks and the loss of identity common to military life. Women were freed from the "drudgery" of housework only to labour 18 hours a day in field and factory. Old folk were shut away in "happiness

homes," babies in state-run crèches.

Routed from bed at dawn, the peasants lined up for roll-call and marched off under red banners to the mist-hung fields. At the sound of the *kanpu's* whistle, they raced to their tasks of ploughing, weeding or reaping. At the blare of a bugle, they dropped their tools and seized rifles (unloaded) for close-order drill. At the sound of whistles again, they hurried to simple workshops to make canvas shoes, coarse paper or cotton cloth, or to primitive blast-furnaces to make pig-iron out of low-grade local ore. The communes put up their own money to buy equipment for new mines, factories, furnaces. One Honan commune owning 6,000 pigs and producing 300,000 pounds of fish a year saw it all taken by the state while the workers' daily diet was limited to dough buns, a few ounces of cabbage and a single dish of noodles.

Leap Into Disaster. In the first year of the Great Leap Forward, Peking shouted to the world an astonishing list of production figures, showing that, in factories and on farms, the ambitious goals had been exceeded. But slowly, in the months that followed, it became obvious that the statistics were not only inflated but often imaginary. The panicky *kanpus* had simply given whatever figures they thought the party line demanded. It was becoming clear that the Great Leap was a leap into disaster.

Instead of the 375 million tons

of food grains originally claimed, Peking admitted a harvest of only 250 million—and most Western experts scaled that figure down to 210 million, only 25 million more than 1957, the year before the Great Leap Forward. The cotton total was cut by a third. Of the boasted 11 million tons of steel, only eight million were found "usable in industry." By last summer, the figures had fallen so low that Peking refused to announce them, but even observers friendly to the Reds estimated grain production at a mere 150 million tons—substantially lower than the best pre-Red year.

Communist trade delegations turned up in Australia, France and Canada to buy Rs. 170 crores worth of food grains. Red China's export trade declined seriously because of inability to make shipments. To meet commitments abroad, Peking emptied its treasury by sending to London silver bars and gold bullion, including melted-down coins from conquered Tibet.

Farmer Mao. Bad weather, which Peking's leaders used as an excuse, was far from the whole explanation. Formosa, Hong Kong and China's Kwangtung province have much the same weather. But in 1960 Hong Kong crops dropped by eight per cent and Formosa's by 13 per cent; Kwangtung's agricultural output declined a full 30 per cent. Communist mismanagement accounts for the difference.

Mao Tse-tung had arbitrarily

ordered that ten per cent of the arable land lie fallow, and, to make up for the loss, that the remainder should be close-planted and deep-ploughed. Everyone enrolled in the double campaign against waste and "conservatism" and helped eliminate the "four pests" (sparrows, rats, flies, mosquitoes). Now it appeared that close-planted wheat spread the ruinous infection of contagious rust. Deep-ploughed paddies grew rice shoots so tall and weak that even ordinary winds flattened and destroyed them. The mass slaughter of sparrows brought on an upsurge of grain devouring insects. Said a Japanese Socialist after a visit to China: "All through my tour, I never once saw chemical fertilizer being used in rice fields. China's agricultural standard is 50 years behind Japan's."

Apathy and Idleness. Peking was not accomplishing its industrial goals, either. Steel ingots from rural communes were too small to be used in modern rolling-mills. Many newly-built factories broke down or stood idle for lack of raw materials. Exhaustion and apathy did the rest. In 1960, British author Felix Greene, touring a Russian-built truck plant in Changchun, saw rusting spare parts piled between buildings, an assembly line moving only three feet a minute, workers standing about doing nothing, a general lack of drive and precision. A Communist survey of 31 key industries in Liaoning province uncovered 40,000 tons of abandoned products. Foreign

visitors saw cotton gins made of boxes and old boards, and textile machinery with wooden parts.

The Turnabout. The Communist solution was to purge the most outspoken of the planners—and change course. As once the farmers had been marched into the factories, now the workers were marched on to the farms. In Kiangsi province, 480,000 industrial workers were ordered into the fields. In Shansi, 400,000 more were (in Peking's phrase) "retrenched" from dam construction and industry to the soil. Now, three years too late, the Communist Party announced that it was putting "industry at the service of agriculture."

The cruel rigidity of the commune system was conspicuously softened. The working day was cut. The unappetizing mess halls were shut down, and commune members were allowed to keep such personal belongings as "houses, bicycles, clothing, radios and bank deposits." The *kanpus* were forbidden to "arbitrarily set output targets, mechanically arrange crop acreage, or rigidly introduce technical measures." As a final insult, the *kanpus* were told to seek guidance from "wise old peasants."

The Three Rivets. So far, Red China has been held together by the *kanpus*, the army, the single-minded but ageing leadership.

Should these rivets loosen, the whole structure might well come apart. Is there any hope, then, of

imminent disintegration or revolt?

Almost certainly not, and to count on it would be a dangerous illusion. China is so vast that no calamity can encompass the whole of it. While food is short everywhere, some provinces are far better off than others. Not all factories are badly run, and despite fatigue there is a slowly growing competence among skilled labourers.

Undeniably, in their 12 years in power, the Reds have accomplished some badly needed reforms in Chinese society. An elementary knowledge of hygiene has spread, preventable diseases have been largely controlled, infant mortality has been greatly reduced.

But whatever the gains, they do not begin to offset the price imposed by Peking through oppression and misery. Virtually all Western experts agree that Red China's population is increasing more rapidly than its food supply. Says a Western agricultural expert: "Even if everything were done perfectly for the next 25 years, where would they be? China would still have its narrow margin of arable land, and it would then have 1,000 million people."

Now Red China has emerged from its fourth winter since the Great Leap Forward, the paradox remains: a country that seeks the status of a world power, that defies both Washington and Moscow, that is driving to produce nuclear bombs, cannot even feed its own people.

She grew up in a shack—and enchanted the salons of Europe. She learned five languages—and still swore like a trooper. She lived her finest moment when she became a heroine as . . .

Mrs. Brown of the *Titanic*

By GENE FOWLER

MOLLY TOBIN grew up in a shack in Hannibal, Missouri. At 15, an illiterate tomboy with flaming red pig-tails, she ran away from home, travelled by stage coach to the gold camp at Leadville, Colorado, and went to work as cook and "bottle-washer." Three weeks after her arrival she met and married John J. Brown, called "Leadville Johnny" by intimates at the Saddle Rock Saloon.

Leadville Johnny was 37 years old, as homely as a hippopotamus, unlettered, open-fisted. In less than two months after his marriage to 15-year-old Molly, Leadville Johnny struck it rich. He was offered 300,000 dollars *cash* for his claim. He took it, in thousand-dollar bills, and rushed home to "the prettiest gal in camp."

"I wanted you to have it," he said. "But you got to hide it."

"Where?" asked Molly.

"You figure that out, honey. It's yours. I'm goin' down to celebrate."

Early next morning he was brought home by two of his intimates, sober enough to make two requests. One was that the "boys" would not disturb his pretty young wife, the other that they fetch some sticks and start a fire.

The boys put him on a bunk, then made a fire. Molly, rousing from deep sleep, sniffed smoke and screamed. She leaped up, scorched her fingers on the stove-lids, and delved among the burning sticks, but it was too late. She had hidden the money in the stove, of all places, and now her fortune had gone up the flue. She began to sob. Johnny rallied somewhat. When it penetrated his haze that the money had been burnt, he sat up and said:

"Don't you worry a bit, honey, I'll get more. Lots more."

Fantastic as it may seem, Leadville Johnny went out that very

afternoon and located "The Little Johnny," one of the greatest producers of gold in Colorado history. It is estimated that he took twenty million dollars from this mine.

"Nope," he said to the men who had bought his other property, "I won't sell this one."

The meaning of money began to dawn on Molly. The Browns moved "up the hill," where mine owners and bankers had mansions. Leadville Johnny went to the limit in

building a house for his bride. As a final touch, he embedded silver dollars, edge to edge, in the cement floors of every room. But Leadville now was not big enough to hold Molly. She had heard of Denver society, of the gay balls and salons.

"Denver it is, then," said Johnny.

The Browns built a mansion there. Leadville Johnny contemplated paving it with *gold pieces*, but was dissuaded. Still, the new mansion was a show-place.



Molly tried hard to get into Denver society. She hired the largest orchestras, gave the costliest balls, drove the finest horses, but met with snobbery. She often attended, uninvited, the social functions of her neighbours. Indeed, she became such a nuisance as a "gate-crasher" that the ladies decided to crush her.

As part of a cat-like hoax, Molly was solicited to write a dissertation on Denver society. This she did, labouring at a desk inlaid with gold. Her "article" appeared, word for word, in a magazine, and she was proud of it until the whole of the city's upper crust began heaving with merriment. The new author's mis spellings, fantastic verbiage and artless philosophies were there for all to see.

At last conscious of her ignorance, and shamed by her social shortcomings, Molly left town. Johnny said he guessed he'd stay at home.

"I never knowed how to spell and never claimed to," he said, "and as far as society is concerned, I ain't aimin' that low. Good-bye, honey, and don't forget the name of our bank. It's all yours."

Denver saw nothing of Mrs. Brown for nearly eight years. It was a sensation, then, when she returned to the city, gowned in Parisian creations, and accompanied by two French maids, with whom she conversed fluently in their native language. Indeed, during seven and a half years in European capitals, she had become proficient in five languages.

There were other surprises for the people of Denver. Molly had made friends with the Divine Sarah Bernhardt, had received stage lessons, and even contemplated playing the Bernhardt rôle in *L'Aiglon*. She had received instruction in painting and singing and had appeared with some success in a charity concert in London.

The hardest blow to her critics, however, was the fact that celebrities and titled foreigners made the Brown home their headquarters while visiting Denver.

But despite her education in the polite arts, Molly Brown's real nature was manifest at all times. She permitted herself the luxury of forthright speech, and, if in the mood, cursed like a pit boss.

When Leadville Johnny refused to "gad about" in Europe and elsewhere, they separated. But he never shut her off from his great purse. He still loved her and wanted her to have a good time. All he desired for himself was privacy and the privilege of sitting with his shoes off in the parlour.

Mrs. Brown acquired a 70-room house and estate near New York. She entertained the Astors and other notables—all of which agonized her Denver scoffers.

In April 1912, the home town which had refused flatly to receive Molly as a social equal, acclaimed her as its very own celebrity. The *S.S. Titanic* had gone down, and Molly had been its heroine.

Mrs. Brown was 39 when she left Liverpool for New York on the *Titanic's* maiden voyage. Instead of a girlish slimness, she was now ruggedly and generously fleshed. Nevertheless, she still bubbled with vitality.

Although she spent great sums on clothes, she no longer paid attention to how she wore them. When she travelled, comfort was her primary consideration. So, when Molly decided to take a few turns on deck before retiring, she came from her cabin warmly clad in heavy woolies, with bloomers bought in Switzerland, two jersey petticoats, a plaid cashmere dress, golf stockings, a muff of Russian sables in which she kept her automatic pistol and over these frost-defying garments she wore a 60,000-dollar chinchilla opera-cloak!

If anyone was prepared for collision with an iceberg, Mrs. Brown was that person.

In the history of the tragedy, her name appears as one who knew no fear. She did much to calm the women and children. She refused to enter a lifeboat until the crew literally threw her in. Once in the boat, however, she seized command. There were only five men aboard, and about 20 women and children.

"Start rowing," she told the men, "and head the bow into the sea."

Keeping an eye on the rowers, she began removing her clothes. With her chinchilla coat she covered three

small and shivering children. One by one she divested herself of heroic woollens. She "rationed" her garments to the women who were the oldest or most frail. It was said that she presented a fantastic sight in the light of flares, half-standing among the terrified passengers, stripped down to her corset, the beloved Swiss bloomers, and the golf stockings.

One of the rowers seemed on the verge of collapse. "My heart," he said.

"Damn your heart!" said Mrs. Brown. "Work those oars."

She herself now took an oar and began to row. She chose a position in the bow, where she could watch her crew. Her pistol was lashed to her waist with a rope. Her hands blistered and began to bleed. She cut strips from her Swiss bloomers and bound her hands. She kept rowing. And swearing.

At times, when the morale of her passengers was at its lowest, she would sing.

"The damned critics say I can't sing," she howled. "Well, just listen to this——"

She sang from various operas—and kept rowing. She told stories. She gave a history of The Little Johnny. She told of the time the 300,000 dollars went up the flue.

"How much is 300,000 dollars?" she asked. "I'll tell you. It's nothing. Some of you people—the guy here with the heart trouble that I'm curing with oars—are rich. I'm rich."

THE READER'S DIGEST

What in hell of it? You can't wear the Social Register for water-wings, can you?"

When they were picked up at sea, and everyone was praising Mrs. Brown, she was asked:

"How did you manage it?"

"Just typical Brown luck," she replied. "I'm unsinkable."

And ever afterwards she was known as "The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown."

After that voyage she went in for thrills. She took world tours and explored far places, always meeting adventure half-way. Once she almost perished in a monsoon in the China seas. At another time she was in a hotel fire in Florida. But the Unsinkable one was Unburnable as well. She rescued four women and three children from that fire.

In France she was given a Legion of Honour ribbon, with the rank of chevalier, in recognition of her charities and her work in establishing a museum for the relics of Sarah Bernhardt.

She was now legally separated from old Leadville Johnny. But still he had not tied the purse-strings. Molly could go where she wanted and do what she wanted. It was his way. As for him, he stayed in the parlour with his shoes off, or bent the elbow with old-time pals. The Little Johnny continued to pour out gold as from a cornucopia.

Although her husband was a mine owner, Mrs. Brown always took the side of labour, and sent food,

clothing and money to the families of strikers.

During the First World War she contributed heavily to the welfare of soldiers, and the Allied nations awarded her all the medals it was possible for a civilian woman to receive. She was recipient of personal congratulations and the thanks of kings and princes.

After the war she took another of her world tours. When reporters met her in New York, she said:

"I'm getting to be more of a lady every day. In Honolulu I learned to play the uke. In Siam I mastered the native dances. In Switzerland I learned how to yodel. Want to hear me?"

And she astonished the customs officers by breaking into Alpine melody.

One day old Leadville Johnny died. In keeping with his character, he *left no will*. There was an unseemly fight now. The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown was left floating with little financial ballast. Her eccentricities were cited; her charities construed as loose business affairs. She was awarded the income on 100,000 dollars annually.

"Just think," she said with a gay smile, "and I burned up three times that much in one bonfire."

Mrs. Margaret Tobin Brown died in October 1932. Apoplexy was the cause. She was buried at Hempstead, Long Island, in surroundings that she loved almost as well as she had loved her Colorado hills.

I Wish I'd Said That!

By J. A. G. RICE



BOUR two thousand years ago a man named Phocion waited wearily while his barber gave him a summary of the current Athenian political situation. At last the barber said, "And how would you like to have your hair trimmed?"

"In silence," Phocion replied. Phocion's is one of the first recorded examples of the verbal comeback, the crushing rejoinder that arouses in the bystander the envious reaction, "I wish I'd said that!"

Why, one often wonders, can't this art of repartee be learned? Thousands of us are masters of bedtime wit. When our verbal adversary is no longer on the scene, the perfect comeback flashes into our consciousness—brilliant, witty, superb. Why, then, can't we think on our feet and say it at the right time? It is purely a question of learning to

speed up our brain turnover. Any-one, I believe, can develop the art to a certain degree of perfection with study and practice.

Few of us, of course, can ever achieve the high levels of the real masters. Voltaire was one. He was speaking highly of a contemporary. Said a friend, "It is good of you to say such pleasant things of Monsieur X, when he always says such unpleasant things of you." Whereupon Voltaire suggested mildly, "Perhaps we are both mistaken."

Good repartee is founded on several fundamental virtues. It must certainly, be humorous. It must be unexpected, distinctly not the normal thing to say. It must be understandable: a comeback is useless if it is involved and poorly expressed.

One of the first principles is that of knowing what not to say. Check the following list of worn-out

phrases. If you are guilty of one or several, root them out of your conversation. Here they are, an over-worked and decrepit company of them:

So what? I couldn't care less. You don't say? Take it from me. Come off it!

You know the type. Each is a short way of saying, "I'm too stupid—or too lazy—to think of any answer." Not one is as effective as plain silence.

The simplest form of comeback is the much-vilified pun. Puns are peculiarly irritating to many people. But a complete knowledge of punning technique leads to facility in the more complicated types. Don't be ashamed of a pun—if it is good. Practically every great writer has tried his hand at them. But it takes a touch of genius to create a double pun in the manner of George S. Kaufman, the playwright, who, after hour upon hour of terrible cards in an all-night session, announced sadly that he was being trey-deuced.

The mental procedure of the punster is something like this. His brain pounces on someone's luckless remark and selects from it a succulent word that seems to have possibilities. He rolls that word round hungrily on his tongue. Can he put it against a strange background that has nothing to do with its sense, but only with its sound? If he can't, can he locate a near neighbour to that word and put that neighbour to work? If

he is able to do either, he will have created a pun, and probably an enemy.

For his family's peace of mind, the beginner will do a little practising by himself. He will invent situations. Imagine, say, that a waiter has brought him some stale bread. What might he remark? Well, how about "Waiter, this is not well bread," or, possibly, "I'm sure this flour didn't bloom in the spring."

One simple trick is to take one word, marry it to another, and emerge with a creation hitherto unsuspected by the world. Example: De Quincey's characterizing an old lady as "in her anecdoteage."

Another type of comeback is the deliberate misinterpretation of someone else's remark. It can be as poisonous as any potion ever conceived by a Medici. Consider, for instance, the member of the French Chamber of Deputies who had been a vet before he became a Radical politician.

One day, during a bitter debate, an aristocratic Conservative sneeringly enquired, "Is it actually true that you are a veterinary surgeon, my good man?"

"It is, sir," said the Radical. "Are you ill?"

Deliberate misuse of a catch phrase, rather than a remark, is another effective comeback. Joe Williams, the sports writer, recorded one of this type. He was watching the murderous tenth

round of the Max Baer-Primo Carnera battle. As Carnera staggered to his feet after the seventh or eighth knockdown of the fight, Williams turned to a man on his right, Heywood Broun, and said, "Gosh, but the big fellow certainly can take it!"

"Yes," said Broun doubtfully. "But he doesn't seem to know what to do with it."

Other examples are the remark, when attacking a grapefruit, "There's more in this than meets the eye," and Dorothy Parker's comment on a much-publicized actress: "She runs the gamut of emotions from A to B." There was also the reply of the critic who was asked his opinion of a certain play. "I wouldn't like to comment," he said. "I saw it under bad conditions. The curtain was up."

Subtle in form is the velvet-glove remark. It takes a simple, harmless sentence and places it in a highly exotic situation, thereby making the sentence change character completely. A wicked old lady, seeing the tango danced for the first time, once demonstrated this for all posterity: "I suppose it's all right," she muttered, "if they really love each other."

The famous Whistler remark—don't stop me if you have heard it—is an excellent example. Whistler had made some particularly clever statement, and Oscar Wilde, notorious for his plagiarizing of other people's dinner conversation, burst out: "I wish I'd said that!"

"You will, Oscar, you will," said Whistler comfortingly.

Another grouping of comebacks might be termed betterisms. The whole mental attitude of the betterist, who is generally a pretty unpopular being because of it, must be, "Well, now, that's very nice, but you might have said this . . ." For instance, there is the after-dinner story in which the toastmaster introduced a speaker by saying: "Here is an unusual specimen. You have only to put a dinner into his mouth and out comes a speech."

The gentleman in question rose and said: "Before I go on, I would like to call attention to your toastmaster, who is also unusual. You have only to put a speech into his mouth, and out comes your dinner."

A mad expansion of the betterism can be recognized in the "Marxist fancy"—Groucho's discussion of the advisability of building a house near the railway line. A worried look appears on Groucho's face. Suddenly he says, "I don't like Junior to cross the tracks on his way to reform school!"

Which is obvious enough humour, and would remain unsung by this commentator, were it not for the fact that Groucho had not quite finished. "In fact," he continued thoughtfully, "I don't like Junior!"

In trying to develop one's wit, it is not necessary at all times to be original. It has been said that originality is generally undetected plagiarism. Don't be afraid to borrow or

adapt other people's ideas—if those ideas aren't well known—but give credit. You'll get credit because of the aptness of your choice.

To attain maximum facility, one must first of all keep trying. But remember that even the wildest sort of repartee must be relevant.

Keep thinking of things you might say, but don't say them unless you are fairly sure they are worthy of you.

The imagination must be developed, like a muscle, by constant use. This does not mean that the hopeful wag must develop a new vocabulary.

Some of the funniest things ever said have been couched in one- and two-syllable words. Ring Lardner's description, for one, of the young sportsman in love: "He give her

a look you could of poured on a waffle."

Finally, the manner of delivery is important. Nothing can kill a clever remark more quickly than unroarious laughter by its conceiver, or a smug expression on his face. The "deadpan" delivery is by all odds most effective.

Repartee can be deadlier than the rapier or the sword. Like all weapons of attack, it must be handled with care, lest it damage the user—who will find himself, if his choices are unwise, in something of the position of the young man being discussed by two young ladies.

"Oh, he is so tender!" said the one who was engaged to him.

"Perhaps that's because he's been in hot water so much," suggested the other.



The Back of Beyond

A FRIEND of mine likes to travel off the beaten track. One day he stopped to chat with an old-timer, who invited him into his house. At dusk the host got up and lit a paraffin lamp. "Something wrong with your electric light plant?" asked my friend, who had noticed an electric ceiling light and a wind-driven generator running outside.

"No," replied the old-timer, "it works all right. We tried it out when it was put in, but we haven't had to use it because we've never run out of paraffin."

—Contributed by Dick Schneider

AFTER a long day of driving, I pulled into a one-pump filling station to get petrol and directions. As the attendant filled my tank, I asked how far it was to the next town. "About three miles on down the road," he replied.

"How large a place is it?" I asked, wondering if there would be a hotel. "Don't rightly know," he replied. "Last year 'bout this time they tried to get big-citified and make one-way streets—everybody left town and couldn't get back in."

—G. R. M.

LOST CITY OF THE INCAS

By HARLAND MANCHESTER

ERCHED dizzily astride a mountain saddle between two jagged peaks of the Peruvian Andes, yet sheltered by the towering walls of the surrounding precipices, is a magnificent abandoned citadel which for 50 years has been luring scholars and sightseers from all over the world. They come to marvel at one of the most fascinating archaeological puzzles of the western hemisphere and to gaze at a vista of incomparable majesty.

No one knows the city's real name—that is buried with the bones of its people—but it is called Macchu Picchu, or Old Peak, after one of its two guardian mountains, and is also known as the "Lost City of the Incas." For centuries before its discovery in 1911 by Hiram Bingham (then a young assistant professor of Latin-American history at Yale

Who built Macchu Picchu, and when, and why? Discovered 50 years ago, the fabled city still remains an enigma—its story shrouded by the mists of time

University) Macchu Picchu's ingeniously-built granite temples, its aqueducts, fountains, tombs, terraces and endless staircases were hidden by forests, vines and debris.

Who built Macchu Picchu, and when, and why? Some investigators believe the city was built about a hundred years before the Spanish Conquest, although Bingham felt it antedated this period by centuries and was the Incas' earliest city. Its superb craftsmanship suggests dwellers of royal rank. However, its cemetery caves yielded a curious

discovery. In its last years Macchu Picchu was apparently a city of women. Of 173 skeletons unearthed, some 150 were female. It is thought that a remnant of the shattered Inca Empire, known as the Chosen Women, fled to this ancient retreat to escape the Spanish *conquistadores*, and lived there in state until they died and the forest covered their secret. One reason Macchu Picchu remains a mystery is that the Incas had no written language. Much of our knowledge of them comes from chronicles written during the time of the Spanish conquest of Peru.

The Inca Empire, at its height in about 1450, included what is now Peru, most of Ecuador, Bolivia and the northern parts of Chile and the Argentine. It was an autocratically ruled state that, as Hiram Bingham said, "allowed no one to go hungry or cold," and the Inca (the emperor) bound together his diverse empire of snow-capped mountains, bleak desert and impenetrable jungle with innumerable thongs of roads. A system of trained runners was so well organized that it is said the ruler in his mountain citadel could enjoy fresh fish from the Pacific.

Only a few years ago, visitors to Macchu Picchu finished the trip by mule up a narrow mountain trail with a precipice yawning beside them. Today an airliner takes you in two hours from Lima at sea level to 11,155-foot Cuzco, the picturesque old Inca capital. By petrol-driven

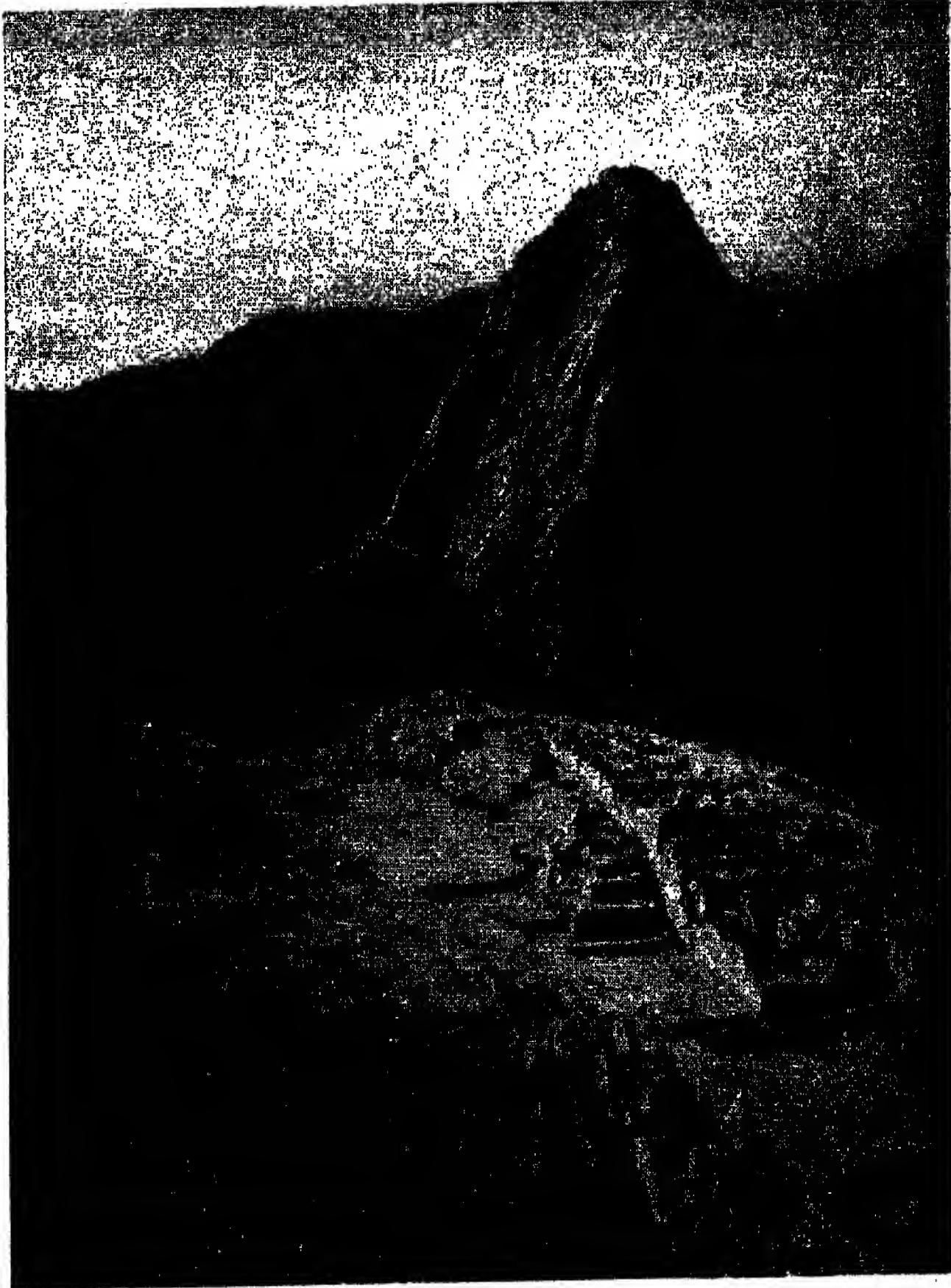
auto-car running on narrow-gauge tracks, you go from Cuzco down the Sacred Valley of the Urubamba River.

Then you plunge into the grim wild canyon that repelled Pizarro's musketeers. The tracks wind between dark, overhanging cliffs and the snarling, rock-strewn rapids of the Urubamba. Before you lies the final cliff, a 2,000-foot-high precipitous slope; here the Inca's fighting men once repelled strangers with sling-shots and knobbed maces. To-day the Hiram Bingham Highway, a narrow five-mile road with 14 hairpin bends, climbs the slope. You go up in a bus driven by an Indian who sings lustily to take your mind off the sheer drop to the river below.

The highway ends at an attractive, small inn at the base of the old city. When you are ready to exert yourself in the thin 8,800-foot air, an English-speaking Indian guide will lead you through the labyrinth of 200 roofless houses and temples.

The silent streets are peopled by ghosts of richly-garbed kings and their ladies, priests, warriors and workers now centuries dead. The Inca *élite*, dressed in full panoply, must have presented a striking spectacle. Many wore mantles of fine vicuña wool woven in intricate and colourful designs; others glinted like the jungle birds whose brilliant plumage they used in head-dresses or wove into long capes.

Last year more than 10,000 visitors made the trip to Macchu Picchu,



The mysterious Inca ruins of Macchu Picchu in the Peruvian Andes

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARNELL

which before Bingham's day was guarded by jungles, deadly reptiles, rapids and virtually unscalable slopes topped by great glaciers. "Those snow-capped peaks tempted me," Bingham tells in his book *Lost City of the Incas*. "In the words of Rudyard Kipling, I felt compelled to 'Go and look behind the ranges—something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!'"

In his first mule-borne safaris through the Andes and in early chronicles, Bingham had encountered tantalizing rumours about a beautiful "lost city" somewhere north-west of Cuzco, which the greedy *conquistadores* had never found. He followed many clues, only to find a few rubble shacks at the end of each trail.

In July 1911, Bingham, with two scientist friends, some Indian helpers and a police-sergeant who had been sent to protect them, set out by mule train along the Urubamba Canyon to track down one more vague lead. For three days, while the Indians chopped the way clear, they plodded and crawled over treacherous hillside trails where even the mules sometimes slipped and had to be hoisted back to save them from the abyss beneath.

One morning a planter appeared at their camp. He told them the familiar story of ruins on the mountain-top across the river. It was a cold, drizzly day, and Bingham's exhausted partners had no heart for

the climb. Bingham hardly expected to find anything, but he persuaded the reluctant planter and the sergeant to join him. First they crawled over the foaming rapids on a fragile Indian bridge tied together with vines. Then they scrambled up the slope on all fours, using shrubbery for handholds, while the planter shouted warnings about the venomous fer-de-lance snakes, which later killed two of their mules. At the end of a gruelling 2,000-foot climb they came suddenly upon a grass hut. Two Indians gave them a drink of cool water. Just round the corner, they said, were some old houses and walls.

Bingham rounded the hill and halted in amazement at a spectacle now compared with the Great Pyramid and the Grand Canyon rolled into one. First he saw a flight of nearly 100 beautifully constructed, stone-faced terraces hundreds of feet long—an enormous hillside farm stretching to the sky. Untold centuries ago, armies of stone-masons had built these walls, cutting the rocks and moving them by manpower, without wheels, steel or iron. More armies of workers had carried tons of topsoil, perhaps from the valley below, to make arable land, that is still fertile. Beyond the terraces lay more marvels, then partly concealed by undergrowth. The following year Bingham led a full-scale scientific expedition to the spot. Macchu Picchu was opened to the world.

The greatest glory of Macchu

Picchu of superb, tapering walls. On the citadel's crown, where the Incas are believed to have worshipped their "ancestor," the sun, temples made of the world's finest primitive stonework represent the toil of generations of master artisans. Men who know tools and building methods gather in admiration round these granite walls and speculate in many languages.

They note that no two blocks are alike; each was carved for its special place, with odd angles and protuberances meticulously fashioned to fit its neighbours, like a piece in a jigsaw puzzle. The builders of these walls used no mortar. Yet so fine was their workmanship that not even a knife-blade can be inserted into the mortarless joints. The builders' tools were bronze chisels, heavy bronze crowbars, and perhaps sand used as an abrasive. Many of the blocks weigh several tons, and must have been pulled into place over skids and rollers by crews of men tugging at ropes made

from vines. About a mile away, on, the hill above the city, is the old stone quarry, where giant half-hewn blocks still suggest work in progress.

The main streets of this city in the clouds are stairways; there are over 100 of them, large and small. The central avenue of steps leads from the lowest level past dozens of houses to the city's crest. Side stairways branch off at various levels. Some stairways of six, eight or ten steps, leading to mansions, are carved, balustrade and all, from a single great block of granite.

The Macchu Picchu water-supply system is an ingenious procession of

View of part of the ancient city with contoured farming terraces on the slope beyond



fountains, roughly bisecting the city from top to bottom, which once brought water within easy distance of the 1,000 or so inhabitants. Led by stone aqueducts from springs about a mile up the mountain, the water was piped to the fountains through an intricate network of holes bored through the thick granite walls. A stream poured in at the top of each fountain so that women could fill their earthenware jars, then fell to a basin carved in the rock beneath and passed through a duct to the next fountain in the long cascade.

Seen from the mountain above, Macchu Picchu juts skywards as an impregnable fortress, which a handful of men could defend. Far below, the silver ribbon of the Urubamba twists in a horseshoe curve round the base of the city.

The city's natural bulwarks were fortified by an outer wall, an inner wall and a dry moat, plus an intricate locking device carved in the massive city gate. Such elaborate protection suggests that the city must have been an important inner bastion of the empire, and perhaps an ancestral and religious shrine. On what he called the Sacred Plaza, Bingham found the remains of a stately white granite temple, with a sacrificial altar and many niches that could have held revered objects. Most exciting of all his finds are the finely carved walls of a mansion with "three windows facing the rising sun," like the legendary royal house from which the first Inca is

said to have gone forth to found the dynasty.

The whole city builds skywards towards a sacred objective: the traditional Inca sundial, which measured the seasons for the sun-worshipping Andes people. In an all-important rite on the occasion of the winter solstice, the priests "tied" the sun to a tall stone plinth that juts up from a platform— all carved from one huge boulder.

In the prime of Inca rule, provinces all over the empire maintained schools where the most comely and talented damsels were trained for service in the households of the ruler or his nobles, and to assist in religious rites.

Many of these schools were ravaged by the Spaniards, and Bingham suggested that a surviving group had been secretly brought to Macchu Picchu, there to preserve the time-honoured worship of the sun, the moon, the thunder and the stars until the bearded white killers were driven from the land. One by one the women died as the years rolled by. The jungle crept over their temples, and no one remained to tell of their vigil.

Macchu Picchu, with its ancient glories, may always remain an enigma. Yet no one can stand on the city's crest and survey the vast, tumbling grandeur of the upper Andes without feeling the pull.

What other secret strongholds, what jungle-smothered temples lie on the other side?

Too many of us waste the most precious of our resources—human energy. Here are practical ways to get more out of life with less strain

How to Live Without Fatigue

BY MARGUERITE CLARK

FHE PATIENT'S voice falters. "Doctor, I'm so tired. What's wrong? What shall I do?"

Every hour, every day, in almost every doctor's consulting-room, at least half the visitors voice this complaint. Of all ages, of either sex, rich or poor, they make up the vast throng of fatigued people who get little comfort from the pills, potions, injections and examinations they solicit from baffled doctors.

"Fatigue is so common that failure to mention it at the surgery visit makes me suspect that the patient is holding back," says one specialist.

A leading neuropsychiatrist reports that "fatigue has become the socially acceptable excuse for not doing things."

It is difficult to measure fatigue or to arrive at its true cause, because no two human beings have the same energy resources, and because the capacities of individuals vary from day to day.

What different people can do without becoming exhausted is a tremendous variable, and the energy output of a person under one set of circumstances compared with the way he handles exactly the same task under different conditions is a second important variable. On one day an energetic wife and mother may tear through her work with almost superhuman speed. On another, when she is beset by problems —her husband's lost job, her child's illness, a stack of unpaid bills—she

may worry herself into exhaustion before midday, with almost none of her housework completed.

Solving the riddle of the tired patients is no easy task. Theirs is not the pleasant fatigue that follows golf or a rewarding day at the office, from which they emerge after relaxation or sleep feeling like new. Often their tiredness is out of proportion to energy spent, and it will not disappear with rest, sleep or a holiday.

People are frequently far more tired than they realize. For a surprisingly long time a tired man or woman may do as good a job as one who is rested, simply by calling on will power to keep the energy-controlling thermostat at a high level. But finally, after over-exertion of the body or brain, or both, body movements lose dexterity, become automatic. Mental processes are stereotyped; imagination lags; conscious attention wavers; judgement suffers; the whole personality changes. The tired person loses his poise, his social graces and, to a marked degree, his disposition. He may become a victim of *chronic fatigue*, one of the most serious threats to health and happiness.

What is Fatigue?

To SIMPLIFY diagnostic procedures, "that tired feeling" has been divided into three categories:

1. *Pathological fatigue*: An early

* Anyone who is chronically tired should check with his doctor for serious causes of fatigue.

symptom of some serious organic disease. 2. *Physiological fatigue*: From chemical reactions in the blood that leave the muscles of healthy people exhausted. 3. *Psychological fatigue*: From prolonged emotional conflicts, anxiety and boredom.

The tired patient who is sure that "there is something terribly wrong with me" may be right.* But far more often it is *psychological fatigue* from which patients suffer. In his study of 300 victims of chronic exhaustion, one doctor found that only 20 per cent were tired for purely physical reasons, whereas 80 per cent had emotional difficulties.

Some people seem to be immune to fatigue, even when weighed down by physical exertion or mental frustration.

We all know the high-energy man who never complains of being tired. Optimistic, decisive, exuberant, he manages to keep six or seven projects going at the same time—and with energy to spare.

Why do some of us have almost limitless mental and physical drive, while others tire after the least exertion?

An internationally famous endocrinologist says that each of us inherits his own fatigue pattern. He suggests that everyone should appraise his energy store.

Sit down and ask yourself:

1. What are the main stress factors in my life?

2. At what times of the day or

night have I got the most and least energy?

3. When fatigue strikes me, how long does it last?

4. How long can I keep adapting to trying circumstances without growing weary?

Once you have established your fatigue pattern, try to space out jobs, and reserve energy-demanding tasks for the time when you have the greatest strength. Also, it is important to change your pace. If you are too tired to think well, stop and walk about a bit; if you are muscle-tired, sit down and think, or listen to music.

Since high-energy folk are most likely to overcrowd their lives with enticing new projects and responsibilities, there is a word of warning for them, too. "A man may be intoxicated by his own stress-fighting hormones. This kind of drunkenness has caused more harm than alcohol. Even though you love every moment of your work, you may be wearing out your adrenal glands. So watch out for your critical stress quota, just as you would your cocktail quota. Once in a while, re-examine your fatigue pattern to see if you are exceeding the limit."

Even the most energetic stress-fighter should watch his work schedule. Beyond 48 hours a week on a six-day plan, efficiency usually falters. "We would have had our Model-A car in production six months sooner if I had forbidden my engineers to work on Sunday,"

Henry Ford once remarked. "It took us all week to straighten out the mistakes they made on the day when they should have rested."

Mechanics of Fatigue

RESEARCHERS have spent many years looking for a clue to the mechanics of fatigue. Intensive studies were conducted at the Harvard University Fatigue Laboratory, backed by the Rockefeller Foundation. Here it was learnt that physical fatigue is caused by a complex chain of chemical reactions.

Investigators found that if the human body is to carry a reasonably heavy work load without exhaustion, complete co-ordination of muscle movements with breathing and circulation is necessary. The muscles rely on glycogen, the energy-producing material, which is broken down into sugars, for their power to contract. But, after prolonged muscular effort, the so-called "fatigue materials"—lactic acid, carbon dioxide and other by-products—seep into the blood stream. (So acute is the chemical change that injections of blood of a fatigued animal into a rested animal will produce fatigue.)

Your Metabolism

METABOLISM—regulated by the endocrine glands as their chief function—is the chemical process responsible for the construction of new cells, the destruction of old ones and the rate of release of energy. Of the

endocrine glands, the two adrenals, sitting like tiny hats on top of each kidney, are the most reliable aids in rallying the body for the fight against fatigue. The immediate response to heightened emotion—fear, anxiety and anger—is stepped-up adrenal-gland activity. Adrenalin helps the liver to liberate sugar; it also increases the rate and force of heartbeat, and thereby the flow of blood into the tired muscles. When spurts of this powerful hormone are released, breathing deepens and the whole body is ready for immediate physical and mental action—"fight or flight."

Extreme fatigue has exactly the opposite effect on the glandular system. When a man is excessively tired, his output of adrenalin hormones is greatly decreased, almost to the point of stagnation. Thus fatigue becomes a withdrawal from physical action, and truly a "psychological retreat."

In stress studies of aircraft pilots it was found that the higher the pilot's skill, the less his fatigue, and the smaller his increase in adrenal output. Researchers said, "The more secure performer needed to call less on his adrenal glands to meet the demands of the situation." This may explain why certain exceptionally gifted people seem tireless.

Endocrine studies also explain the system of "the second wind," that unexpected surge of muscular energy under stress. This increase is

caused by the action of the nervous system on the adrenal glands. Suddenly there is a release of adrenalin into the tired person's blood.

"What rest will do after an hour or more, adrenalin will do in five minutes or less," commented a gland specialist. "But the increased efficiency of the second wind is temporary. The production of adrenalin to take care of a fatigue emergency cannot be substituted indefinitely for normal rest and sleep."

The Weight Problem

PEOPLE of normal weight can work well for long hours. But fatigue experiments with obese patients have shown that obesity is frequently a hazard to intensive physical work. Overweight patients manage to do one to three hours of "work" on treadmills, or in other walking. But they are "exhausted" for the rest of the day. They lie down, nap or rest heavily in their chairs.

"These obese people just can't take it as well as lean individuals," reported the doctor in charge of the experiments. "Lacking the will power to lose weight, they often have no will power to exert themselves. Their work capacity is definitely reduced."

The Will-to-Do

FATIGUE research indicates that even chronically tired people can do much more than they think they can—if they want to. In studies to

show the effect of loss of sleep on soldiers it was found that if the sleepless men knew exactly when the "sleepless run" was going to end, they did not become tired until shortly before the end of the run. In a 96-hour test, for instance, they said they were full of energy at 70 and 80 hours, but admitted they were "beat" at 94 hours. In shorter tests, say 72 hours, they were exhausted by 70 hours. Motivation did the trick. The men "wanted" to finish the run, and they did.

Imaginary fatigue, to avoid work or some other painful activity, is a common ailment, and many a genius has resorted to it. "When faced with work, Samuel Johnson was sometimes so tired, languid and inefficient that he could not distinguish the hour upon the clock," wrote Boswell.

When he began to compose a new concerto, Robert Schumann, according to his doctor, "was seized with fits of trembling, fatigue, and coldness of the feet."

The thought of work, a journey or a public appearance tired Charles Darwin to the point of serious illness. His son, Sir Francis Darwin, commented, "At the wedding of his daughter, my father could hardly bear the fatigue of being present during the short service."

These celebrated folk were victims of "motivational fatigue." Gifted though they were, they lacked the incentive to adapt themselves to their callings with courage

and patience. Doubtless most of them had adequate stores of physical and mental energy. But their zest had waned, their interest in their work had vanished, and it seemed simpler to retreat into exhaustion than to try to revive their will-to-do. This is a form of tiredness that afflicts thousands of less talented men and women who have withdrawn from their inner conflicts, from active living and from their will-to-do.

How do people develop this often dangerous exhaustion?

A study of chronically tired business executives in their early 40's and 50's was made at one hospital. These men had been full of driving ambition, eager to accept responsibilities, determined to reach the top. But somewhere along the way they had lost their drive, their "incentive to work." All were thoroughly discouraged and fearfully tired. "It seemed that their mainsprings were broken," observed one physician.

Most of them, the doctors found, were more driven by fear of failure than by pride of past accomplishments. What they lacked was a healthy motivation--the stimulus that would help them to fight exhaustion and do their best work in spite of it.

Another study was carried out on 100 "fatigued" people who complained of being constantly tired, depressed and "all-in," without having done any work. None was physically ill. All proved to have

severe anxieties about some aspect of their personal lives. Emotional conflict "motivated them to inaction," and their exhaustion became "the body's defence against a difficult situation."

The "Easy Life"

IN OUR modern culture, social and occupational attitudes may have something to do with lack of incentive to work. A doctor who has studied "the tired patient" for two decades believes that these people "represent the transitional period in which we find ourselves, where the exhausted, confused worker sits idly by with the false notion that the world is his without working for it."

Of the 40 to 50 patients in his surgery each day, probably 50 per cent complain of fatigue. Since careful examinations rule out physical illness in nearly all these cases, the answer must be overwork, worry, or both. The doctor asks each patient, "Is your work too hard for you?" The startling reply is, "No, it's very easy. I don't work three out of eight hours."

"Any economic worries?" asks the doctor. Far from it. "The patients have cars, wireless sets and labour-saving devices in their homes, mostly paid for on the instalment plan. They do not worry if they are broke before pay-day. 'Oh, we'll have enough to pay our bills tomorrow,' they say. When I ask them what might happen in the

event of a recession, the standard reply is, 'Everybody would be in the same boat.'

"Actually, these people are not tired at all. They are just bored. Rest is not the proper treatment; brisk exercise may be of much more value. Above all, they need a revival of true interest in life through purposeful activity—and that means a full day's work for a full day's pay. These non-workers should be advised, '*Don't take it easy; just take your real responsibilities.*' "

Choose Your Goals— And Set Your Pace

SINCE, as the philosopher Emerson has said, "the world belongs to the energetic," it is up to us to recover as much as we can of this magical substance that quickens every moment we live.

How are we to go about it?

It may be helpful to write down on paper the things you want most from life. What is your *goal* for personal happiness or for professional or business success? Estimate the amount of energy necessary for achieving these aims. Some of them will need only a small output; others will demand all the energy you have—and perhaps a little more than you think you have.

If you pick your goals with care, if you try only for those that common sense tells you are within your ability to achieve, if you mobilize your energy, stick to your purpose and refuse to accept frustration,

will power will see you through.

"Fatigue, actually, is not as bad as some people think," is the consoling conclusion of one neuropsychiatrist. "It does not change our capacities; it just diminishes them temporarily. If the symptoms of exhaustion are

recognized and something is done about them, fatigue can be a fine education. It teaches us how much we can get out of our body machinery, what the signs of overstrain are and what to do about them. It is up to us to be everlastingly alert."

Irish Smiles

LECTURING in Dublin one day, George Bernard Shaw irritated his audience by telling them they were throwing their money away when they supported organizations trying to revive the Gaelic language. "If you would devote the money to dentistry it would do you more credit," he thundered. The audience booed. "If you do that again," Shaw threatened, "I'll continue this lecture in the Gaelic you all profess to want, and then not one of you will have the faintest notion of what I'm saying."

For the remainder of his talk, you could have heard a shamrock drop.

—B. C.

WHEN Brendan Behan's book, *Borstal Boy*, was banned in Ireland because of its four letter words, Behan composed this parody of "Mac-Namara's Band." "Me name is Brendan Behan. I'm the best banned in the land."

- *Liberty*, Canada

NOTIFIED that W. B. Yeats had won a 1923 Nobel Prize, Bertie Smiley, owner of the *Irish Times*, decided to break the news to Yeats himself. "I have the honour to inform you, sir," Smiley began, "that word has just come from Stockholm about the Nobel Prize. To the glory of Ireland has been added poetic lustre and—"

"Pull yourself together, Smiley," interrupted Yeats. "How much is it?"

—Leonard Lyons

DURING his younger days, Irish statesman Eamon de Valera was often arrested for expressing his political beliefs, but he would not be silenced. The moment he was freed he would bounce back with greater determination than ever. At one time he was arrested in the middle of a speech. He served a year's sentence. When he was released, he returned to the same auditorium. Facing the crowd, he began, "As I was saying when I was interrupted . . ."

—E. E. Edgar

Space Cameras On Patrol



Space photograph showing the west coast of Morocco

Early models of "eye in the sky" satellites—the West's skyborne burglar alarms—are already at work

BY ROBERT STROTHIER

SOON AFTER the U-2 flights over Russia were cancelled in May 1960, Thomas Gates, the then U.S. Secretary of Defence, made a surprising statement to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

From thousands of photographs taken at great height during the four-year series of surveillance flights over the Soviet Union, he

The material in this article comes from published sources and reveals nothing not already known by the Russians.

said, "we got information on air-fields, aircraft, missile testing and training, nuclear-weapons storage, submarine and atomic production." That data, "pieced together with information from other sources, gave a definite look-see at their military posture."

This was news of top importance. The amazing power of the high-altitude cameras had gone much farther than had been supposed in piercing the Iron Curtain and

ferreting out the kind of information President Eisenhower called "indispensable to Free-World security." The aerial photographs not only provided a measure of strategic warning against surprise attack; they were in themselves a strong deterrent to war, since Khrushchev could assume that the cameras had pin-pointed, with map co-ordinates and range data for bombers and missiles, such Russian installations as Kapustin Yar, the huge missile-testing centre south-east of Stalingrad where Sputnik I was launched, and Tiura Tam, 80 miles east of the Aral Sea, the Russian version of America's Cape Canaveral.

Cancellation of the U-2 flights, therefore, raised a portentous question. The United States was renouncing the use of its most successful intelligence-gathering instrument—the aerial camera—just when Russian missile and space technology was advancing with giant strides. What could take its place? Specifically, could an automatic camera be built to do from a satellite, in orbit several hundred miles above the earth, the job the manned U-2's had done less than 20 miles up?

In Project Samos (for Satellite and Missile Observation System), the U.S. Department of Defence is betting millions of dollars and a sizeable portion of the nation's technological skills that the answer is "yes."

For more than a year now the nearly two-ton Samos II, loaded

with intricate automatic photographic gear, has been whirling in a polar orbit crossing the Soviet Union seven times a day at an altitude slightly above 300 miles. Work is being rushed ahead on a more advanced operational model.

The chief contractor for Samos is Lockheed Aircraft, designer of the U-2. Almost daily, U.S. Air Force officers in civilian clothes wait impatiently in the laboratories of Lockheed and those of other firms for key components to be completed. Parts are rushed to testing centres known only to the officers and scientists at work on the new model.

Samos involves vast problems in space marksmanship and control, but the heart of the system is a prodigious camera. The notion of a robot camera in space seemed a wild pipe dream when U.S. Air Force "anticipators" began studies of it 15 years ago. The best reconnaissance cameras of the Second World War used lenses of 48-inch focal length (that is, 48 inches from lens to film). Flying at 60,000 feet, or 11 miles, they could photograph an area two miles square, and the pictures would show objects as small as two feet across.

Greater focal length would allow still smaller detail to be photographed, but the task of designing a longer lens bristled with difficulties. For example, the refractive quality of light changes at very high altitudes. So do pressures and temperatures. To keep a sharp focus, each of

the elements in the compound lens system would have to be adjusted to the changes. Sharp aim, too, was a problem. An aircraft is an uneasy platform, and the greater the magnification of the lens, the greater the need to hold the camera rock-firm. Aerial cameras were usually mounted on tables kept level by gyroscopes, but a camera longer than 48 inches proved unmanageable.

Brigadier-General George Goddard, then head of the Wright Engineering Laboratories in Dayton, Ohio, had already made a series of swift advances in long-range photography, with the help of optical experts. They had developed an aerial lens which utilized the "folded optics" principle of binoculars. Instead of bringing light in through a long, straight barrel, this instrument bounced it in a figure-4 pattern round mirrored corners. This increased the focal length of the lens without increasing the length of the camera itself. Following this lead, the Goddard group now developed a powerful, compact 100-inch aerial camera.

General Goddard let me see a 9-by-18-inch picture taken by the 100-inch camera in 1949. It showed a putting-green at a Fort Worth golf course, with a caddie holding the flag. And visible on the putting-green were two golf balls!

"Pretty good for eight miles up," the general said. "And that was a dozen years ago. We can't talk about recent advances, but you can

be sure we haven't been standing still."

The most powerful camera announced so far is the Perkin-Elmer Roti satellite missile-tracker with a focal length of 500 inches—nearly 42 feet—and an objective lens two feet across. From the ground it has taken good pictures of satellites in orbit hundreds of miles above. Official silence cloaks the specifications of the Samos II camera. But the trade-press predictions were that it would have a focal length of more than 40 feet, and be able to distinguish 12-inch objects against a contrasting background from 300 miles out in space.

One requirement for space photography is motion compensation. Samos II is travelling at 17,000 m.p.h., at least. How can blur be avoided in pictures taken at such high speed? The engineers found the answer at the race track, in the principle of the photo-finish camera. A motor controlled by an electric eye pulls a strip of film across a slit in the camera at just the speed needed to offset the motion.

In files at the Pentagon are two celebrated pictures made by an aerial version of the race-track camera. One was taken from a plane flying at 3,000 feet above a runway where four airmen were posed in a card game. One of them holds up a card—a clear, unblurred ace of spades. Another picture was snapped by a second plane flying above the first in the opposite direction. Despite

the combined speed of 1,000 m.p.h., the picture shows individual rivets in the wing of the lower plane.

But the operational Samos camera must do even more. In a north-south polar orbit, it makes 15 trips round the planet daily. Since the earth below is rotating from west to east (1,500 feet per second at the Equator), motion compensation in two directions—sideways as well as forwards—is required. Presumably, Samos cameras must use fast film, and will both nod and yaw as the shutter opens.

Unparalleled accuracy in identifying locations photographed is indicated for the Samos camera. Since the stars are always visible at satellite altitudes, Samos will get a "fix" for each ground shot by photographing the stars directly above it simultaneously through a small auxiliary camera.

Aerial intelligence will not be confined to photography by visible light. Infra-red-ray photography, which makes targets visible in the blackest night, is far advanced; so is radar photography, for taking sharp pictures of the ground through thick clouds. And the U.S. Army Signal Corps has demonstrated reconnaissance television with a battlefield surveillance camera in an unmanned drone plane. Such cameras may be adaptable to later satellites.

An advanced test version of another intelligence satellite, a sister of Samos, is also now at work: it is Midas IV (for Missile Defence

Alarm System). U.S. Air Force officials were jubilant on October 21, 1961, when Midas went into a high polar orbit that enabled it to scan a wide area of the Soviet Union and Red China on many of its 2-hour 50-minute trips round the globe. From a height of 2,100 miles, Midas's sensitive infra-red-ray detection equipment can distinguish the furious heat of a missile-launching and flash back an instant, automatic alarm.

Getting space photographs back to earth is being achieved on a large scale every day by Tiros III (Television and Infra-Red Observation Satellite). Tiros is a hurricane-hunting cousin of Midas and Samos. With two wide-angle cameras and television equipment in its nose, Tiros III photographs cloud formations from 450 miles up as it circles the earth on a path 48 degrees north and south of the Equator. Some of the pictures are scanned and transmitted by radio immediately. Others are stored on magnetic tape and radioed down to control stations on command. Tiros pictures are freely given to any nation that wants them, and most of them do. Meteorologists from 100 countries attended a meeting in Washington last November to work out plans for a globe-girdling weather network based on Tiros data.

The Tiros pictures are too small to detect evidence of military activities, and some quality is lost in radio transmission in any case. For those

reasons a method is being sought to send down the exposed film itself. That is the purpose of the Discoverer tests, which have had planes chasing over the Pacific, catching capsules ejected from satellites.

There are more developments and more tests to come. But within two years, if all goes to schedule, both Samos and Midas will be at work regularly patrolling the planet—Midas watching for enemy missile firings, Samos alert for significant build-ups of troops or materials of war. Each is designed to operate as a system of four or more satellites, all in polar orbits and spaced so that the entire earth can be under surveillance all the time. The present 15-minute warning of a hostile missile-firing will be at least doubled.

The drive to develop space sentries has cost vast sums of money—over the past three and a half years the Samos development alone is reported to have cost 300 million dollars. But it has been spurred on by the conviction that the perilous tension that envelops the globe can be relieved only by plain evidence, made available to all nations, that no major sneak attack is brewing

anywhere. Russia vetoed the U.S. proposal for an "Open Skies" inspection plan in 1955. But the United States does not need Soviet consent to put satellites on peace patrol, any more than the Soviets needed U.S. permission to send their Sputniks and Vostoks over American territory. (At 10:55 a.m. on August 5, 1961, when Vostok II passed in orbit directly over Washington, D.C., it carried not only a man, Gherman Titov, but also a camera!)

The Russians have referred acidly to the space sentries as "Peeping Toms." But, as Lieutenant-General Roscoe Williams, U.S. Air Force chief of development, says, "Samos and Midas are passive systems—they present no offensive threat. Like a burglar alarm, they threaten only would-be transgressors."

If wisdom even remotely comparable to the ingenuity that is going into the design of the space-sentry systems can be applied to their use, co-operative global arms inspection and an open planet are within reach. The intelligence satellites could be the instrument of a "push-button peace."

The Final Analysis

DISGRUNTLED man to friend: "I just can't stand my psychiatrist any more. He's getting too big for his couch."

—E. W.

TWO MEN were arguing on a street corner. Suddenly one man shouted, "My psychiatrist can beat your psychiatrist!"

"You think so?" said the other. "Well, my psychiatrist can *cure* your psychiatrist!"

—D. M.

Conqueror, Jersey is a charming composite of cliffs, sandy beaches, winding country roads, Jersey cattle, ancient customs, virtual tax freedom, Norman farmhouses dating from before the Crusades, 24,769 hotel beds and—in the spring—1,300 honeymoon couples all at once.

Jersey entered its life as Love's Boomtown in 1946 when hundreds of couples who had postponed marriage until after the war became aware of an opportunity offered by the tax laws. Under this provision, a taxpayer who marries before April 6 can claim a married man's personal allowance back-dated to the previous April. This means a tax saving of about £40 (Rs. 500) for newlyweds, a substantial contribution towards the cost of a honeymoon.

The 45-square-mile island of Jersey had all the qualifications to lure honeymooners. It is only about an hour by air from many parts of Britain. Since it is a summer resort, its big hotels were empty in the spring and rates were low. Although its atmosphere is Continental (French is the official language and is still spoken in country districts), its currency, loyalty and beer are stoutly British. In April, when showers drench London, Jersey, in the path of the Gulf Stream, basks in the sun, and daffodils chase along its paths.

Since there is no purchase tax, French scent, Swiss watches and American cigarettes are sold in the shops that line the crooked streets of

St. Helier, the capital, at half what they would cost in Britain. These factors, plus the inspired zeal of George Frederick Seymour, the island's principal hotel-keeper, have turned Jersey from a simple exporter of cattle and potatoes into an oasis of love.

Seymour, a 61-year-old ruddy, stocky John Bull of a man, has six hotels, five of which are managed by relatives.

In 1946 he noticed that he had 11 honeymoon couples staying at his principal hotel, the Merton, in early April. He discovered that they had all married that month to take advantage of the tax allowance. With this cue, Seymour began a campaign to turn the trickle of lovers into a flood. Other hoteliers followed suit, and today Jersey in the mating season is a festival, a Mardi gras—and a gold-mine.

From the first week-end before the 6th of April until two weeks later, newlyweds from Manchester and London, Hoxton and Wroxton, Leeds and Liverpool overwhelm the isle. The six airlines that serve Jersey switch planes from other services and cram them with honeymooners.

The pattern of the invasion has become almost a ritual. Chartered buses carry the whole wedding party to the airport to see the happy couple off. There, airport personnel begin separating the brides and grooms from their families. This is no easy task, because the grooms and their

fathers-in-law have inevitably made for the bars and have to be herded into the staging area.

Once a bride abruptly balked on the way to the plane and began calling for her mother. "Mummy, Mummy, I don't want to go!" she shrieked. Her mother shoved her along the gangway, shouting tearfully, "Don't worry, luv, you're all 'is now!"

Occasionally, because of the general confusion, there are mishaps. Just as one Honeymoon Special was due to take off from Cardiff, a couple raced to the plane, boarding as the engines began to turn. When the plane was over the Channel, the boy called the stewardess.

"I've got to see the captain," he told her. "This is a matter of life and death!"

The stewardess got the captain. "Are you in charge of this plane, like a ship's captain?" the boy asked. Mystified, the captain nodded.

"Then marry us, please!" the boy said. "We were waiting at the church, but the parson was held up by the football traffic, so we had to make a dash for it."

"Why couldn't you have waited?" the captain asked.

"What!" cried the girl. "And miss our honeymoon?"

In Jersey everything was sorted out. The captain arranged for a ceremony, and the bride got her honeymoon—legally.

All types of aircraft are pressed into service for the honeymooners,

from giant Viscounts to tiny • Herons. The latter have single seats on either side, and the couples hold hands across the aisle. The stewardess, on her appointed rounds, has to step over clasped hands like a high hurdler in slow motion. Traditionally, the husbands twist their wives' wedding rings throughout the flight, and no one says a word.

Traditionally, too, meals served at the hotels the first night are light—and sparingly eaten. Dining-room tables are set for four, and brides and grooms strike up immediate friendships. Couples go bicycle riding together, swimming together, dancing together. All concepts about a honeymoon being a time to be alone vanish. When I asked honeymooners why they had gone to Jersey instead of seeking solitude, the answer was always the same: "If you go in a crowd, no one points you out as honeymooners. You get a feeling of comfort in knowing that you're all in the same boat."

George Seymour, father of the Jersey Honeymoon, first arrived there from London on his own honeymoon in 1919. Both Seymour and his bride, Ada Romaine, were 19. Jersey then was much as it had been in the days when Charles II, fleeing from Cromwell, had been proclaimed king in ancient Elizabeth Castle, which still stands guard in St. Helier harbour. The tourist trade consisted largely of French visitors and railway employees who got free transport on the boats the

railway operated from Weymouth. After two weeks at a boarding-house, Seymour and his wife got on the boat to go back to the mainland. Standing at the rail, Seymour said, "I wish we could live here forever!"

"Why can't we?" she enquired. "We could run a boarding-house."

The next spring they returned, took a lease on a house, fixed it up—and waited for customers. Week followed week, and seldom was more than one room in the house taken. "It's no go," Seymour told his wife. "We're down to our last five pounds, and we owe close to a hundred. I know when I'm beaten."

His wife took his hand. "George," she said, "we're not 21 yet. No one is beaten when he's not yet 21."

Next day Seymour went down to see if the semi-weekly boat had brought any trade. He met a group of ten people carrying suitcases.

"Are you looking for rooms?" he asked.

"Yes, we are, mate," a man replied. "We've got a two weeks' holiday, and we want a place where they know how to treat us."

"I've got the place," said Seymour, gripping the man's arm. Leading the visitors to his house, Seymour showed them to their rooms and raced downstairs to his wife.

"Darling, perhaps we can't give them much else, but we can give them service."

For two weeks George shined shoes, carried tea trays, brushed

suits, lit cigarettes and slept standing up, while Ada cooked, made beds, dusted and scarcely slept at all. At the holiday's end the spokesman for the group came to say good-bye. "My missus and I are coming back next year," he told George. "And so is everyone else. And by the time we get done telling people at home about you, you won't have an empty room in the house."

By the next year Seymour was on his way. He leased, then bought the hotel that he named the Merton. Later he bought land and other hotels. By August 1939 George Seymour was a wealthy man. Then came the war; in 1940 Jersey was invaded by the Germans.

For the next five years, Jersey was occupied by Hitler's troops as a rest camp and hospital. They built vast gun emplacements and underground defences against an Allied attack, but the attack never came.

By-passing Jersey, the Allies let the German garrison die on the vine. Finally, in May 1945, Sir Winston Churchill announced over the radio, "The Channel Islands are once more free!" The German garrison marched out of its fortifications and surrendered.

Seymour swept the hay off the car he had hidden in a barn during the occupation and visited the hotels to see what was left. The walls of the dining-room of one hotel were pocked with bullet holes where the Germans had fired at them for target practice. The furniture had

largely been removed to furnish the blockhouses; the linen had vanished.

Seymour told Ada, "We're back where we were in 1919."

It took the Seymours, their children, in-laws and as many of their old help as were still around, six months to get the hotels in shape again. But by 1946 old customers had begun to come back—and then there was the amazing advent of the honeymooners.

Every year since, the Merton has been expanded until now only a small pie-shaped piece of land remains where an addition can be built.

Jersey, because of its feudal heritage, has peculiarities seldom found elsewhere. Under the ancient *droit du seigneur*, for example, the owner of a manor is granted the privilege of spending the first night with

every maid married in his seigniory. Sitting in Seymour's office, looking at his old charter, I asked him if he took the rights of proprietorship seriously.

Seymour took a long puff on his cigar. "We are now a limited company," he said, "and seigniorial rights do not accrue to a company. Anyway, when that law was written, no one ever heard of a hotel with 400 rooms and 400 brides."

When the honeymoons end, the couples troop to the airport for the flight home to Hoxton and Wroxton, Liverpool and Leeds. But an astounding number come back to Jersey year after year. They bring their children and help to swell the summer population to more than half a million. Every hotel is filled to bursting, and Mr. Seymour beams in anticipation of the next generation of honeymooners.

Test Case

A STORY going the rounds has a moral for executives who rely on complicated, expensive tests in hiring employees:

A firm needed a researcher. Applicants were a scientist, an engineer, an economist. Each was given a stone, a piece of string, a stop watch—and told to determine a certain building's height. The scientist went to the rooftop, tied the stone to the string, lowered it to the ground. Then he swung it, timing each swing with the watch. With this pendulum he estimated the height at 200 feet, give or take 12 inches.... The engineer threw away the string, dropped the stone from the roof, timing its fall with the watch. Applying the laws of gravity, he estimated the height at 200 feet, give or take six inches.... The economist, ignoring string and stone, entered the building but soon returned to report the height at exactly 200 feet. How did he know? He gave the caretaker the watch in exchange for the building plans. He got the job.

—Editorial in *The Financial Post*, Canada



Courage, and Farewell!

This episode is from Romain Gary's recently published book. In it the distinguished French novelist and diplomat pays a moving and remarkable tribute to a remarkable woman--his mother

BY ROMAIN GARY

THE DAY war was declared my mother drove for five hours in a taxi to say good-bye and to wish me, in her own words, "A hundred victories in the sky"—I was at that time gunnery instructor at the Air Force Academy in Salon-de-Provence in the South of France.

I saw her step down from the ancient, flat-nosed Renault, leaning on her cane, a cigarette in the corner of her mouth, under the interested eyes of the assembled soldiery.

I walked over to her slowly, thoroughly embarrassed by this intrusion of a mother into the virile

world in which I enjoyed a hard-won reputation as a tough and even slightly dangerous, devil-may-care character. In a voice loud enough for all to hear, she announced: "You will be a second Guynemer! Your mother has always been right!"

I could hear the roar of laughter behind my back. She grabbed her cane and, with a threatening gesture towards the mocking audience, delivered another inspired prophecy: "You will be a great hero, a general, Ambassador of France! This rabble doesn't know who you are!" When I tried, in a furious whisper, to tell her that she was ruining me in the eyes of our air force, her lips began to tremble and a hurt look came into her eyes. "You are ashamed of your old mother!"

That did it: all the trappings of laboriously assumed toughness collapsed. I put an arm round her shoulders and held her tight. We were back once more, the two of us, in a magical world, born out of a mother's murmur into a child's ear, a promise whispered at dawn of future triumphs and greatness, of justice and love. I looked confidently at the sky, so empty and thus so open to my future deeds; I was thinking of the day when I should return to her victorious, having given a meaning to her life of self-denial and sacrifice.

I WAS 13 years old and we were living in Nice. Each morning I went

to school, leaving my mother at the hotel where she rented a show-case, displaying on its shelves a few *articles de luxe* borrowed from the local shops.

On each scarf, belt, clip or sweater sold, she received a commission of ten per cent. Except for a two-hour break at noon when I came home for lunch, she sat there all day long, keeping her eyes open for prospective clients. Our survival depended entirely upon this humble and precarious business.

Exiled from her native Russia, alone, without husband or friends, she had been putting up a brave fight to keep us going for more than ten years, to pay for bread and butter and rent, school fees, clothes, shoes and, above all, to achieve that daily miracle, the beefsteak that she set before me for lunch, with a proud and happy smile, as though it were the very symbol of her victorious struggle against adversity.

She never touched any of the meat herself, maintaining that her diet forbade animal fats.

Then one day, leaving the table, I went into the kitchen for a glass of water. My mother was seated on a stool, holding the frying-pan on her knees.

She was carefully sopping up with small chunks of bread the fat in which my steak had been cooked, and then eating the bread with obvious relish.

When she saw me, she quickly tried to hide the pan under a napkin,

but it was too late: the true reason for her vegetarian diet was now obvious to me.

MY MOTHER was always in a hurry for me to "become someone." Despite my many failures, she always believed in me.

"And how are things at school?" she would ask.

"I got another nought for maths."

My mother would think this over.

"Your teachers don't understand you," she would say firmly. "They'll be sorry one day. The time will come when your name will be inscribed in letters of gold on the wall of their wretched school. I'll go and tell them so tomorrow. I'll read your latest poems to them. You will be a d'Annunzio, a Victor Hugo. They don't know who you are!"

Often, when she had come back from her work, my mother would sit down, light a cigarette, cross her legs and look at me with a knowing smile.

Then her eyes would be fixed over my shoulder on some mysterious, bright point in our future, visible only to her in the magical land where all beauty lies.

"You are going to be a French ambassador," she would say, or rather state, with absolute conviction.

I had not the slightest idea what the phrase meant.

"Good," I would say with a nonchalant air.

"You will have a motor-car."

She had not had enough to eat and she had walked home with the temperature well below freezing.

"All it will take is a little patience."

WHEN I was 16, my mother became manageress of the Hôtel-Pension Mermonts in Nice. She got up at six every morning, drank a cup of tea, took her cane and went to the Buffa Market. She always returned home with a load of fruit and flowers. Then she would go down to the kitchens, draw up the menu, see the tradespeople, inspect the cellar, do her accounts and attend to every detail of the business. One day, after going up and down the accursed stairs from the restaurant to the kitchens, which she climbed at least 20 times a day, she suddenly collapsed into a chair. Her face and lips were grey. We were lucky to get a doctor quickly, and his diagnosis was rapid. She had given herself too much insulin. It was thus I learned what she had been concealing from me for years: she was a diabetic and each morning gave herself an injection of insulin before starting on the day's work.

I was in a state of abject terror. The memory of her grey face, of her head leaning slightly sideways, of her hand clutching painfully at her breast, never again left me. The idea that she might die before I had done all that she expected of me, that she might leave this world without ever having known justice,

seemed to me to be a denial of the most elementary common sense, of good manners and law.

The legend of my future was what was keeping her alive. I could only swallow my shame and continue my race against time in an attempt to give to an absurd, fond dream at least some small core of reality.

I joined the air force in 1938. When war was declared, my mother came to say good-bye to me in that old Renault taxi. Leaning on her stick that day she solemnly inspected our aviation strength.

"All these machines have open cockpits," she remarked. "Remember that you have a delicate throat."

I could not resist pointing out that if all the Luftwaffe was going to give me was a sore throat, I should consider myself very lucky. She smiled and gave me a superior, almost ironical look. "Nothing is going to happen to you," she told me.

Her face expressed complete confidence. It was as though she *knew*, as though she had made a pact with Fate, as though in exchange for her own botched life she had been given certain guarantees, received certain promises.

"No, nothing will happen to me, Mother. I promise you that."

She hesitated. Some struggle was going on inside her and it was reflected in her face.

Then she made a little concession. "You may, perhaps, be wounded in the leg," she said.

A few weeks before the German offensive, a telegram came: *Mother seriously ill, come at once.*

I arrived at Nice very early in the morning, and went to the Saint-Antoine clinic. My mother's head was deeply sunk in the pillow. Her cheeks were hollow; her face bore a troubled, worried air. On the bedside table was the silver medal I had won at the table tennis championship of Nice in 1932.

"You need a woman by your side," she told me.

I said something like: "All men do."

"Yes," she said. "But it'll be more difficult for you than for others. It's my fault."

We played cards. She looked at me from time to time with a concentrated attention, a cunning and calculating air, and I knew that she was cooking up something once more. But I was very far from suspecting what she had in mind. I am convinced that her little scheme first entered her head then.

My leave came to an end. I don't know how to describe that parting. There are no words. But I put on a good face.

"Well, good-bye." I kissed her cheek with a smile. What that smile cost me, only she could know, because she, too, smiled.

"Don't worry about me. I'm an old war-horse. I've kept going till now and I can carry on for a bit longer. Take off your cap."

I took it off. She made the sign of

the cross on my forehead with her finger. "I give you my blessing."

I went to the door. We looked at each other once more; we were both smiling. I felt quite calm. Something of her courage had passed into me and it has remained with me ever since. Her courage and her will continue to burn in me even now.

AFTER THE fall of France I was lent to the R.A.F. and my mother's first letters reached me shortly after my arrival in England. They were sent secretly to a friend in Switzerland, and then forwarded to London, "Care of General de Gaulle."

Until my return to Nice, three years and six months later, until the very eve of victory, these letters, dateless and timeless, as though coming out of eternity, were to follow me faithfully in all my wanderings. For three and a half years her breath breathed life into me, and I was sustained by a will stronger than my own.

"*My glorious and beloved son,*" she would write. "*We read in the papers, with feelings of gratitude and admiration, the tales of your exploits. In the sky of Cologne, of Hamburg, of Bremen, your outspread wings fill enemy hearts with terror.*"

I found no difficulty in understanding what was going on in her mind. Whenever the R.A.F. raided a target, I was one of those engaged. In each burst of a bomb she recognized my voice. I was present on

every front and made the enemy tremble, and each time a German aircraft was brought down by British fighters it was to me, quite naturally, that she credited the victory. The alleys of the Buffa Market resounded with the echo of my deeds. After all, she knew me: she knew that it was I who had won the table-tennis championship of Nice in 1932.

Her letters were becoming shorter, mere pencil scribbles written in a hurry. They reached me four or five at a time. She was well. She was receiving the insulin regularly. "*My glorious son, I am proud of you . . . Vive la France!*" There seemed to be no trace of anxiety, but there was a new note of sadness in her latest letters: "*Dear son, I beg you not to think of me, not to be fearful on my account. Have courage. Remember that you no longer need me, that you are a man now, that you can stand on your own feet. Get married soon. Don't think too much about me. My health is good. Old Dr. Rosanoff is very pleased with me. He sends you his best wishes. Be strong, I beg you; be brave. Your mother.*"

My heart was heavy. Something was wrong, something in that letter remained unsaid. But what really mattered was that she was still alive, and my hope of winning my race against time and returning home triumphant grew stronger with each day that passed.

After the Allied landings, I sensed in the letters reaching me from Nice

a feeling of joy and serenity, as though my mother knew at last that the goal was in sight. There was about them a special note of tenderness and also of apology for which I could not altogether account.

"My beloved son, we have been separated now for many years and I hope that you have grown accustomed to my absence since, after all, I am not on this earth for ever. Remember that I have never had a shadow of doubt about you. I do hope that when you come back and understand everything, you will forgive me. I could not have acted otherwise."

What was it she had done that needed my forgiveness?

PARIS WAS now on the point of being liberated and I arranged to have myself parachuted into the South of France for liaison duties with the Resistance. I was in a hurry—my blood boiled with impatience, and nothing mattered to me now except getting back to her. Then the Allied landings in the South of France cut short my parachuting plans. So I arranged immediately for a "special mission order."

Now I was coming home, with the green and black ribbon of the Cross of the Liberation prominently displayed upon my chest, above the Croix de Guerre and five or six other medals of which I had forgotten none, with my officer's stripes on the shoulders of my black battle-dress, my cap tilted over one eye and

with a more than usually tough expression, owing to my facial paralysis. I had written a novel, and I carried its French and English editions in my shoulder bag. There was just enough lead in my body to give it some weight. I was intoxicated with hope, with youth and certainty.

IT IS painful for me to conclude my story, and I will do so as rapidly as possible. At our Hôtel-Pension Mermonts there was no one to greet me. Those I questioned remembered vaguely having heard of a strange old Russian lady who had run the place years ago, but they had not met her. My mother had died three years and six months earlier! But she had known that I should never be able to stand on my own feet and fight as befits a Frenchman unless she was there to give me her support; and she had made her plans accordingly.

During the last few days before her death, she had written nearly 250 letters and sent them to her friend in Switzerland. The undated letters were to be forwarded to me at regular intervals. This was, no doubt, what she was scheming with so much love when I had caught that naive and cunning expression in her eyes as we parted for the last time at the Saint-Antoine clinic.

And so I had gone on receiving from my mother the courage I so greatly needed to carry me through to the day of victory, when she had been dead for over three years.



Most Primitive Man on Earth

The wary, enigmatic dwellers of the Australian outback have evolved a precarious existence in the face of cruel and forbidding odds

By EUGENE BURDICK *Author of "The Ninth Wave"*

YOU WILL see him first as a shadow, dark and rock-like, on the edge of the horizon. He stands with one foot tucked up against the knee of the other leg, an oddly restful position. Beside him will be a smaller, thinner, shadow, lean and bony. That will be the dingo dog. Both scan the landscape in the same canny way. Move

towards them and they vanish—round a rock, down a gully, behind a tree, but gone.

This is the Australian aborigine. He got to Australia from Asia untold centuries ago. He ranged down the coastline and up the banks of rivers, following water wherever it existed. He never developed money, arithmetic, tools or villages. When

the whites came, the space open to the aborigines began to dwindle, but they still wandered. Many of them still do, and the land they wander in is the worst in Australia.

One has the eerie feeling that the aborigine had the chance to become "civilized" and rejected it. Australia was once his entirely. Parts of it are rich land. Most of the earth's people have seized opportunity when it arose. But not the aborigine. It is almost as if he *wants* to keep his existence balanced on a razor's edge.

Take a single example. I sat in a jeep and watched a group of aborigines through binoculars. They knew I was watching them and kept a careful distance. Suddenly they went as rigid as black statuary—six figures, lean and tall and angular. Their heads were in the air, sniffing. They all swung at the same instant in the same direction. Even though I had the binoculars, they saw it before I did. It was nothing more than a tiny, distant rain-squall, a dull grey line reaching from a layer of clouds to the earth. A white man would not have seen it. The aborigines fastened on it with a concentration that was beyond pathos.

The squall thickened and began to move in a long, drifting slant across the dry, burning land. At once the whole band set off at a lope. They were chasing a rain cloud.

They ran for three hours. I followed in the jeep. Finally, they intercepted the rain-squall. For ten

minutes they ran beneath it, raising their arms, shouting and capering. Then the wind died and the rain-squall held steady. Now they examined the ground. Suddenly one of them shouted. He had found a depression with rain-water in it! He bent down, a black crane-like figure, and put his mouth to the ground.

Then, with a lordly and generous gesture the discoverer stood up and beckoned to the closest of his fellows. The other trotted over and swooped on the tiny puddle. In an instant he had sucked it dry.

THE ABORIGINE lives on the cruellest land I have ever seen. Much of it is salt-pan, hideous areas that have been swept by winds for so many centuries that there is no soil left, only bare ridges 50 or 60 yards apart with ravines between them 30 or 40 feet deep; the only thing that moves is a scuttling layer of sand. Such stretches have an inhuman moon-like quality. But some of the land looks deceptively as if it should be hospitable. It is softened by salt bush and blue bush and has a peaceful quality; the hills roll softly.

The malignancy of such a landscape is hard for the white man to credit, and countless early travellers died in their efforts to cross the "outback." Even today boundary riders will come upon mummified bodies of men who attempted nothing more difficult than a 20-mile hike.

The aborigine makes no mistake.

He is not deceived by the land. He knows that there is no room for error or waste in the outback. Any organism that falters or misreads the signals will not survive.

AN AUSTRALIAN grazier friend who had lived in the outback for years took me to see some aborigines. We drove out in a Land Rover, followed an asphalt road for a few miles, then swung off. My friend began to glance at the dashboard where a gimballed compass rocked gently back and forth as the Land Rover bounced about. He was navigating his way across the flatland. "Two miles north, five miles south—that sort of thing," he said.

I looked about. I tried to memorize landmarks, but the landscape kept repeating itself and I realized that it was hopeless. An identical tree shimmered in the distance, a new ant-hill exactly like the others appeared, a blinding white salt flat shaped like a question mark was only one of many the same shape.

Finally we approached the bivouac of a single aborigine family—a man, his *lubra*, two children and a dingo. All of them were in the small area of shade cast by a large column-shaped boulder.

"They love shade," the rancher

said. "It saves them loss of body water. They'll move round that rock all day, following the shade."

The man leaning against the rock was over six feet tall. His legs were narrow and very long. Every bone and muscle in his body showed, but he did not give the appearance of starving. He had long black hair and a wispy beard. The ridges over his eyes were huge, and his eyelids were half-shut. There was something about his face that disturbed me and it took several seconds to realize what. It was not merely that flies were crawling over his face, but that his narrowed eyelids did not blink when the flies crawled into his eyes. A fly would crawl down the bulging forehead, into the socket of the eye, walk along the man's lashes and across the wet surface of the eyeball and the eye did not blink.

I turned to look at the *lubra*. Like the man, she was entirely naked. She was squatting near the family possessions: two rubbing-sticks for making fire, two stones shaped roughly like knives, a container woven of roots, which held a few pounds of dried worms and the dead body of some rodent. There were also a long wooden spear and a woomera, a spear-throwing device that gives enormous velocity and



high accuracy. And there was a boomerang, elaborately carved.

The two children, both boys, squatted on their heels with their heads bent forward, their eyes only a few inches from the ground. They had located the runway of an ant colony and, as the ants came out of the ground, the boys picked them up, one at a time, and pinched them dead. The tiny bodies were dropped on to a dry leaf, and the pile was as big as a small apple.

The aborigines eat anything that lives, the grazier said. "When the family travels, the kids are out in front, like skirmishers, making sure that nothing gets away. A stretch of land that looks deserted to a white man will yield them ten pounds of food—bugs, rodents, anything."

"Here, Idje," the grazier called out, "you fella like tabac?"

The man turned and looked at us and for the first time opened his eyes fully. He took a cigarette from the packet and put it behind his ear.

"Maybe Idje will perform," my friend said. He talked rapidly in an aborigine language. Idje looked out at the horizon, nodded and barked something at the boys. One of them picked up the dead rodent from the basket and trotted to a salt bush about 25 yards away, draping the rodent over the topmost twig.

"Idje will throw the boomerang," the grazier said. "The first throw will just be a warm-up, he says."

Idje picked up the boomerang and deftly ran his hands over it.

Something was wrong, and he spoke to the woman. She reached into the basket and took out a piece of yellow fat. She handed it to Idje who rubbed his fingers with it, then rubbed the boomerang smooth.

"So that it will slide out of his fingers without drag," the grazier said.

Idje reached his arm back and then, in a long, flowing gesture that brought his whole lean body forward in a great snap of muscle and cartilage, he threw the boomerang. It sailed far to the left, at first just grazing the ground and then rising to a height of 15 or 20 feet. It turned and began to circle back, dropping down in a long ellipse. It skimmed over the body of the rodent, clearing it by perhaps an inch. It was knee-high when it was 15 yards from us and suddenly it rose into the air. Idje took a single step and caught it.

"Now he'll throw and hit," the grazier said.

Idje threw again. The boomerang spun out, seemed to come to a standstill, and then whirred back. This time it dipped just before it came to the salt bush, came up savagely and slashed into the dead rodent, almost tearing the body in half. Idje grunted. One of the boys got up and brought the boomerang and rodent back.

"I'll try to get him to run down some bigger game," my friend said.

He spoke to Idje. There was a harsh exchange of words and the aborigine looked at me with a kind

of distant cold pride. Then the grazier said something and Idje's face softened. He began to run, the dingo a few yards in front of him, sniffing the ground.

"He didn't want to run, but I told him you were a story-teller," the cattleman said. "They have great respect for story-tellers."

The cattleman obviously respected the aborigines. He pointed at Idje who was running straight for the horizon at a graceful trot.

"Now that looks pretty damned simple, but it's not," he said. "As Idje trots along, he is watching the ground for signs. I've been out with him and in a single half-mile stretch where I couldn't even see a mark, he could identify where a snake had crawled and a frog had hopped."

"Where do the aborigines get water in the dry season?" I asked.

"They go to a 'soak,' a depression where water usually gathers, and they dig. If they are lucky, they get wet sand. They put this in their mouths and suck it dry and then spit it out."

"And if they are unlucky?"

"They look for shrubs that have water in their roots and chew those. There is also a kind of frog that bloats itself on water during the wet season to carry it through the dry. Finding one is like finding a little sack of water."

"That doesn't seem like much water," I said dubiously.

"Look," he said, "these people have trained themselves to live on

almost no water. Have you noticed how they conserve their energy? It's really quite beautiful. They have developed the boomerang so that if they miss they don't have to run after their weapon; it comes sailing back to them. And those kids catching ants—they don't waste energy digging, they wait for the ants to come out.

"They plant nothing," he went on, "but they harvest whatever grows. There is even a form of poisonous yam that they treat by pounding it and leaving it on top of a rock for the sun and rain to purify. With uncanny memory they will return to a rock that holds a few pounds of yam, left there three years before."

We heard the dingo yap, a far clear sound that carried for miles over the stillness. The mother and two children looked intently at the horizon. There were mixed sounds of struggle, followed by a series of short, triumphant barks.

The *lubra* looked up at the cattleman and said something.

"It's a kangaroo," he said. "A small one, she thinks."

Now the aborigine grew from a hazy mote, becoming larger and more distinct with each stride. The dingo came faster. When Idje reached us, we saw that he had a small kangaroo in his hands, its back wrung and its skin already half torn off. He trotted into camp and squatted in front of his *lubra*.

The kangaroo was eaten while it

was still warm, torn to bits by the family's bloody fingers. The dingo stalked nimbly at the edge, snapping at bits of blood and shreds of flesh. We left while they were still eating. The grazier indicated that he was leaving a box of cigarettes. For the first time Idje smiled. He nodded good-bye and said something. Then he slid a bone into his mouth and crunched down on it.

But with bloody grease round his mouth, with his teeth gnashing a bone, and with his fingers tearing unseen at kangaroo flesh, Idje watched us. Not abjectly, but keenly, as if we were something to be rejected. The eyes stared unflinchingly at us as we climbed into

the Land Rover. The muscles in my neck relaxed only when I knew that we were out of sight of those great unblinking eyes.

BEHIND the aborigine's deep-sunk eyes and that strangely elegant body, there is a rage, a resource, a something. The conditions of his existence are as tight, narrow and delicate as they can be drawn. I do not know if such a way of life can become a self-conscious challenge, but I suspect that it can. Perhaps this is what gives the aborigine his odd air of dignity. Perhaps he appreciates the incredibly hard justice of his life, the awesome tension between life and death in which he constantly lives.



Odds and Ends

AN ANIMAL welfare organization sent out a press release urging readers to "Save the world's wildlife now! Tomorrow may be too late!" The release was marked: "For publication tomorrow." —UPI

A LIFT in a Washington government building bears this sign: "Civil Defence Procedures for Elevator No. 1: Pick up wardens from all floors and take to third floor. Return to lobby. Note: In case of actual emergency, elevators will not operate." —M. B.

A FILM COMPANY making an espionage comedy built a dummy radar station near Stavern, Norway. Shortly afterwards an East European car bearing Diplomatic Corps plates stopped near by. Several men jumped out, photographed the "radar installation" and sped away. —P. E.

WHEN a firm sent out a two-page questionnaire, 50 per cent of the questionnaires were returned, including one from a man who answered "No" to question No. 36: "Do you answer questionnaires?" —*Newsweek*

A FACTORY worker appeared in the works manager's office to demand a day off with pay—to make up for the tea breaks he had missed while on holiday.

—Contributed by Frances Rodman

Timing with Murder

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK



AM A great reader of detective fiction. But I may have to give it up. It begins to affect one's daily life too much. I find myself perpetually "timing" everything, as they do in the stories, so as to have it ready for the evidence.

For instance, I went to dine several days ago with my old friend Jimmy Douglas. He lives alone. This, by itself, would make any reader of crime fiction time him. I paused a moment at the door before ringing the bell and noted that my watch said 7 p.m. A street clock, however, said $7.02\frac{1}{2}$. I was thus able to place the time fairly accurately at $7.01\frac{1}{4}$.

I rang the bell, and a servant showed me noiselessly into the *apparently* empty sitting-room. I say *apparently*, because in the stories you never know. There might be a body lying in a corner. There was an ormolu clock on the mantelpiece (there always is) which I was checking over when Douglas came in.

I could only describe his manner as quiet. Certainly he was free from any exhilaration. Whether this was a first effect of arsenic poisoning, or just the result of seeing me, I can't say. We had a cocktail. Douglas left

two distinct finger-prints on his glass. I held mine lightly by the rim.

We sat down to dinner promptly at 7.30. Of this I am practically certain because I remember that Douglas said, "Well, it's half-past," and as he said it the ormolu clock chimed the half-hour.

I noticed that at dinner Douglas took no soup. I took care on my part to take no fish. This, in the event of arsenic poisoning, would by elimination give indication of how the poison had been administered.

I got to talking and Douglas, I noticed, seemed unable to listen without signs of drowsiness. This might be due to arsenic poisoning. I left at nine, having noticed that Douglas roused slightly as the ormolu clock struck and said, "Nine? I thought it was ten."

I drove home in a taxi and can easily identify the taxi, even if abandoned in a stone quarry, by a mark I made in the leather.

That was three days ago. I open the paper every morning with a nervous hand, looking for the finding of Douglas's body. They don't seem to have found it yet. I am all ready if they do. I have the taxi, the finger-prints, the ormolu clock—that's all you need, usually.

Jailed as a drug addict, this New York schoolteacher used his misfortune to help others

Harry Hanners and His School Behind Bars

BY MARTIN ABRAMSON

WHEN THE phone rang, Jennie Hanners walked across the living-room of her home in suburban Long Island, New York, lifted the receiver and listened in stunned silence as a gruff voice told her that her husband, a respected schoolteacher, had been arrested and charged with the crime of fraudulently procuring narcotic drugs. Jennie's first urge was to scream, for she knew that everything she and her husband, Harry, had struggled for over the years was threatened. It took all the self-discipline she had learnt as a registered nurse to control her emotions so that she would not alarm the children—

a 13-year-old boy and two girls aged ten and eight.

Even now Jennie, an attractive young woman of 35, finds the subject of her husband's arrest and imprisonment extremely painful to discuss. "Most people regard drug addiction as a loathsome, back-alley plague," she says. "Addiction, they feel, doesn't happen to them. But it *does* happen—far more often than they think."

For Harry Hanners, an intelligent, energetic man of 42, an active member of his church and his community, the path towards addiction began 12 years ago when he complained of a severe backache. X-rays disclosed that his spinal column was disintegrating because of tuberculosis. The pain resulted from the pinching of nerve ends by the crumbling vertebrae.

Surgery for spinal fusion kept Harry in hospital for three months. For most of that time he was in traction. He was given a drug to ease his excruciating suffering. As time

HARRY HANNERS AND HIS SCHOOL BEHIND BARS

went on, the dosage had to be increased. In the next four and a half years, repeated cracks and corrosion in the fused portion of his spine made it necessary for Harry to undergo five more painful operations.

The financial drain of Harry's illness forced the Hanners family deep into debt. Despite this, Jennie suggested that Harry should leave his job in an advertising agency and take up the career he had always wanted—teaching. She persuaded him to return to college to get his degree. She would support the family by working as a nurse.

Harry was 32 when he entered college in 1952. Shortly before he was due to graduate, a new rupture in his vertebrae forced him to undergo his seventh and most extensive operation. This time Harry's torturous period in traction lasted five months. But follow-up X-rays convinced the doctor that his spinal column was finally cohesive enough to resist further cracking. "Because of the constant surgery, your back nerves and muscles will keep irritating you for a long time," he was told. "But compared to what you've had in the past, your troubles are over."

"If the doctor had known what was ahead, he'd have said my troubles were just beginning," Harry now observes wryly.

Harry began teaching history and social sciences at Plainview High School, on Long Island, in the autumn of 1957. Anxious to prove

himself in his new profession, he drove himself mercilessly. He became faculty adviser to a number of student groups, volunteered to counsel problem boys, worked with the Boy Scouts and taught Sunday school at Holy Trinity Episcopal Church. He also began graduate work and, to add to his teaching income, he squeezed in a part-time office job.

This demanding programme helped to weaken Harry's resistance to his chronic back pains. Throughout the years of his illness, he had relied on a crutch—pain-killing drugs—to help him through his crises. Now he continued to use that crutch. His visits to the doctor's surgery for prescriptions became more frequent. When his doctor advised him to stop using drugs for fear he might become addicted, Harry went to a second doctor. When this doctor eventually voiced the same fear, he went to a third, then a fourth. He borrowed so much money to keep buying drugs that financial pressures began to haunt him even more than before. When he worried about money, his pains got worse and he needed more drugs. He was trapped in a vicious circle. He now realized he was addicted, yet he kept lying to himself and to Jennie.

"He would say that as soon as his back pains eased off, he would stop this mad rush for prescriptions," Jennie says. "But as a nurse I could recognize the symptoms of addiction. I begged him to take a leave of

absence from school and take a voluntary cure in hospital. He wouldn't hear of it."

Harry started to circulate from doctor to doctor over a wide area. He would complain of his back troubles to each and collect 15 to 20 prescriptions for drugs in one go. By this time he required more than 30 c.c.'s of drugs each day.

Eventually, one suspicious doctor forced Harry to confess his addiction. Like Jennie, he urged him to seek a cure.

"The longer you stay on drugs, the more likely you are to become an incurable slave to them," the doctor warned him. "To get money for them, long-term drug addicts steal and cheat and lie and even kill." Moreover, the police were checking doctors' prescription records and the drug registers of chemists "Sooner or later, they'll pick you up and throw you in jail," the doctor said. "That will finish your career. No school board anywhere will take a chance on employing a man with a record as a convicted drug addict."

A few days later, Harry entered a chemist's and noticed two men who appeared to him to be detectives. He ran out of the shop and hid in

an alley for an hour. But it wasn't the spectre of being arrested, or even the worry of being permanently "hooked" on drugs, that finally gave Harry the will to beat his insatiable craving. It was the fear of losing Jennie.

"One morning I told Harry flatly that if he didn't try to cure himself, I was going to leave him," Jennie says. "I knew that I had to try to shock him into action."

"I had 16 prescriptions in my pocket," Harry recalls, "but I didn't use one all that day. I got home after Jennie was asleep. The pains were coming fast and I reached for a tablet I had hidden in a drawer. Then suddenly I visualized a tramp lying in the street, thrashing about and screaming for a 'fix.'

"I saw myself as that tramp and I thought, my God, you can't let yourself wind up like that. I woke Jennie and showed her the prescriptions. She was horrified. She hadn't realized I had been taking that much. I said, 'Come on, darling, we'll tear them up together.' "

Laughing and crying, the two ripped up the prescriptions. Then Jennie sat with Harry all night as



he suffered the agonies of withdrawal. His face became a river of sweat. His body was rent by cramps, nausea and fever.

The next day Jennie induced him to make a pact with her. Each night he would tell her everything he had done and thought. They would tick the date off the calendar to mark another day Harry had survived without falling back on drugs. Then they would thank God for that day and pray that Harry would have the strength to endure the next day, too. "I knew that he could not defeat his addiction without a tremendous emotional and physical struggle," Jennie says.

Harry's trust in the night-time prayer ritual helped him through the struggle. Slowly his voracious desire for drugs diminished. Three months passed without incident. Then, when he and Jennie were convinced the worst was over, the bottom abruptly caved in under them.

One afternoon when Harry came out of school, two detectives stopped him. In their spot check of chemists' records, they had discovered that Harry had used numerous prescriptions made out by a score of doctors. The drugs he had procured were far in excess of the amount that could possibly be used to alleviate pain. This to the police was *prima facie* evidence that Harry had been using the prescriptions to satisfy a habitual craving for drugs—a criminal violation of the law. In a daze, Harry

was taken to police headquarters, booked, fingerprinted and photographed like a common criminal. Two days later, he pleaded guilty at a brief trial, and was sentenced to a six-month term in jail.

In prison, Harry was at first lost in depression. He felt he had been betrayed by unfeeling, inhuman laws, and by the God to whom he and Jennie had prayed so faithfully. His whole future seemed wrecked.

Then he noticed that many of his fellow prisoners were teenagers, with little to do except mope, hash over their crimes or start fights. Harry was suddenly struck with the idea of starting a school behind bars. "I knew it would be good for me because it would take my mind off myself," he says. "But it would also be good for the inmates, and good for the jail."

When Jennie came to see him on visiting day, he told her of his plan. Jennie encouraged him and he got the approval of the prison authorities to start his experimental school.

The prison identification room was cleared out, provided with books, shelves, chairs and maps, and converted into a classroom. Although attendance was voluntary, 90 per cent of the inmates in the 16-to-21 age bracket decided to attend. On the first day he stood before his class, Harry felt so nervous his knees buckled.

"I knew that many of those boys had been chronic truants before they turned to crime. Would they

want to learn from me, or had they come just for laughs?" Harry says. "Then one boy raised his hand to ask me something and when I answered, he seemed satisfied. Suddenly I realized I knew how to handle those boys; the thing was going to work! And it did, right from the first day."

Harry conducted a full school schedule, then held individual guidance sessions with each boy. He gave them weekly marks and conduct reports, which were turned in to the warden. The boys were allowed to visit his school office each evening, and spent the time discussing Shakespeare, Einstein, Plato, as well as a wide range of personal problems.

The success of this pioneering school interested a member of the New York State Correction Commission, Beatrice Burstein. She organized parent-teacher associations and civic groups in a successful campaign to make the school a permanent institution, with its courses accredited by other schools.

The day after inmate Harry Hanners was released from jail in the spring of 1960, civilian Harry Hanners was engaged to act as teacher-director. More than 850 boys have so far attended this school behind bars. Thirty-nine have received high-school equivalency diplomas, 44 have returned to high school after being released and 23 have gone on to college. Others, with poor school records on the outside, have shown an amazing aptitude for such subjects as maths, physics, languages and geology. Correction officials see in Hanners the organizer of a programme that will spread and act as a milestone in juvenile rehabilitation efforts.

"When Harry was first convicted, our priest said God must have a reason for letting him be put in jail," says Jennie. "It was hard to believe then, but now we know he was right. Harry has a career that is much more important and much more rewarding to him as a person and to us as a family than any thing else he could have done."

With Compliments

FRENCH publisher Gaston Gallimard was asked by an author if he had read his latest work. "I have indeed," Gallimard replied. "It reminded me of Charlemagne's sword."

Intrigued, the writer looked up the reference. The sword is described as "long, flat and deadly."

—*Time & Tide*, London

A PIANO manufacturer tried to get a testimonial from comedian Will Rogers for his pianos. Rogers, who never endorsed any product unless he really believed in it, wrote this letter to the firm: "Dear Sirs: I guess your pianos are the best I ever leaned against. Yours truly, Will Rogers."

—T.O.W.

Surely, many argued, the Kremlin would be satisfied now that it had three votes in the U.N. (U.S.S.R., Ukraine, Byelorussia) as against one for each of the other major powers, in addition to membership for its puppet regimes. Besides, there was the "ultimate weapon," the atom bomb, then a U.S. monopoly, as a brake on aggression.

So the new organization was formally launched on October 24, 1945, on a tide of faith and hope.

Since then, unhappily, both the hope and the faith have been deeply eroded. Last October, on the 16th anniversary of the launching, a seasoned diplomat lamented: "We

are witnessing the decline and fall of the United Nations. It is our gloomiest hour."

There were ample grounds for the mournful mood. The U.N. treasury was empty, Soviet Russia being the main defaulter. The organization had lost its able Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjöld. Insisting that the U.N. structure was "obsolescent," Moscow was now demanding a secretariat with a built-in veto on its executive functions for the major-power *blocs*.

There were growing fears that the U.N. might not survive or, perhaps worse, that it would survive only as a cold-war debating forum. Even

"I'LL HUFF-AND I'LL PUFF-AND I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN"



stauch champions of the U.N. idea were proposing its replacement by a "concert of free nations."

No Pretence. The chief blame for this deterioration rests squarely with Moscow. Other countries have failed to co-operate fully with the U.N. But the Russians never even pretended to go along with the idealized concept of the world body as "the conscience of mankind." From the outset it treated the U.N. as another area of conflict between two world systems. Inflexibly committed to one Communist world, the Kremlin denounced the idea of "world law" as "reactionary" and ridiculed those who saw the organization as the nucleus of a future world order.

A climax came late in 1960 when Khrushchev told the U.N. Assembly that his country would defend its interests "outside the U.N., by relying on its own strength." Then, in July 1961, he confirmed the most sinister interpretation of his warning—namely, that Russia would make war on the U.N. if necessary.

Russian Roadblock. In the very first year of the U.N., the Russians used the veto no fewer than nine times. Three of these vetoes blocked membership applications by Transjordan, Portugal and Eire. Since then, the Soviet Union has piled up the astounding total of 99 vetoes, against France's four, Britain's two and Nationalist China's one. The United States has *never* used the veto. When it became obvious that

the Russians could paralyse the Security Council at will, an effort was made to find a substitute in the veto-free General Assembly.

An American resolution called "Uniting for Peace" was submitted to the Assembly. It provided that, in case of sudden aggression, the General Assembly could be called into session on 24-hour notice by any seven votes of the 11-member Security Council. This meant that neither the Soviet Union nor any other permanent member could use its veto. The Assembly could then call on its members to help the victim of the aggression by military or other means. The resolution was passed in November 1950. There were 52 votes for it; five Communist votes against, and two abstentions.

The New Nations. At the time, this device seemed to provide a good way round a Soviet veto. In 1950, there were only 59 nations in the U.N. The major *bloc* was made up of the nations of the western hemisphere plus the Western powers of Europe. Today, however, the U.N. encompasses 104 members. With the entry into the U.N. of the many new nations of Asia and Africa, the West no longer has a dependable majority, and the General Assembly is half-paralysed.

Most of these new nations are jealous of their recently-acquired independence and believe that the best way to keep it is to stay neutral, unaligned and uncommitted. On some issues, they vote

with the West; on others, with the Communists; on many they abstain. Whenever they choose to act in concert, they can control the Assembly.

This mounting tide of neutralism is skilfully exploited by the Russians. Says a Far-Eastern diplomat, an old hand in the U.N. and an outspoken anti-Communist: "The unaligned nations do not have more sympathy for the Soviet Union now than they had 15 years ago. But they are certainly more afraid of antagonizing her." A neutralist official, discussing the failure of the unaligned nations gathered in Belgrade to protest against the Soviet resumption of atom-bomb tests, explained: "We know that we may criticize the United States without fear. But we don't feel the same way about Russia!"

The Secretary-General. Having thus undermined both the Security Council and the General Assembly, the Russians attacked the U.N.'s third vital division, the office of the Secretary-General.

Russia has never wanted to give the Secretariat any power. As early as 1950, she boycotted the first Secretary, Trygve Lie, for having supported the U.N. action in Korea. In 1956 the U.S.S.R. prevented the Secretariat from sending a single U.N. observer into bleeding Hungary. The Congo crisis in 1960 proved the last straw.

When swift action by the Secretariat prevented the Russians from establishing control over the former

Belgian colony through pro-Communist Lumumba, they turned their fire on Dag Hammarskjöld. When Hammarskjöld reminded Moscow that Soviet shipments of military supplies to Lumumba violated U.N. rules and said they must cease forthwith, he was branded, among other things, "a miserable lackey of the colonialists." The attack was spearheaded by Khrushchev himself, who dramatically demonstrated Soviet disrespect for the U.N. by tearing off his shoe and hammering it wildly on his desk.

The Troika. To block effective action by the Secretary-General, the Russians dreamed up their "troika" proposal—a three-man Secretariat to be composed of one man from the Western *bloc*, another from the Communist *bloc* and a third from the unaligned nations.

Similar three-headed monsters are now being demanded for practically every important international agency within or outside the U.N.

The Russians have pressed it on the Economic and Social Council, on UNESCO, the ILO, the Atomic Energy International Agency in Vienna, the Nuclear Testing Conference in Geneva.

Russia's objective in pushing this new gimmick is plain enough. It is to strip these organizations, and the U.N. itself, of effective executive capacity by enabling the Communist member of the troika (and, in theory, either of the other members) to paralyse day-to-day operations at

will. Indeed, since the Kremlin believes it can in time control or intimidate a majority of the unaligned *bloc*, the proposed revision would ultimately give Moscow a two-to-one dominance over the Secretariat.

Financial Sabotage. Although the U.N. is in dire financial straits, the Russians do nothing to help.

The Western nations supply more than *four-fifths* of all assistance contributions to the two major U.N. programmes for economic and technical assistance to newly-emerged nations; the Communist nations, including the Soviet Union, supply less than *one-twentieth*. For U.N. expenditures of which they do not approve, such as keeping the peace in the Congo, the Russians refuse to contribute anything at all.

Why Go On With the U.N.? It is painfully obvious that too many have expected too much from the U.N. In January 1961, Adlai Stevenson declared: "The United Nations —as an idea and as an institution—is an extension of Western ideas; of Western belief in the worth and dignity of the individual. Its roots are in the Western idea of representative government. In short, it is thoroughly anti-totalitarian."

To expect Russia to give genuine co-operation to such an institution was therefore a piece of wishful thinking from the first. By its own logic, Moscow had only two alternatives: to try to subvert the U.N. into a front organization for Communist purposes; or, failing

that, to make it as ineffective as possible. And this, in fact, is substantially the course followed by both Stalin and Khrushchev.

Is it reasonable, then, for nations of the Free World to consider withdrawing from the U.N.?

"No," says former U.S. Vice-President Richard Nixon. Pulling out could precipitate "the kind of chaotic situation that could lead to the destruction of civilization as we know it. We should stay in the U.N. and fight our battle within it."

The majority of the people in the Free World apparently feel the same way. The latest polls show that 70 per cent of the people in Britain still believe that the U.N. is doing at least a fair job. In the United States the figure is 79 per cent; in Eire, 82; in Germany, 63. Switzerland, kept out of the U.N. by her permanent neutrality, shows 62 per cent retaining confidence in the organization.

There are good reasons for this bill of approval—and for cautious optimism. The 1950 "Uniting for Peace" resolution made the U.N. more flexible. Dag Hammarskjöld made the Secretary-General's office more dynamic and effective. Further improvements are at least within the realm of possibility. Although the U.N. cannot assure our security nor check the major threat to the Free World's security—the Soviet Union—it can render the Free World appreciable services.

In some remote areas, the U.N. can curb minor offenders backed by

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We would do well to ponder the words Dag Hammarskjöld spoke

shortly before he gave his life for the organization: "I understand that many people may not like the United Nations. But they should not forget that it is the mirror of our tormented world. It is not by breaking the mirror that you will render the world more attractive."



Science Puts the Clock On

THE Space Age needs time measurement even more accurate than the familiar mean solar time, which is based on the slightly uneven rotation of the earth.

Until recently, quartz clocks were regarded as the most accurate split-second timekeepers. By an odd manifestation known as piezo-electricity, certain materials, among them quartz crystals, when electrically activated vibrate at a fantastic speed with a fantastic regularity—2,500,000 times per second. This regular flutter of the crystal can be geared down into seconds, minutes and hours.

Then, in the last few years, has come the far more accurate caesium clock. Atoms in a crystal of caesium were found, in tests run by Britain's National Physical Laboratory, to oscillate steadily when placed in an electrical beam with a frequency of 9,192,631,770 cycles per second. This is not an easy beat to count. In fact, it has to be "tuned," but physicists say that the count is accurate to within two parts in a thousand million, and that it is "provisionally adopted" until they can get a better one. If your watch ran with the same accuracy, it would be no more than one second out 330 years from now! Time as told by the caesium clock has a degree of accuracy ten times better than that of any other kind of physical measurement, such as the metre or the gramme. It permits quartz-crystal clocks and other frequency devices to be calibrated.

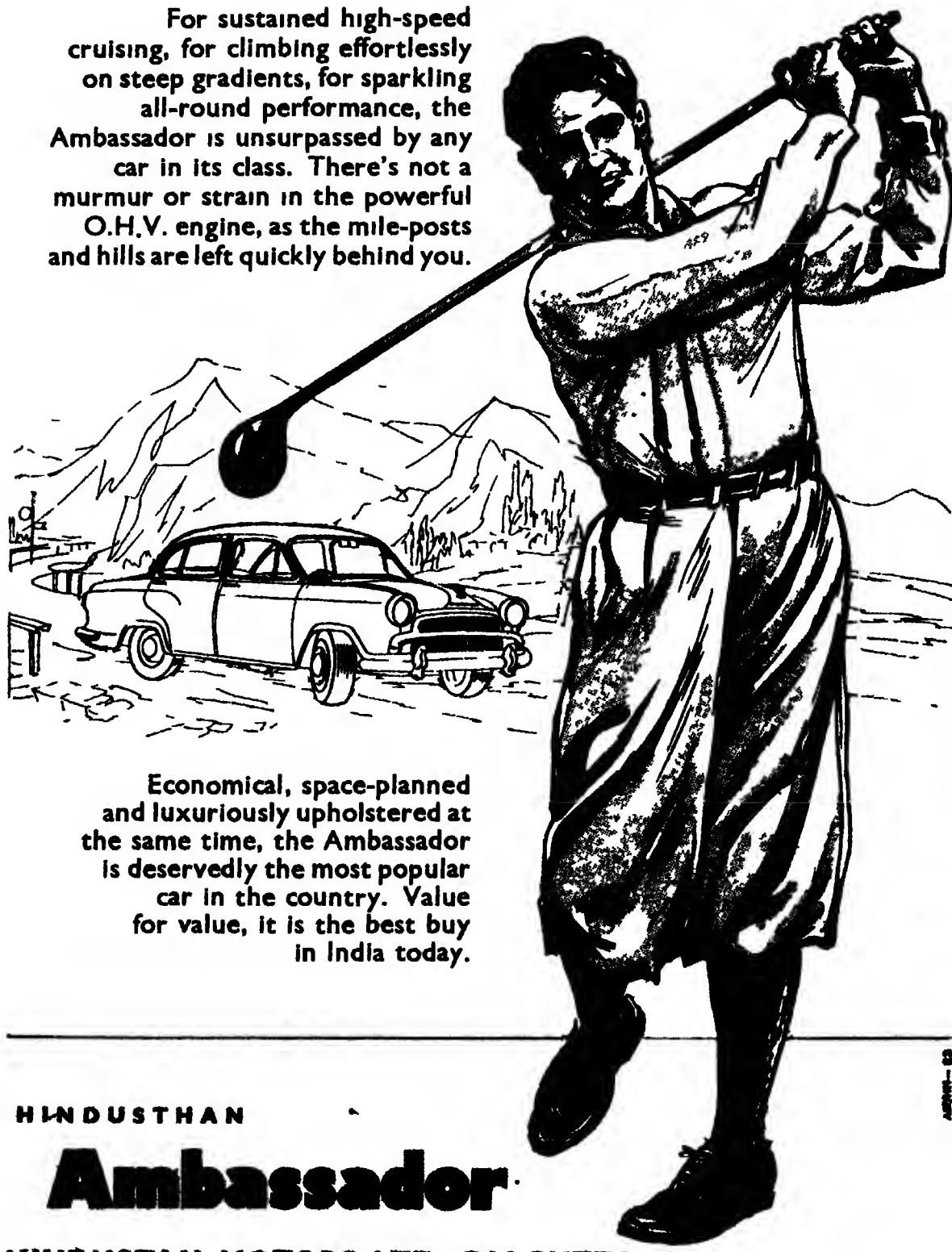
In this supersonic age, only clocks of fantastic accuracy can serve to keep track of submarines and satellites. The navigator of a Polaris submarine which is submerged for a week has to know the time to a split second to keep from ramming into trouble. A satellite in orbit 300 miles above the earth is travelling 25,000 feet a second. If it should be timed by a watch one-tenth of a second out, its reported position would be in error by half a mile.

So the drive for constantly better time will go right on to the ultimate in measuring, which is the millimicrosecond—the time that light, moving at 186,000 miles a second, needs to travel one foot.

—Robert Strother

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Science has some new findings about
the desirability of revealing our apprehensions—or
bravely keeping them to ourselves

By MORION HUNI

"KEEP YOUR fears to yourself,
but share your courage"

In our day of soul baring personal confessions and film dramas in which the most personal problems are neatly solved through self disclosure, that advice of Robert Louis Stevenson may sound old-fashioned.

But Stevenson had a point. And lately a number of experts who are called upon professionally to observe fear—doctors, psychologists, marriage guidance counsellors and social workers—wonder whether we haven't been talking about our fears too much. Fear grips all of us at some time during our lives: fear of illness, of financial disaster, of inadequacy, of death, even of the

intangible or inexplicable. Though these experts agree that there are a good many times when it may be necessary to express our disturbing fears to others, they feel that often the course of wisdom is to keep them to ourselves.

There are occasions, of course, when this counsel is obvious. We are all familiar with examples of people who have deliberately concealed their fears in order to sustain others: the military leader who puts on a display of confidence before his men, the mother who, to reassure a child in time of trouble, hides her anxiety behind a shield of assumed unconcern. We know almost instinctively that courage can be caught by contagion.

But if courage is contagious, so are fear and worry. The look of despair on the faces round a bedside, for example, can crucially affect an ill person. Parents who betray their fears to small children often infect them with long-lasting anxieties. I once read about a mother who sent her daughter off to school each day with the admonition, "Be careful!" This repeated warning led the child to think of the journey to school as dangerous, and of life in general as fraught with perils—a view it took her years to forget. Wiser now, she hides her anxieties about her own son, and as he leaves for school calls out gaily, "Have fun!"

Broadcasting fear can paralyse the broadcaster himself, as well as his listener. Talking about one's fears may reduce tension but it also weakens the resolve to do something about the problem. Every doctor can cite a score of patients who visit him to reveal their anxieties, but never carry out his advice.

Excessive self-revelation of personal fears may also bring about what one psychologist calls "the self-fulfilling prophecy." For example, a man who continually airs his fear of losing his job may weaken his position by undermining the confidence of others in his reliability.

"Confession," a keen observer once said, "is good for the soul but bad for the reputation."

Yet must we keep silent when the burden of our fears becomes so great

as to threaten our health? Experts say no. Our bodies respond to fear and danger with a number of involuntary reactions originally evolved to prepare primitive man for battle or flight in emergencies: the release of adrenal and cortical hormones into the blood stream, causing an increase in blood pressure and heartbeat; the increased discharge of stomach acids; and so on. Useful on a short-term basis, when this alarm system is continued for long, as by a persistent fear or worry, damage to heart, blood vessels, stomach and other organs may ensue. Telling one's fears to a sympathetic listener eases the pressure by absorbing some of this overflow of "readiness" or "continuous alarm."

John Gunther in his book *Eisenhower, the Man and the Symbol* tells of a time during a campaign in 1945 when Eisenhower, walking along a bank of the Rhine, overtook a young soldier who seemed silent and depressed. The general asked how he was feeling, and the reply was, "Not so good, sir."

Eisenhower went on, "Well, you and I are a good pair then, because I'm nervous, too. Maybe if we just walk along together we'll be good for each other."

Another important reason for not keeping all one's fears a secret is that many of them are "shadow fears," based not on real threats but on imaginary ones. It may safely be said that most general fears—of strangers, of failure, of childbirth,

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of germs, etc.—are illusory or exaggerated. So are fears of sexual contact that make some men impotent and some women frigid. Often these fears result from wrong information or lack of information, or are based on unconscious conflicts which may be trivial in reality but loom important when they grow in the dark of secrecy.

They can be dispelled by discussion in the light of reality. Communicating them to a responsible person (a doctor, an understanding friend) will do much to put them in proper perspective.

How can you know when your fears should be disclosed, when withheld? It will help, I believe, if you ask yourself, first, what effect will the telling have—not only on

your confidant but on *you*? Will it be just a whining complaint that provides temporary relief but robs you of the incentive to act? Is your fear based on reality, or is it a distorted phantom fear that might be dissipated by frank discussion? Ask yourself, *why* am I pouring out my fears? In order to elicit sound advice and help? Or is it done simply for momentary relief, or to indulge self-pity?

In our world we are not likely to be without causes of fear. But by learning to distinguish among them, by applying intelligence and good judgement, we can succeed in living wisely with our fears, knowing when they can be shared with others and when, with maturity and courage, we must face them alone.



Letters from Camp

DEAR Mum and Dad, I have joined the boxing club. This morning I had my first fight. I don't think I will need a plate for my teeth any more. Love, John

DEAR Folks, Look what they wrote about me in the camp newspaper. I am also the editor of the camp newspaper. Love and XXX, Evelyn

DEAR Dad, Remember when the supervisor came to visit us before camp started and he said he liked little boys like me? Well, he doesn't. John

DEAR Folks, Yesterday our camp supervisor told us all about where babies come from. You lied to me. Love and XXXXXX, Margaret

DEAR Dad, We are going on a long hike. Please send my bicycle. Paul

DEAR Parents, You don't have to meet me at the bus station. The supervisor said they are going to bring me home in a special car so I can lie down. Jason

—Selected from the book by Bill Adler



*In a prospecting boom
greater than any gold rush,
Canadians have uncovered
one of the richest stores of
mineral wealth the Free
World has ever known*

Canada Strikes It Rich

BY LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

ON, CANADIANS used to say, really made the world in five days. On the sixth He made that great barren reach they call the Precambrian Shield. On the seventh He threw rocks at it. They lie around to this day—1,800,000 square miles of rocky waste and deep forest scarring the face of Canada from the coast of Labrador west to mid-continent and north to the frozen *tundra* of the Northwest Territories.

Today, this vast rock-pile is recognized as one of the greatest mineral treasure-chests the world has ever

known. Men doggedly fight weather and wilderness to get at its riches. Last year, still barely nibbling at its rim, they prised loose a lion's share of the record 2,500 million dollars' worth of valuable ore, that maintained Canada in third place among metal producers of the world.

In the process, they are recasting the look of the land. New towns and settlements seem to be everywhere. In the Alaska-size wilderness that lies between the Atlantic and Hudson Bay, there are places which were not even on the map ten years ago.

Among them is Schefferville, whose 4,800 people are beginning to mutter about traffic jams, but remain vocally proud of the solid, here-to-stay look of their bustling, iron-mining town.

Canadians, finding themselves astride seemingly inexhaustible stocks of the metals and minerals coveted by an industrialized world, are preparing for a long-term boom. Already they lead all nations of the Free World in the output of nickel and asbestos; rank second in uranium, zinc, aluminium, gold, platinum and cadmium; and are at least fifth in producing titanium, copper, lead, cobalt and magnesium. And with still more wilderness blocks to be charted, geologists and mining engineers are prospecting for still more telling lodes all across this astonishing geological formation.

The Shield has been 4,000 million years in the making. It is the nucleus of the North American continent. It underlies the great mountain ranges and runs beneath the deepest canyons.

In aeons long past, terrible pressures and violent upheavals deep within the young earth drove the Precambrian rock up through weaknesses in the original crust. Great mountains were formed. Ages of erosion wore them down. Centuries of decomposition overlaid them with rich soil. Then came the great glaciers of the Ice Age. Surging down from the north, they scoured the land, stripped back thousands of

square miles of soil covering from the rock floor and dumped it on the plain. Result: the Shield, a barren and forbidding sheet of granite stretching across half Canada.

But an ironic miracle was in the making. The very glaciers that had robbed Canada of its rich loam had exposed an infinitely greater treasure. Swept clean of its burden of soil, much of the Precambrian rock lay naked to the eye, and it was only a matter of time before the right men in the right place would recognize its fabulous wealth.

Among the first was a doughty American, Sam Ritchie. From the engineers who blasted the first transcontinental railway through the Canadian bush, Ritchie heard of a great ore body in the barren lands north of Ontario's Georgian Bay. Assayed at more than seven per cent copper, the ore lured prospectors by the dozen. But it was Ritchie who acquired the most promising claims, near a hamlet called Sudbury.

Ritchie's dreams were shattered by the first batch of refined metal: it contained nickel, a rare substance so hard that no one had thought of much use for it except for coins.

Then, in tests of armour-plate, the U.S. Navy discovered that an eight-inch shell that could pierce ordinary steel plating could barely dent the same thickness of nickel steel. And almost simultaneously in Bayonne, New Jersey, where Ritchie sent his ore for smelting, R. M. Thompson found an economical



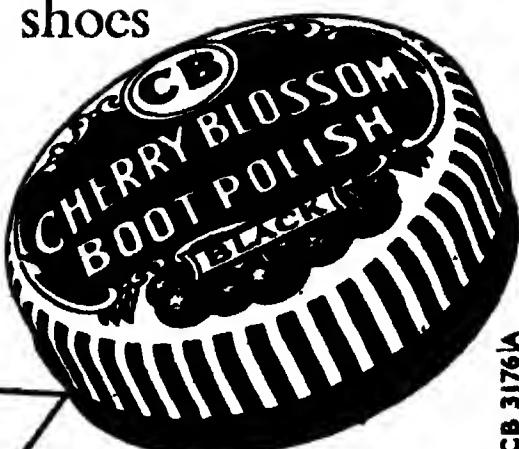
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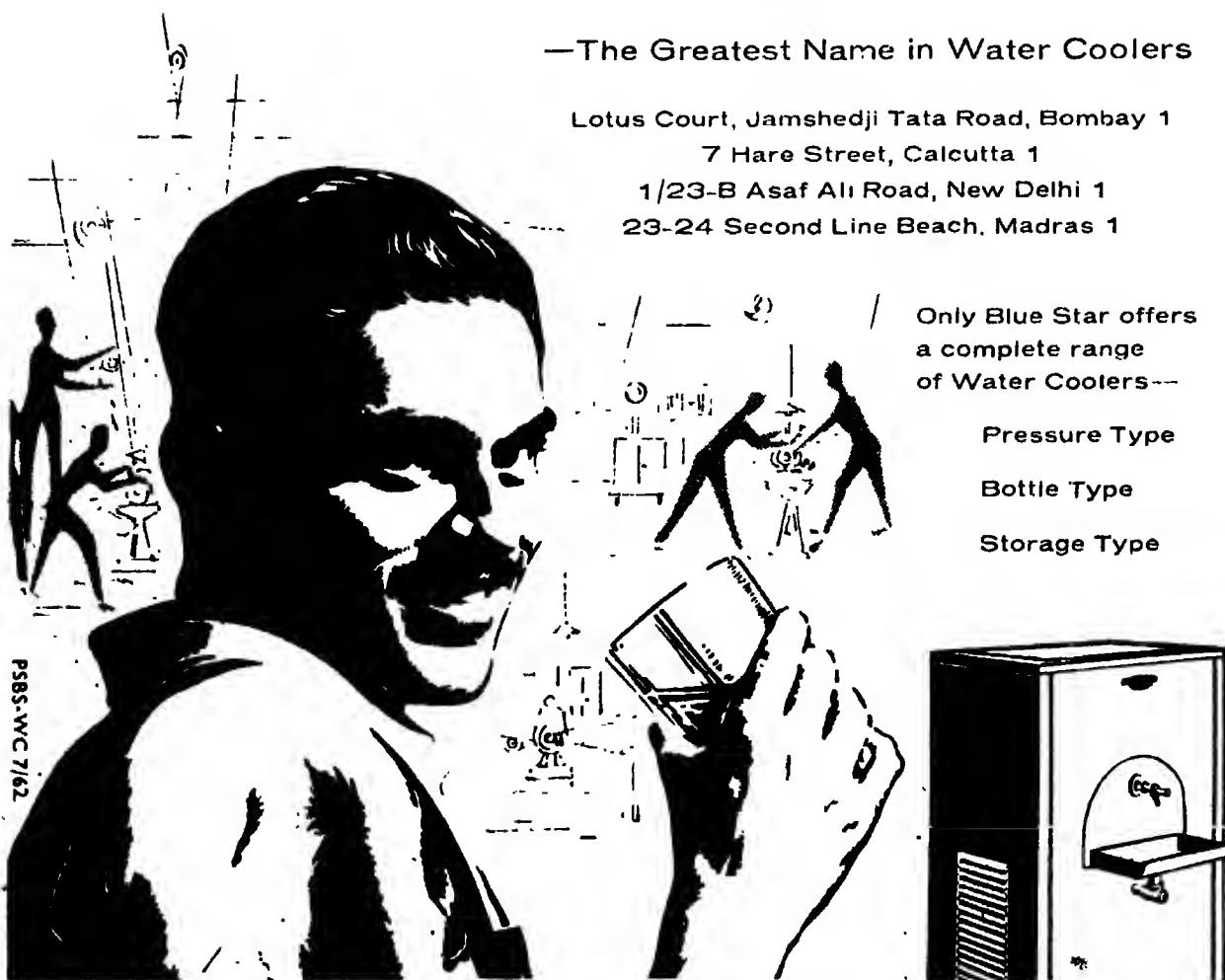
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Product of Canada's boom the ultra modern industrial town of Thompson

way to separate the nickel from the ore. He added some sodium sulphate to the molten mass in his furnace and found that the resulting block could be broken cleanly with a sledge-hammer: the top contained most of the copper, the bottom most of the nickel.

Thompson and others joined forces as The International Nickel Company, and went to work. Through two world wars and the separate industrial revolutions wrought by the motor car, the aeroplane and the atomic age, the Sudbury mines—which turned out to harbour the richest nickel deposits on earth—have remained the principal source of all Canadian nickel; and Canada, in turn, has supplied some 80 per cent of the Free World's needs.

As Sudbury's major producers worked their mines round the clock to meet the clamour for more and

still more nickel, the company pushed a search for new deposits. By 1956 prospectors had plotted a nickel belt 80 miles long and five miles wide, which may outstrip even Sudbury's immense deposits, and surveyors pencilled a new town on their maps: Thompson.

By March 1961, when the commercial production of nickel began, Thompson had become one of the most modern towns in Manitoba and represented the greatest single investment in the history of the province. Not infrequently a bear or lynx will go poking through a housewife's refuse, but there is a beauty salon in the gleaming chromium shopping centre, and the gaunt rocks on which Thompson stands will soon reach an annual yield of at least 33 thousand tons of electrolytically refined nickel.

To link the town to the outside

world, the Canadian National Railways drove a 30-mile spur west from its Hudson Bay line at a cost of five million dollars. The International Nickel Company spent 130 million dollars on the mine and facilities for the town, and Manitoba Hydro invested 40 million dollars in a power plant. The Hudson's Bay Co. built the first food store and now runs a modern, million-dollar department store.

Speaking for all who have invested dollars and destiny in developing this twentieth-century frontier, Carl Nesbitt, the resident administrator, said, "People sell themselves short if they're afraid to pioneer. You can *feel* the future here."

Another 1,000 miles to the northwest, on the very lip of the Shield hard by the Arctic Circle, is the continent's northernmost mine. This is Port Radium, whose buildings cling to the sheer cliff rising straight from the frozen waters of Great Bear Lake, and whose people, mining radium, were among the earliest to provide that key to the atomic age, uranium.

First uncovered little more than 30 years ago by a French-Canadian prospector named Gilbert LaBine, pitchblende from Great Bear Lake probably yielded the uranium that powered the first atomic bomb. By 1953 an intense search for more uranium-rich rock had led to the

sprouting of Uranium City* in Saskatchewan and Elliott Lake in Ontario. And now geologists agree that in the Precambrian formations of Ontario are probably greater uranium reserves than in all the rest of the world. The largest of the Elliott Lake mines, they say, could more than supply the present uranium needs of the whole Free World.

Owing to a temporary glut, uranium mining is in the doldrums at present. The Port Radium mines have closed down. But as the peace-time uses of atomic energy are developed, the ore to fuel them will be among the most precious gifts the earth has to give.

Until recently, Canada's most profitable mineral was gold. The Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines in northern Ontario still produce more gold in any ten-year period than ever came out of the flamboyant Klondike. More important, they have led to the unearthing of a vast storehouse of still another metallic treasure—iron.

In the mid-1940's, the Hollinger company undertook active exploration of long-known iron-ore occurrences in Labrador-Quebec to determine the amount and quality present.

They leased some 25,000 square miles along the Labrador-Quebec border, and that forbidding land was soon echoing to prospecting crews' grinding drills and tapping hammers. Back to the head office went the word: one of the

* See "Canada's Uranium Boom," The Reader's Digest, May 1954.

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most remarkable iron deposits ever uncovered! Along the length of the Labrador "trough"—an ore-rich belt 50 miles wide and reaching 750 miles north to Hudson Strait—lay more than four thousand million tons of iron-ore, reserves that might equal even Minnesota's vast Mesabi Range.

By incredible engineering feats, Iron Ore of Canada and the companies that followed it into the wilderness of Quebec's North Shore, notably Quebec Cartier Mining, have built towns to house construction crews and mining families, and railway lines to carry the ore to tidal water on the St. Lawrence.

In 1960, almost ten million tons of ore were shipped from the port at Sept Iles. The goal for the entire North Shore is 30 million tons a year by 1965, more iron than has ever been exported from any nation in any year.

Iron is by no means the North Shore's only wealth. Perhaps the most interesting potential of Quebec's 500,000 square miles, mostly bush and waste, is water power. Little over half of its estimated 20-million-horse-power total has been harnessed, but already the North Shore is one of the world's great aluminium producers. Bauxite, the ore from which aluminium is extracted, is mined in South America and Africa.

But to the Aluminium Company of Canada, initially a subsidiary of Alcoa, construction of a

smelting plant on the turbulent Saguenay River at Arvida was a matter of cash practicality: virtually limitless and cheap hydro-electric power was the lure. Result: another model town in the wilderness, and great new stocks of aluminium for the West.

All around the Shield's great armoured semi-circle, the story is the same: lead and zinc will be building new towns on remote Great Slave Lake; copper and zinc are forcing open the forbidding stretches of Mattagami, Quebec; iron-ore will be developing more railways in Labrador.

Canada, taking a place in the forefront of nations, attaches great importance to its "rock-pile"—how great is marked in an announcement last year by the then Mines Minister, Paul Comtois: the federal and provincial governments are about to spend 18 million dollars on aeromagnetic surveys to pinpoint still further mineral wealth on the Shield. The largest project of its kind ever attempted by any nation, with the search to cover nearly two million square miles, the great treasure-hunt will take 12 years and involve the drawing of over 6,000 maps.

"The potentialities of such a programme are immense," said Comtois. He referred not only to the value of the Shield's metal and minerals but to the opening of a vast, once-desolate area that may become the heart of a new Canada.

Secrets of the Wild

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

*Never underestimate
the resourcefulness of any
of nature's creatures*

ALTHOUGH I have studied nature carefully for over 60 years, I have never been able to preconceive how wild things will react in certain circumstances. Their behaviour cannot be foretold, pigeon-holed and dismissed any more than that can be done for human beings. What is considered normal behaviour is constantly being violated by the children of nature—especially if danger seems to impend.

When I was younger, I used to follow the hounds after foxes, riding my mount full speed through the virgin forest. One day I found myself up with the hounds, with the fox in sight in the open woods. He looked as if he were running tired, and I felt sorry for him. I urged my horse on and passed the hounds,

Condensed from Christian Herald



thinking I might save the fox from his relentless pursuers.

Not far ahead was a narrow-gauge railway built to transport timber. As I neared the banks of earth above the tracks, I heard a rumbling sound and saw tufts of smoke in the woods. A lumber train was coming, its open trucks loaded with logs. The fox was now almost up to the tracks, and my hounds were coming closer, baying on the trail.

The fox was in an evil plight. Would he get across the track before the train, thus making the train cut off the dogs, or at least delay them? I felt that he was up to something, but did not dream of his sagacity until I saw him execute a plan that called for forethought, wisdom, and instant and wily decision.

He did not try to cross the tracks but stopped on top of one of the banks above them. He let the engine and a few trucks pass; then suddenly he leapt lithely from the bank to the pile of logs on one of the trucks, and thus he was borne away to safety.

I saw him look back sardonically at the pack that by now stood baffled on the bank. No doubt that delightfully crafty fox travelled a mile or so, and then sprang safely off his train, escaping into the wood.

In our house we had a rustic basket hanging in the hall only a few feet from the front door. One year we were delighted to find a wren building in the basket, and the next year we reared another brood in the

same way. The third year the house was closed—every door and window. Yet when I returned one April day and unlocked the front door, the wren darted down the long hall ahead of me. She passed through two rooms, and I saw her apparently fly through a window pane, at least 80 feet from her nest.

Investigating, I found in the glass of the window a bullet hole made by some careless boy on a picnic. The hole was no bigger than my thumb. The tiny brown bird, finding her home barred against her, had searched with infinite patience and intelligence until she at last found this singular mode of access. Through this minute, sharp-edged hole she had carried fresh twigs and lining for her nest. She had shown persistence and a resourcefulness that any human being might well envy.

I was at a deer hide one day, about 200 yards in front of a dense sweet-bay thicket. Beside me was a Negro guide to whom, as I was to learn, the mysteries of deer nature were no mysteries at all. As the beaters came on through the heavy copse an old eight-point buck stole out of the fragrant greenery. He was neither running nor walking; he appeared to glide without sound or perceptible effort.

Suddenly he halted, and stood at his full height. As the only breeze stirring was from him to me, I knew that he would not scent me, and my guide and I were concealed in



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the cover of some young pines.

"Why does he keep standing there like that when he knows the beaters are behind him?" I whispered to my companion.

"He is readin' his book," the guide told me.

That was it: he was taking time to weigh all possible chances before coming to a decision that he knew might be critical. Then followed a manoeuvre for which I was totally unprepared, though I have hunted deer for nearly 50 years and have hung up my 103rd stag.

The buck sank out of sight in the yellow broom sedge. He just subsided, tall horns and all. It seemed incredible that a creature so large, with such big antlers, could fade into grass barely over two feet high. But he did.

"What is he doing now?" I whispered to my guide.

"His book tells him to play a trick," he replied.

I felt sure that the beaters would push the old buck out to me. But five minutes later, when they broke through the thicket, my guide touched my arm. Far over to my left and barely discernible above the golden sea of broom sedge, I saw the ivory tips of moving horns. Unseen, the buck had crawled all the way round me under cover of the grass. When he had gone nearly 300 yards he leapt up and was gone into the glimmering woods.

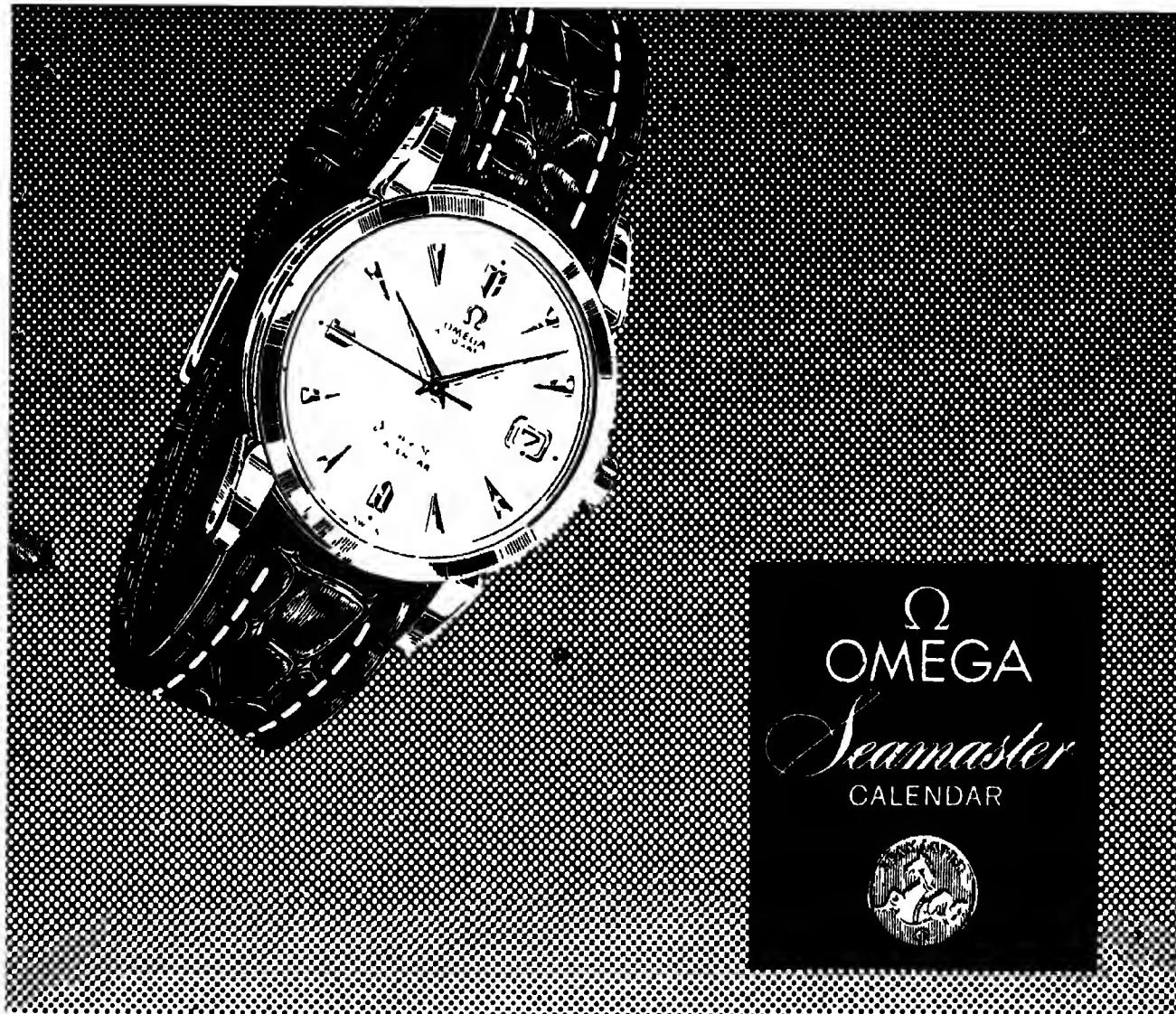
One day when there was a great flood in the river, my foreman and

I went across to the delta to see if we could rescue some of the stock that had been caught by the high waters.

The first refugee we saw repaid us for our crossing of the dangerous river. Of all wild mothers that have ever come under my observation, this fugitive was the finest—and the ugliest. She was a wild razor-back hog, all bone and bristles and lean bacon. Indescribably fierce, she looked morose and vindictive standing there on a sodden log, wedged precariously by the tide into the low crotch of a water oak. Behind her, under her, quaking in the shelter of her mighty flanks, were her little ones, nine of them. They were only about two or three weeks old, and in their present situation they seemed doomed.

The waters were fast rising. The old savage creature knew well that she and her trembling brood must soon be dislodged from their frail support. About half a mile away, across a stretch of water, there was some high ground known as the Pine Ridge. I saw her looking at it. She had, I knew, determined to swim to the ridge. But she wasn't going alone. Lowering her hideous, formidable head, she tenderly nuzzled the pigs, one by one. To them she grunted deep and placid reassurance. She kept nudging them until all were in a huddle.

Then she plunged off the log into the stormy tide. About 30 feet she swam, fiercely and with head high, as a hog always swims; after this she



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turned round and in a few moments had returned to the log. As surely as I was watching her, she was instructing her babies how the thing was to be done, and showing them how easy it was.

Slowly and with infinite caution and patience, she herded them down towards the water. She was actually in it, among the stranded sedges, for a moment or two, before she was satisfied that all her brood were with her. Then, grunting easily, very slowly she began to swim. She didn't swim like a hog, for she was now the solicitous mother. All her tiny pigs were in the lee of her great

flank. She broke the current for them, and they swam as if they were in a backwater. She appeared to be trying to save not her own life, but theirs. It was a beautiful sight to watch, that grim old monster mothering her babies across that stormy tide.

The old Soothsayer in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* says:

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

I too can read a little in that book.
But it thrills me that I never know what to expect next in the behaviour of wild creatures.

Cartoon Quips

LITTLE boy to woman holding puppy: "Don't let him off your lap. He isn't house trained." —F. F.

HOUSEWIFE to friend: "For our anniversary he gave me some albums of mood music—'Music to Iron By' . . . 'Music to Wash By' . . . 'Music to Scrub By' . . ." —B. B.

DOCTOR to patient: "I'll tell you what, Mrs. Jarvis, you handle the diagnosis and I'll handle the treatment." —C. D.

AGENT selling travel-now-pay-later plan to blonde: "I know several young ladies who became engaged on this cruise and their fiancés took over the payments." —Lichty

VICAR, exhibiting his paintings: "Of course, you know, I'm just a Monday painter." —Hunt

ONE MATRONLY lady to another: "My reducing club is a great success. We've lost over ten stone. However, none of it was mine personally." —G. C.

MAN leaving the theatre: "Fortunately I read the reviews, or I might have enjoyed the show." —D. E.

FROWNING psychiatrist to secretary speaking on phone: "Just say we're terribly busy—not 'It's a madhouse!'" —B. B.

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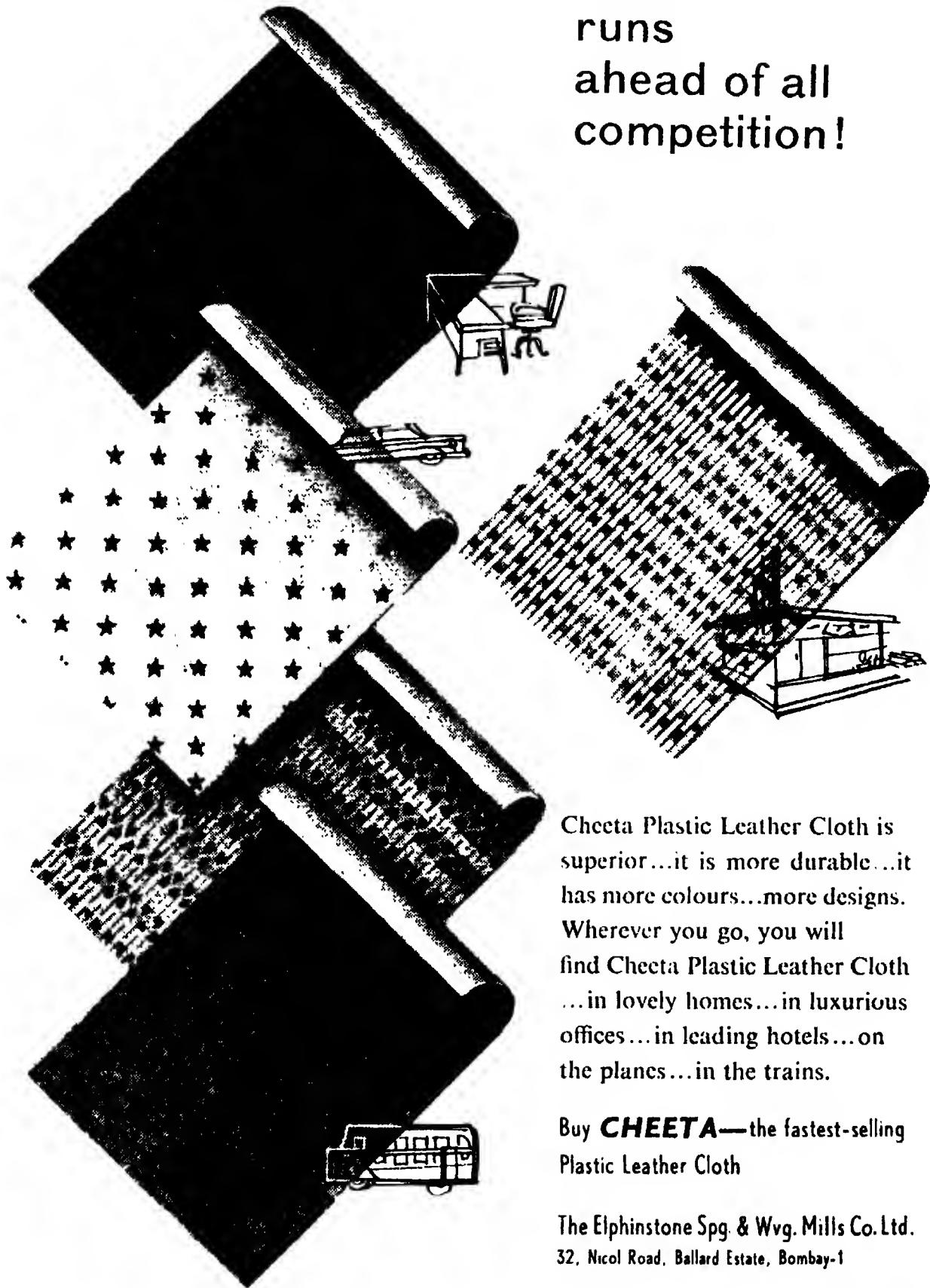
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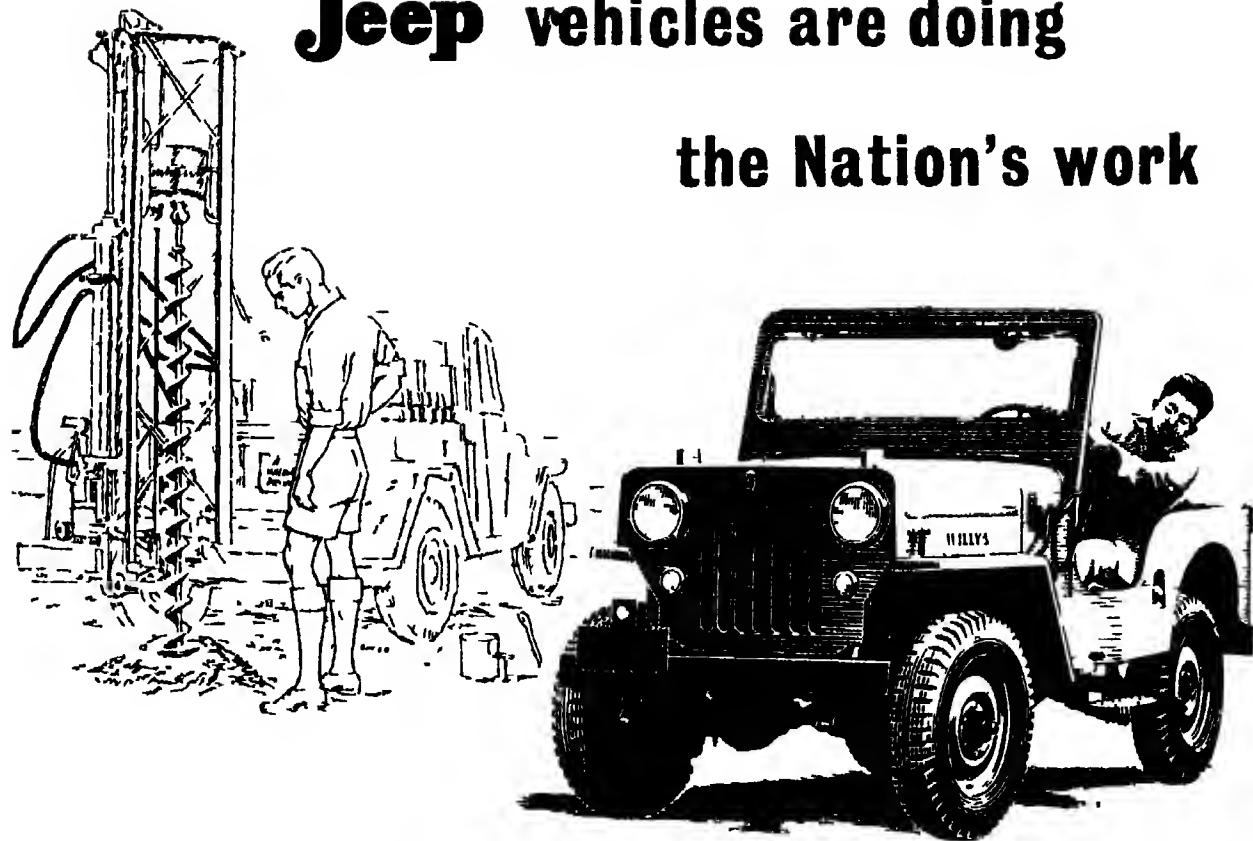
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*Dozing in the Indian Ocean, a thousand miles from anywhere,
are the Seychelles, the lovely islands that time passed by*



Armchair Voyage to Paradise

BY GORDON GASKIN

OME 80 years ago, "Chinese" Gordon, the great British general who was also a devout Bible scholar, announced a radical theory: that the Garden of Eden was *not* in the land now known as Iraq, as tradition says, but on one of 92 lovely islands scattered round the Indian Ocean just below the equator. These islands, now a British Crown Colony, are the Seychelles (say-shells').

Seychellois boast, half proudly,

half ruefully, that they are "a thousand miles from anywhere," and it's almost literally true. The principal island, Mahé, is 1,000 miles east of Africa, 1,700 miles from India. No plane flies to the Seychelles; mails arrive by once-a-month ship. The land area of all the islands totals 156 square miles (much less than that of London), and the whole 42,000 population could be seated in England's Old Trafford cricket ground.

Nearly forgotten by the outer world, so far rarely visited and cheap, the islands are, in the accurate words of one astonished traveller, of "staggering beauty." As a British official says, "Whether Chinese Gordon was right or wrong, you must admit that Eden *should* have been here."

Mahé, the largest and by far the most populous island, is the only one with a town. Rugged, with a mountain backbone nearly 3,000 feet high, fringed with white beaches, Mahé is about 17 miles long and averages less than five miles wide. The town, Victoria, must be one of the world's most ramshackle, easy-going capitals. Some 11,000 people live under rusting corrugated-iron roofs. "All we need a house for," one Seychellois says, "is to keep the rain away and the spirits out at night." In 1960 the British census commissioner, puzzled because he could find no town limits, was told, "Just watch the girls walking to work in the morning with their shoes on their heads to save shoe leather. Where they stop and put on their shoes—that's where Victoria begins."

On Mahé, time is a useless word. A cathedral clock chimes the hour twice—once on the hour, again two minutes later in case people didn't notice. Three times a week a little ferry chugs off to Praslin Island, blue and lovely on the horizon, 23 miles from Mahé and one-third its size. Strange and wonderful things

grow there that grow nowhere else on earth, and it was on Praslin specifically that General Gordon pinpointed the Garden of Eden. Although the round trip takes only six hours and costs only about Rs. 4, most Mahéans never bother to make it. "Why travel?" one of them asks.

The "outer islands," some more than 600 miles from Mahé, are even more sleepy and timeless. In the First World War the German raider *Konigsberg* found refuge at Aldabra, one of the remotest islands. The handful of Aldabrans were not suspicious; they had no idea there was a war on.

Apart from a few pirates and castaways, nobody lived on the Seychelles until 1770, when the French sent colonists from the island of Mauritius. Large numbers of slaves were brought in from Africa, and the very remoteness of the islands also made them an ideal place of exile for political undesirables.

But the French tenure was short. During the interminable British-French wars, whenever a British naval squadron swept into the Seychelles, the French commandant, Chevalier Queau de Quinssy, sighed, shrugged and surrendered. Down came the tricolour, up went the Union Jack. When the British sailed away, up went the tricolour again. As the wars dragged on, de Quinssy surrendered to the British seven times, with such style, exquisite manners and diplomatic tact that he earned the name "The



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MATTRESSES

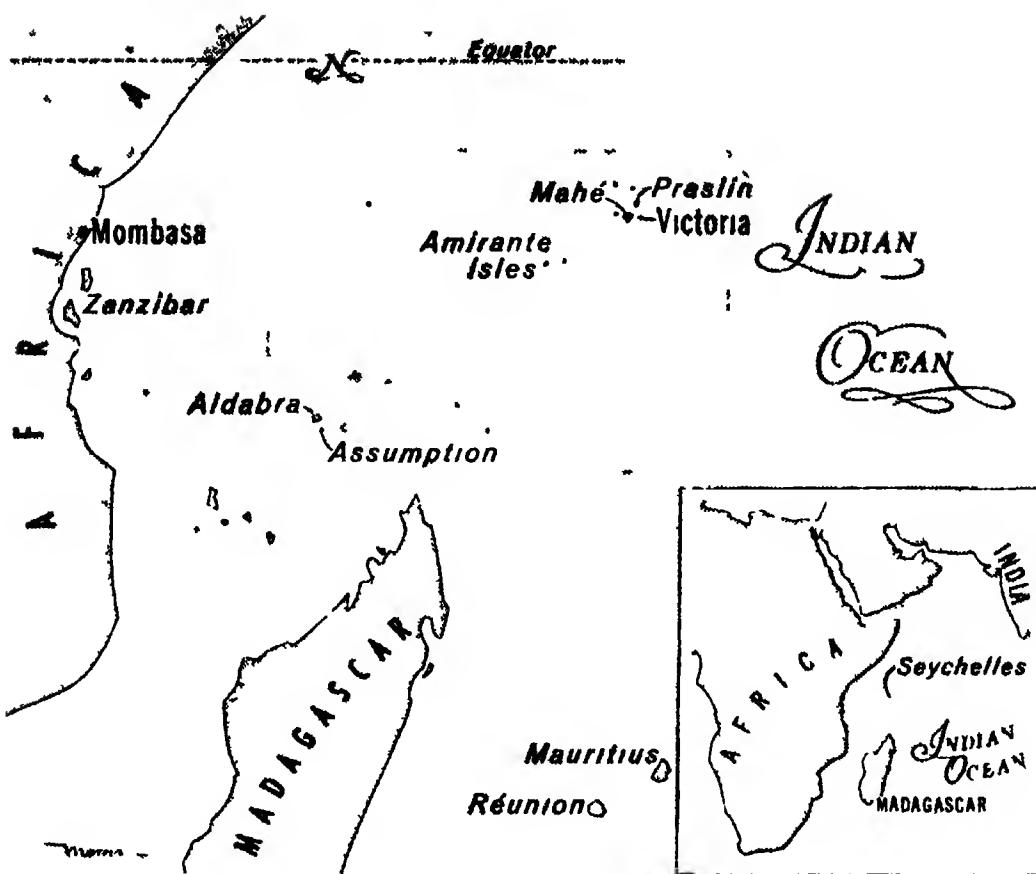
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Talleyrand of the Indian Ocean." When Britain won the Seychelles by the 1814 Treaty of Paris, the chevalier anglicized his name to de Quincy and stayed on as British commandant until his death in 1827.

The islands drowsed along under British rule. Not until 1926 did they get electric lights, and it was 1935 before islanders saw their first motor car. Only in 1944 did the Colonial Office begin anything like public education, and it is still not compulsory. Less than one per cent of the people habitually speak English; the vast majority speak Creole, a kind of pidgin French.

At the top, socially (excluding British officials), are *les grands*

blancs—"the big whites"—many descended from the original French settlers. They live in patriarchal style and own the big coconut estates. Opposed to any change or innovation, *les grands blancs* were seething with fury when I was there because the government had passed a new minimum wage law giving male workers about Rs. 50 per month.

Slavery, abolished in 1835, left a deep impression. One expert guesses that there is no Seychellois without some trace of white blood, and few without some trace of black; when a child is born, the mother's first question is apt to be not whether it's a boy or girl but, "What colour is



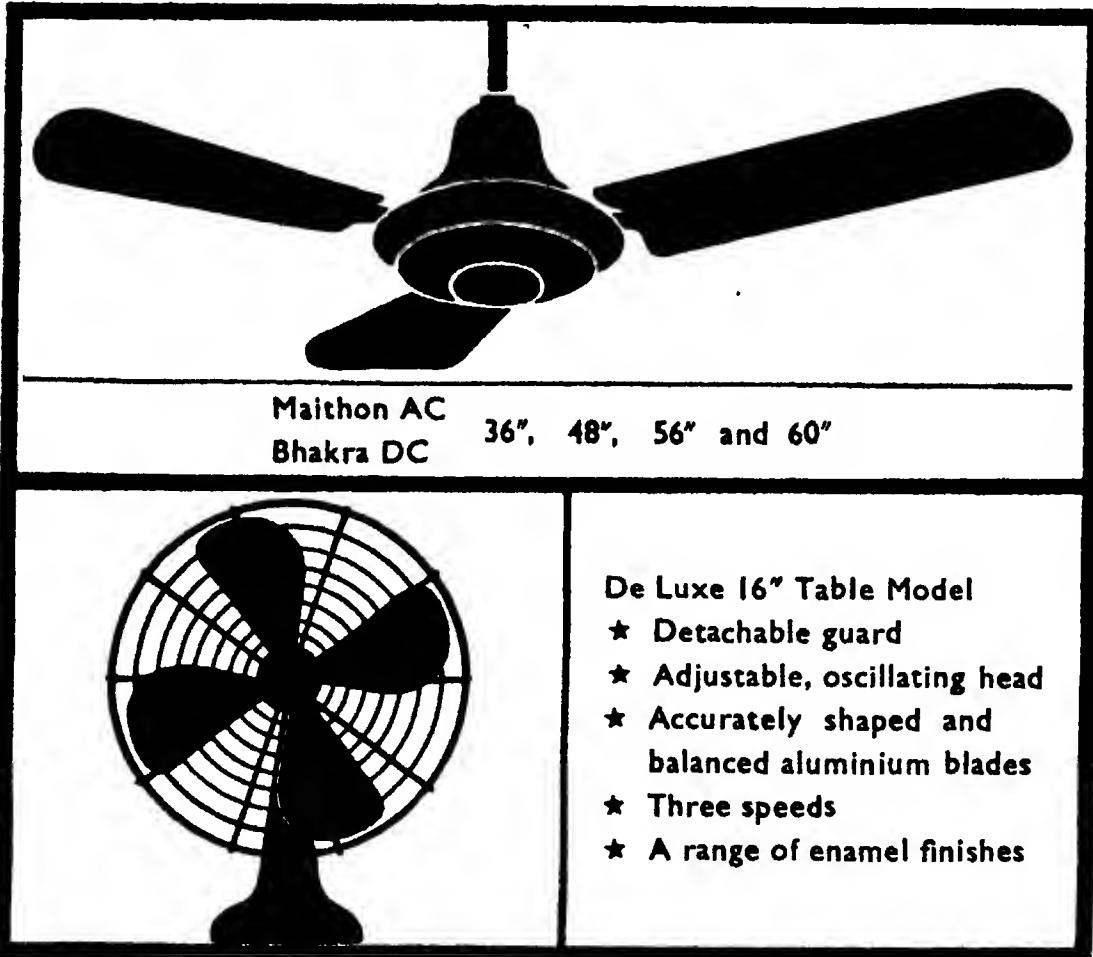
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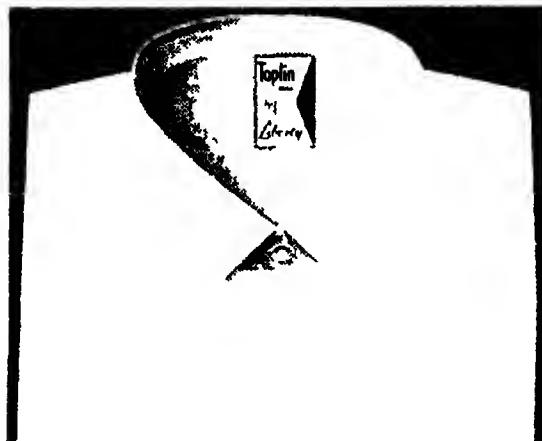
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it?" Another aftermath of slavery: the ex-slaves decided that freedom meant freedom from labour. The average Seychellois today is allergic to work. He feels nature should provide food free, and it very nearly does. Fish swarm along the shores, and food-bearing trees—coconut and bread-fruit—grow everywhere. If wages are low (the traditional working day is six hours, from sunrise to noon), so are living costs. Rice, a staple, is government-imported and price-fixed. Bananas are cheap and plentiful, and grow up to two feet long. I know of one family with 11 children and a total monthly income of about Rs. 135. On this everybody eats well and dresses neatly.

Nearly all Seychellois are Roman Catholics, yet a form of voodoo called *gri-gri* is still a powerful force. It was not so long ago that dogs were caught, their eyes removed to make *gri-gri* medicine, then released, blinded but living. It was not so long ago, either, that a child might be kidnapped and killed to make *gri-gri* candles from its body grease. Witch doctors (and their price lists) are widely known and feared. But probably their most popular items are love potions.

An astonishing number of Seychellois girls, pretty and slim, are free and easy with their favours. Says one social worker: "Rape is unknown -- and unnecessary."



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Forty-three children out of 100 are born out of wedlock. This horrifies churchmen. The Catholic Church now baptizes only legitimate children on Sundays, others on weekdays; and the church threatens not to baptize at all unless the father is named. This is for a practical reason -- to keep half-sisters from marrying their half-brothers.

Apart from love, the Seychellois live mostly on coconuts --exported to India as copra (dried coconut meat) where it is pressed for its oil. Copra accounts for about two-thirds of all Seychelles exports. Others are cinnamon, vanilla, guano and salt fish.

In most lands the coconuts have

to be cut down, but here the three-to-four-pound nuts fall naturally. The results, economically, are good. Tree-ripened nuts have more and richer oil, and command premium prices. (Falling nuts are also a hazard to Seychellois heads; one estate owner calculates that about 750,000 nuts fall annually on his grounds alone. Fortunately, most of them fall at night or in the early morning when nobody is likely to be hurt.)

One reason General Gordon became convinced that Eden had been on the island of Praslin was because only here and on another islet a stone's throw away, grows the very special nut called *coco de mer*, the world's largest, heaviest tree fruit.

just consider years of experience have been put into the making of this "Terylene" shirt by Liberty, the oldest and the most experienced manufacturer of quality garments. In addition Rac-Brook Ltd., of London, creators of "Toplin" men's wear, have collaborated in designing and perfecting the make-up of this fine shirt. The House of Haskell, of New York, the world's biggest and foremost manufacturers of interlining, have produced and processed the special "Dacron" interlining for the collar to make it 100% drip-dry and pucker-free despite many washings.

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A single one weighs about 40 pounds. Inside is a jellylike white substance once credited with miraculous powers: it would cure gallstones and paralysis; it would neutralize any known poison; it was a wonderful aphrodisiac.

Gordon decided that the *coco de mer* must have been the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil from which Eve and then Adam ate.

For centuries these nuts were extremely rare, turning up from time to time on beaches round the Indian Ocean from nobody knew where. Legend said they came from a single sacred palm tree "at the navel of the ocean," guarded by dragons. Revered in India, their price became fabulous. In the 1600's an Austrian emperor offered 4,000 gold pieces for one nut, but was turned down. In 1768 French explorers at last found where the nuts came from, and the market was soon glutted. Today you can buy them in India for Rs. 5 and in the Seychelles for Rs. 1.

Even on Praslin the weird trees grow in only one place: the Valley of May, now a government-owned sanctuary.

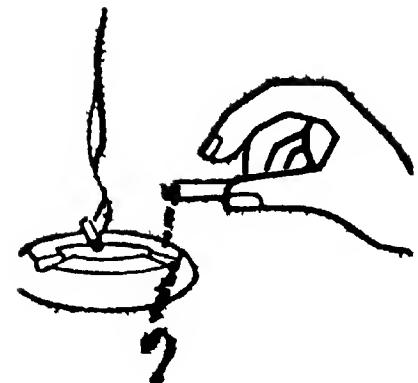
I went there late one afternoon and it was like visiting the world ten million years ago: dank, sombre, primeval. Huge ferns towered as high as houses. And above them, 100 feet high or more, were the *coco de mer* trees, male and female, "the elephants of the vegetable world."

It takes about 25 years before a tree begins bearing, and each nut takes about seven years to ripen and fall. Even the leaves of this tree are fantastic. They average some 300 square feet in area, and are coated with a natural varnish-like veneer. In the wind these huge fronds rustle together high overhead as if a pterodactyl were moving its wings.

Oddly, the Seychelles have an animal counterpart to the *coco de mer*: giant tortoises, found only at one other spot, the Galápagos Islands, almost exactly half way round the world from here. Protected and fearless, the tortoises flourish on Aldabra Island in thousands, and patiently let men ride them, perched on the giant carapaces nearly five feet long, nearly three feet high. Scholars still argue about how long they can live, and the limits are the same as with the *coco de mer*: at least 200 years, perhaps as much as 800.

The Seychelles are in danger of becoming perhaps the world's liveliest poorhouse. Thanks to British medical care the population has been rising sharply, but the island's earnings have been declining. Britain has been making up the difference by a dole. In 1958, at the urging of the Governor, Sir John Thorp, London agreed to finance a new economic "Battle for the Seychelles." It would pump nearly Rs. 50 lakhs a year into the islands.

Experts say that with modern farming methods the coconut crop



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General Advice

could easily be doubled. Now hardly anybody bothers with such elementary matters as selecting seed nuts from proved high-producing trees, or using even the abundant natural fertilizers such as seaweed and coconut husks. One *grand blanc* admitted the value of seaweed but shrugged, "If only *le bon Dieu* had given it legs!"—meaning that collecting and spreading it was too much trouble.

Last year only 490 tourists came to the islands. Yet to a world hungry for peace, quiet, white beaches, blue sea and sun, the Seychelles are a paradise.

The 40-mile drive encircling Mahé is like a pathway through one vast tropical garden, under miles of bending coconut palms. Each turn reveals some new beach or cove, magnificent boulders, a reef swarming with fish and shells, an off-lying islet glittering in the sea. The great game fish like marlin, tuna and sailfish flash here in numbers and sizes unknown. One expert has said the Seychelles have "the most fabulous underwater conditions to be found anywhere in the world." Over half the Cousteau film, *The Silent World*, was filmed round one of the Seychelles, Assumption Island.

So near the equator the climate ought to be fiercely hot, but it isn't, although sometimes the humidity is high. Rain is torrential in January and February; a Seychellois caught in a sudden downpour tears off the

nearest huge banana leaf for an umbrella. The best climate is probably from June to September. About five modest hotels and three *pensions* are well-rated; their prices, including all food, range from about Rs. 330 to Rs. 500 per month.

Apart from these lures, the Seychelles offer—at least so far—another treasure rare in this part of the world: political stability. Even the most violently anti British political leader on the Seychelles told me, "It would be madness for us to think of independence. We're just too small."

For the tourist there is, however, one problem: at the moment it is difficult to get there. Neither in Mahé nor anywhere near it is there enough suitable land to make a landing strip, and "made land" is very expensive. However, an airfield survey team is now studying possibilities. Ships sailing from Mombasa to Bombay call briefly, once a month or so, but these ships are usually fully booked long in advance.

One night I was talking to a priest about General Gordon's theory.

"Perhaps the General was right," he said with a twinkle. "After all, Paradise and the Seychelles have two things in common: both are beautiful, and everybody wants to go there. But there's that confounded problem of *how*. So many people can't manage it—either to Paradise or to the Seychelles."



The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

BY AUGUSTA DEARBORN EDWARDS

THE FIRST time I met Margaret Mitchell she was in a setting that might have been from the famous novel she wrote many years later—*Gone With the Wind*. There was the soft, warm night, the stately white-columned house and the gay sliver of a 19-year-old girl in a blue-green dress skipping down the stairs to greet her guests.

It was the spring of 1920, and I was in Atlanta, Georgia, visiting my sister.

We were going camping with Peggy and had gone to her house on

Peachtree Street to make arrangements. I had a wonderful evening. Peggy had three handsome young men in attendance, and it was quickly apparent that she was not only a lively wit and a natural story-teller, but an intent and genuinely interested listener.

She was a tiny thing, just five feet and weighing less than seven stone. She was to describe herself, perhaps unconsciously, on the first page of *Gone With the Wind*: "Scarlett O'Hara had an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw.

Her eyes were pale green, and above them her thick black brows, slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia-white skin."

Through the years as our friendship ripened I found Margaret Mitchell a complex creature—high-spirited, defiant, yet compassionate.

She hooted at convention. When the daughter of an unusually stuffy family was getting married, Peggy attended a tea in her honour. To the piles of lingerie in virginal white laid out for the guests to see she solemnly added her own contribution: a nightgown of violent purple.

She had a special feeling for people in trouble and seemed to know about their problems instinctively. Once, when I was ill in hospital, I passed through a serious crisis at about five in the morning. Half an hour later I looked up weakly to see Margaret standing by my bed, clothes thrown on, hair half-done. "Are you all right?" she asked breathlessly. "I'm sure something's happened. What can I do?"

Her fierce sympathy for the under-dog never flagged. "If more people knew the sad things that go on," she told me, "there'd be a darn sight less complacency. One good whiff of the police station on a hot July night would do a lot. It's not that people are cold-hearted. It's just that they haven't *seen*. What the eye hasn't seen, the heart can't feel." Many a night she routed her brother Stephens, a lawyer, out of

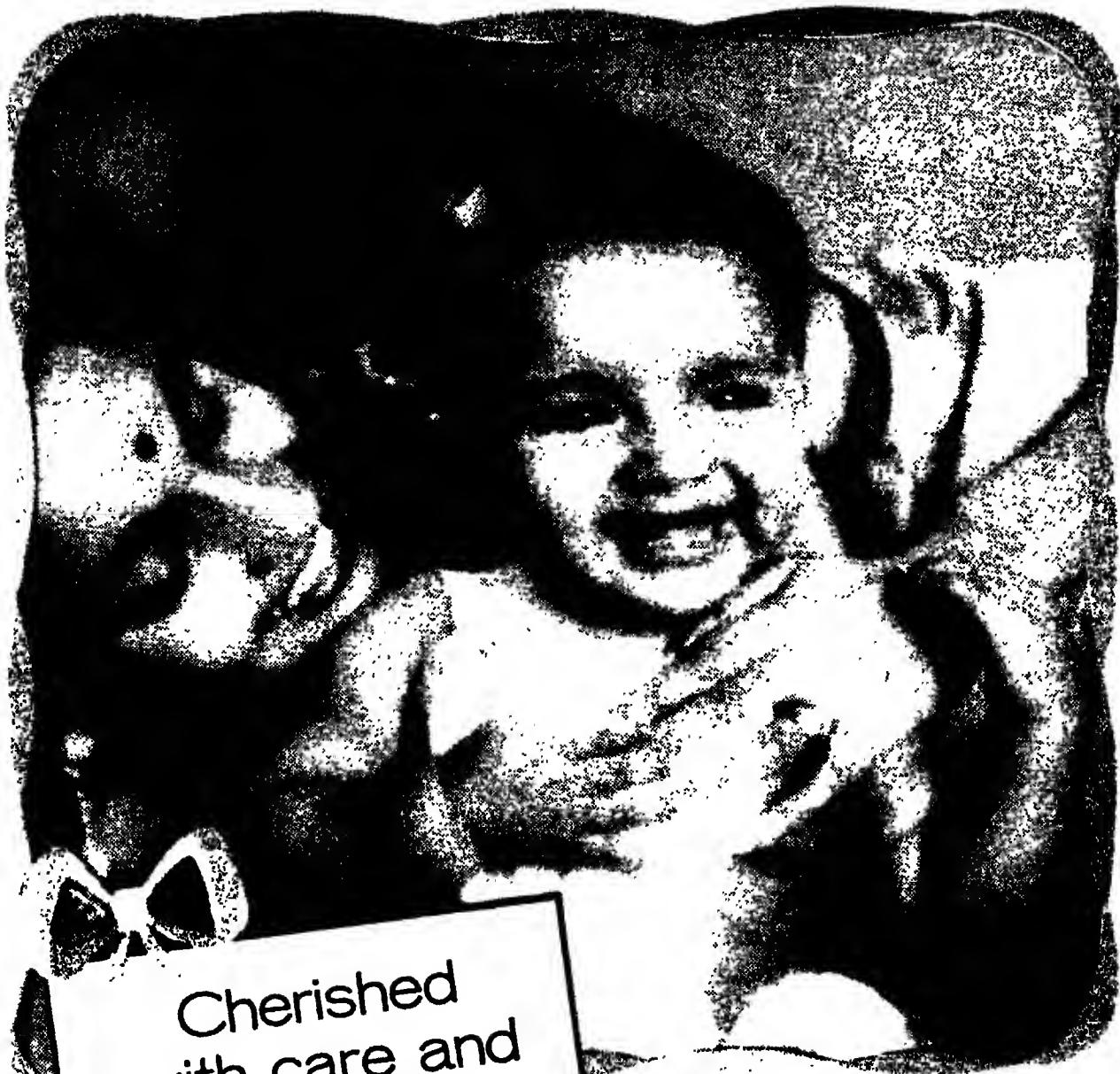
bed to get some man out of jail.

Although Peggy's own life appeared outwardly serene, there were heartbreaks that few knew about.

Her fiancé was killed in France just before the end of the First World War, and a few months later her mother died. She was in her first year at university, but returned home to keep house for her father and brother. She wrote a few stories and plays, but failed to sell them.

Then she got a job on the *Atlanta Journal Sunday Magazine*. There her uncanny ability to win people's confidence quickly manifested itself in colourful interviews with politicians and prize-fighters, businessmen and bootleggers. Peggy fell in love again, with John Marsh, a tall, gentle advertising man. They were married, and lived in a dilapidated little flat they called "The Dump." As usual, Peggy shocked her friends, this time by tacking up on the front door two cards, one saying "Margaret Munnerlyn Mitchell" and the other "John R. Marsh."

She stayed with the *Sunday Magazine* four years, until an injury put her on crutches. Confined to her home, she read voraciously. She had been an omnivorous reader since childhood, when her scholarly mother had paid her a few pennies for each Shakespeare play or Dickens novel she read. She now read so many books that John, weary of carting them home,



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suggested that instead of reading books she should write one.

Margaret was then 26. She decided to try to write about the American Civil War.

"As a little girl I always spent Sundays with my grandparents," she once told me, "and I was invariably scooped on to some lap and then forgotten while the oldsters fought the war. Also I often went riding with a fine old Confederate veteran who wore a white goatee beard, long hair and a long-tailed coat. We would pick up other veterans along the way, and those hot-tempered bull-heads argued out each campaign. I heard everything about the war except that the Confederates lost. It came as a violent shock when I learned at the age of ten that the South had been licked."

She heard her grandmother tell of salvaging her husband's sawmill business and making a success of it, and her mother saying, "Some people have gumption and guts. Those are the ones who survive. The others don't."

All this she remembered as she wrote, and the memories began to crystallize around a group of striking characters—Rhett Butler, Scarlett O'Hara, Belle Watling, Melanie Wilkes. They grew in her mind until they seemed almost to spring to life. All were imaginary, but from Margaret Mitchell herself came the kindness of Melanie and the toughness and unconventionality of Scarlett, the green-eyed witch.

Margaret wrote in an unorthodox way, starting with the last chapter and then skipping about. But she insisted that every detail be right. She would go out and see exactly how a red clay road looked under an August sun, and put that in. She would go and study an old half-burned farm house. Then she would write on the Reconstruction. For the chapter on the burning of Atlanta she could draw on the stories she had heard all her life.

Years passed, and thick Manila envelopes accumulated in the cupboards. When friends asked what she was writing, she would laugh, "The great American novel, of course." She never showed it to anyone but John. "It's no good," she used to snort, "but I've got to do something with my time."

For nine years the envelopes piled up. Once, when two of them were serving to prop up her back as she lay on a couch, a friend asked, "Why don't you use a pillow and show someone your manuscript?" She only smiled and said, "This suits me fine."

Then in 1935 Harold Latham, a vice-president of the Macmillan publishing company in New York, came to Atlanta looking for new authors. Several of Margaret's friends, including Lois Cole of Macmillan, who knew that she had been working on a book for years, suggested that Latham get in touch with her. Twice she refused to let him see her manuscript. Then one

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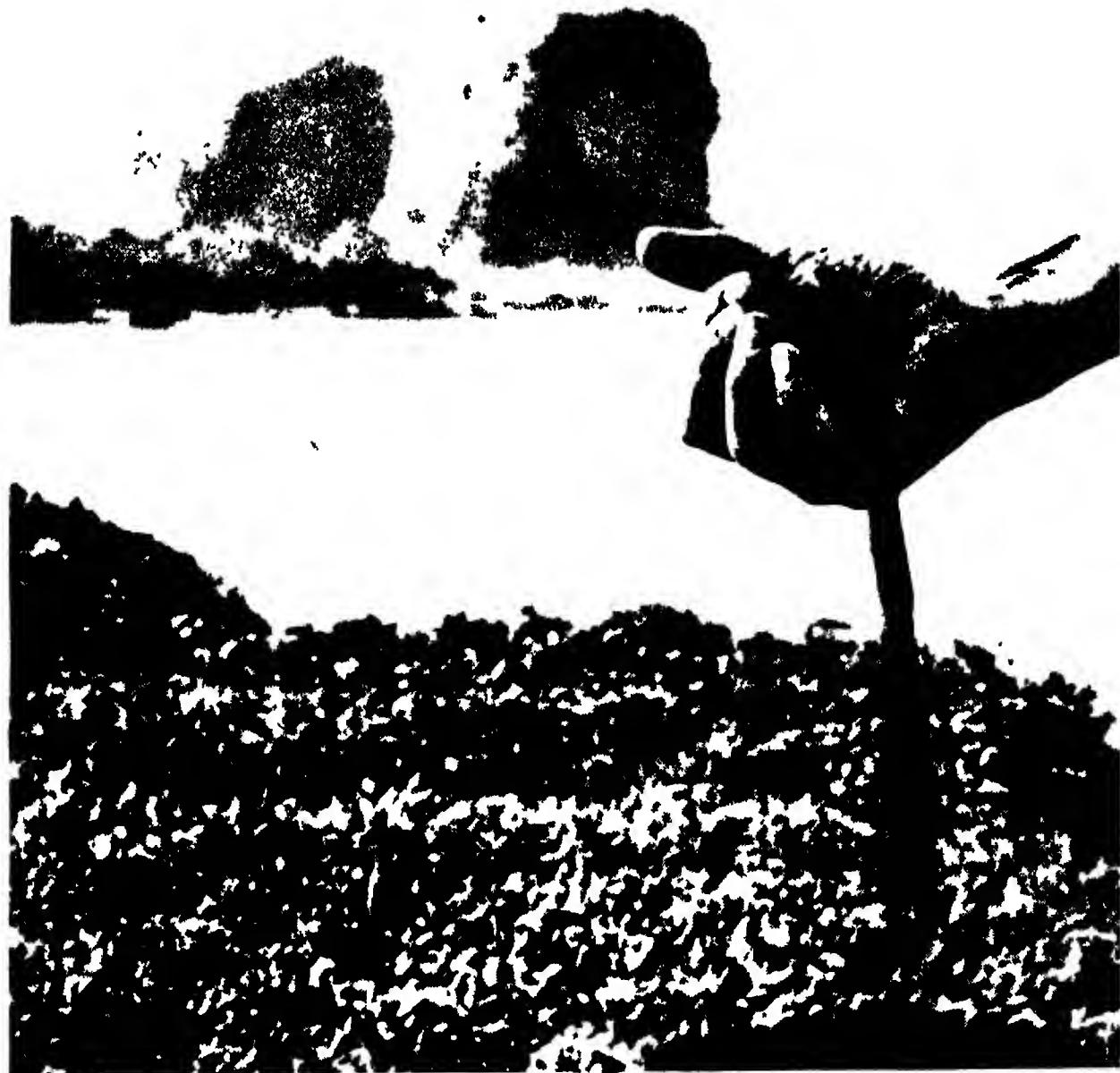
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evening she called at his hotel. "I'm down in the lobby," she told him. "If you want my manuscript, come and get it before I change my mind!"

He found the tiny figure sitting all but hidden between two mountains of dirty folders. He was leaving for San Francisco, so he crammed the huge manuscript into a suitcase. No sooner had he departed than Margaret fired a frantic wire after him: "I've changed my mind. Send it back." Instead, Latham read it with growing enthusiasm. The manuscript was a mess, the title was *Tomorrow Is Another Day* and the heroine's name was Pansy—not Scarlett—but its merit was unmistakable. One day Margaret got a cheque from the publisher.

"Five hundred dollars!" she squealed. "Let me lie down!" John took a closer look at the cheque. "Move over," he said. "It's five thousand!"

The success of her book was instant and overwhelming. Three weeks after its publication, 176,000 copies were in print; within six months a million copies had been sold. From it, David O. Selznick made history's most profitable film, one that is still being shown.

Yet Margaret stubbornly continued to live quietly with her husband, very much as they had before the novel was published. Offered an enormous sum to advise on the film, she snorted, "What do I know about making movies?" and turned it down, as she did all offers

for endorsements or testimonials.

She really meant her little speech at the world première of the film in Atlanta. "Some people think the time you need friends is when you're in trouble," she said. "But I want to say that when you've had an incredible success—that's when you need all the help your friends can give."

Fame brought Margaret Mitchell little pleasure, but it did enable her to use her time and money to help others.

This gave her great satisfaction, though she would never talk about her private benefactions. She faithfully answered the letters she received from all over the world. Letters from people in trouble always touched her deeply, and she did her best to help. "When people feel they are not alone," she told me, "and that some disinterested person understands and is anxious to help, it makes a great difference."

Two years after the publication of *Gone With the Wind*, Lois Cole urged her to write another book. Peggy said she was still too busy. Then she added, "You know, I always preferred the book I wrote before *Gone With the Wind*."

"How nice," Miss Cole said, as matter-of-factly as she could. "Where is the manuscript now?"

"Oh, I burned it when it was finished," Margaret said. "I just wrote it for fun."

In August 1949, Peggy was struck down by a reckless taxi-driver on the Peachtree Street she had made

famous. For five days she lay in the hospital unconscious. The flood of calls about her so overwhelmed the hospital staff that 19 of her friends—I among them—manned a special switchboard. We took messages from everywhere—from President Truman, from Georgia's governor, from prisoners at Atlanta Penitentiary who phoned to offer blood donations.

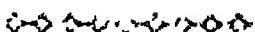
When Margaret Mitchell died on August 16 the widespread dismay was not only over the death of a fine writer. To thousands of people who had never met her this woman was a friend who had given them something of value.

"I have often wondered what people find in the book," she once said. "Perhaps it is that it is a story of courage. People react to courage in a book. It strikes fire to the courage in their own hearts. And so long as there is courage, the

world isn't going to hell in a hand-basket."

In death Peggy sought the anonymity she had lost in life. She had a horror of memorials and made her brother promise that their old family mansion would be torn down when he no longer wanted to live in it. A few years ago this was done. And shortly before John Marsh died he carried out her wish that all her papers be destroyed. Only part of the original manuscript of her book was preserved, with her handwritten corrections—enough to prove her authorship if it should ever be challenged.

Nothing remains to remind the world of Margaret Mitchell except the lasting monument of her book and—something that Peggy would probably have appreciated more—the vivid memories of the many like myself whose lives she touched and made warmer.



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WHAT do you make out of the above design? Are you one of the few people who immediately see exactly what it is? Some recognize it in a few minutes; others never get it until told that it is nothing more than the word FLY. There are no tricks, no explanations are needed—but this intriguing puzzle demonstrates how blind we can be to what we see.

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There are exciting programmes ahead for Britain's newest careerists—the young men and women who do the thinking for the electronic "brains"

PEOPLE WHO TALK TO MACHINES

By ROBERT O'BRIEN AND
WILLIAM ADRIAN

TEN YEARS ago the occupation had hardly been heard of. Today thousands of young people—6,000 in Britain alone—are engaged in it. They are solving hitherto-unsolvable problems in engineering, physics, chemistry. They are implementing new ways of running business offices. They are helping to regulate vast government stockpiles, forecast the weather, design motorways, bridges, engines and ships.

These pioneers in a new career

are the electronic-computer *programmers*—the people who talk to machines.

Today's almost miraculous computing machines can, in the time it takes to light a cigarette, make calculations that would occupy the waking hours of a man with a desk calculator for two and a half months. But without people these electronic genies are mere spaghetti-like tangles of wires and transistors—in the words of one expert, “immensely skilful but completely helpless boobies.”

To act, they must have instructions fed into them on punched cards, paper or magnetic tape. A set of instructions to control one problem is called a programme. This is how programmers got their name: they write the programmes that tell computers what to do, and how to do it.

The job demands two clear-cut qualifications: an analytical, orderly mind, and a regard for detail that borders on the obsessive.

“One of the first questions we ask applicants is, ‘Do you play chess or solve crossword puzzles?’” says Mrs. Jan Vincent, assistant to the director of the University of London Computer Unit. “The cunning of

the crossword addict is invaluable to a programmer."

Talking to these amazing machines is a thrilling experience for today's young programmers. It promises new horizons, far beyond those now in sight. The men and women of this new profession study programming masterpieces as avidly as students of chess play over the classic games of Lasker or Alekhine. They even read programmes aloud to each other.

"There is none of the usual chatter about clothes and boy friends in our office," says a girl programmer. "We discuss programmes and mathematical puzzles endlessly, even during the lunch hour. I often take problems home and work on them in the evening—not because I have to, but just because I find them so fascinating."

Dr. R. A. Buckingham, director of the University of London Computer Unit, estimated recently that Britain will need about 9,000 programmers within the next seven years. "For the foreseeable future," says a Ferranti executive, "no able programmer need ever be out of a job." A graduate straight from university gets at least £700 (Rs. 9,000) a year during training; as an established programmer he or she will earn up to £2,000 (Rs. 27,000) a year—and there are much higher rewards for executives or people with special skills.

Do all programmers have degrees in mathematics or physics? Not at

all; for one thing, a programmer doesn't have to understand the electronics of a computer any more than we must know all about engines in order to drive a car.

"A degree isn't important in itself," explains Norman Freund, chief programmer at the London Data Centre of International Business Machines. "It merely proves that by getting it the applicant has the ability to apply himself and stick to a project. In fact, a brilliant honours man with a very high IQ would not necessarily make a good programmer; his mind might work so fast and on such a high level that he'd possibly tend to skip the intermediate steps essential in writing a programme. He might forget that the computer is brainless."

Some programmers were formerly engineers who helped to design or build computers and became fascinated by the intricate task of writing the instructions to make them work.

Not long ago, an American steamship company which was about to "computerize" its book-keeping gave standard programming-aptitude tests to all interested employees, many of whom were university graduates. The highest mark was scored by a brawny longshoreman with a secondary school education. He became one of the company's top programmers at a comfortable salary. But even IQ and aptitude tests are fallible. When the tests were tried out informally on a group of programmers at Britain's

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National Physical Laboratory, two of the best men did consistently badly at them.

Degrees most commonly held by programmers are in mathematics and engineering, but there is no set pattern; some hold degrees in physics, languages, or classics. Many university research students are learning how to programme; most universities and many technical colleges offer courses. After a week's instruction trainees can write simple programmes, though most courses take up to six months.

"Programming is essentially a self-taught technique, like playing a musical instrument," says Dr. Hugh ApSimon of IBM.

Mrs. Janet Hickman, at 30 one of the oldest programmers at Ferranti's London Computer Centre, graduated in mathematics at London University and then worked on aerodynamics. Four years ago she took a programming-trainee course at Ferranti. "The work enthralled me from the start," she says. Today she writes programmes for problems ranging from the analysis of a brewer's sales to vapour liquid equilibrium in oil wells.

Are programming opportunities as bright for women as for men? "Absolutely," says a senior girl programmer. "The knack for detail, the ability to work piecemeal on a problem while keeping the over-all



goal in mind—most girls who want careers are very good at this. They can get ahead as fast as men."

Furthermore, young married women who leave programming to have children can always find well-paid jobs when they're ready to return to work. Sometimes they even write programmes at home as freelances, and hire a computer to work out the answers.

How do programmers talk to their machines? Let's suppose that we wanted to ask a computer to pass the bread. The verbal or written request, "Pass the bread, please," would have no effect. We would have to spell out painstakingly each detailed step: "Extend right hand

over table . . . Poise right hand over bread plate . . . Lower right hand to plate . . . Open right thumb and forefinger . . . Close them on plate . . . Lift plate . . . If person to right has no bread, swing plate to right . . . If person to right has bread, swing plate to left . . ." and so on. Such a detailed blueprint would be what programmers call a "flow chart."

But computers *know* nothing. Information must be stored inside them before they can follow a set of instructions. In our pass-the-bread illustration, the programmer would have to compile a vocabulary of the key words he planned to use, along with the movements he wanted



them to activate. Then he would translate both vocabulary and instructions into a code language of letters, symbols and numbers. Perhaps verbs might be expressed by initial letters: "Extend" by E, "Poise" by P, "Lower" by L, "Open" by O, and so on. Nouns might be coded as numbers; let's say 1 would mean "right hand," 2 would mean "right thumb," 3 "right forefinger"—and 8 could mean "table," 9 "bread plate." The symbol / could mean "over," the symbol : could mean "to," and + could mean "and." The pass-the-bread programme might then begin to look like this:

Instruction No. 1	E1/8
Instruction No. 2	P1/9
Instruction No. 3	L1:9
Instruction No. 4	O2+3

In a complicated programme, these steps can number tens of thousands, and the work of preparing it may take a year or more. When finished, the programmer would give his instructions to a card-punch operator who would produce them in card form. Next they would be transferred to magnetic tape, then relayed into the processing innards of the computer.

For purposes of illustration, we gave this computer robot attributes—arms, hands, fingers. Its "output" was a series of movements. The output of most commercial and scientific computers in use today, however, is an endless stream of reports, printed at blinding speed in

numbers, or letters, or both, on a continuous strip of pages. The programmer must then translate these numbers and letters into understandable terms—which may enable a shoe manufacturer to decide how many pairs of a certain type of shoe he can expect to sell under current market conditions, or help a weather forecaster to predict the next 24 hours' course of a hurricane.

Many programmers have a passion for puzzles and mathematical games, or play chess or bridge. For relaxation a high percentage of them depend on classical music or jazz. John Lilley, an International Computers and Tabulators programmer who is also a chartered accountant, studies the scripts of the Old Testament in the original Hebrew; by noting the frequency at which phrases recur he hopes to understand more fully the implications of the language.

One girl programmer is an authority on medieval and renaissance musical instruments, and is constructing a clavichord in her spare time. She works in an extremely specialized branch of computer science called "character-recognition logic"—the development of a machine system that will enable a computer to accept hand-printed instructions.

"It's work for the future," she says. "What we're doing will some day free people from monotonous, soul-deadening drudgery. What more could you ask of a job?"

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"Listen, you," the burly champion finally growled. "If you hit me—and I *find out* about it . . ." —Murray Robinson

AT AN AUTOGRAPHING session Khrushchev tossed aside a Russian pen which wouldn't write and whipped out another.

"This one writes," he explained with friendly condescension. "It is American. You have to recognize when a thing is well made." —*Life*

LADY CHURCHILL, whose eyes have been giving her trouble recently, was asked by a friend why she didn't wear glasses.

"I wear them as often as I dare," 76-year-old Lady Churchill answered. "But Winston says they make me look old."

—*Sunday Telegraph*, London

A GIRL was making a nuisance of herself questioning Robert Peary, the American explorer, about all sorts of Polar matters. Finally she asked, "But how does anyone know when he has reached the North Pole?"

"Oh," said Peary, "nothing easier. One step beyond the Pole, you see, and the north wind becomes a south one."

—Contributed by Harold Helfer

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the old-time heavyweight champion, was famed for going into saloons and, after a few drinks, announcing he could "lick any man in the house." Once, however, Sullivan visited a saloon in a particularly happy frame of mind. He was tossing off drinks when a meek little man began annoying him, pushing him and challenging him to fight.

MAURICE CHEVALIER was visiting comedian Phil Silvers backstage. One look at the pretty showgirls and Chevalier said with a sigh, "Ah, if only I were 20 years older."

"Don't you mean if you were 20 years *younger*?" corrected Silvers.

"No," replied the 73-year-old Chevalier, "not younger. If I were 20 years older, then these girls would not bother me the way they do."

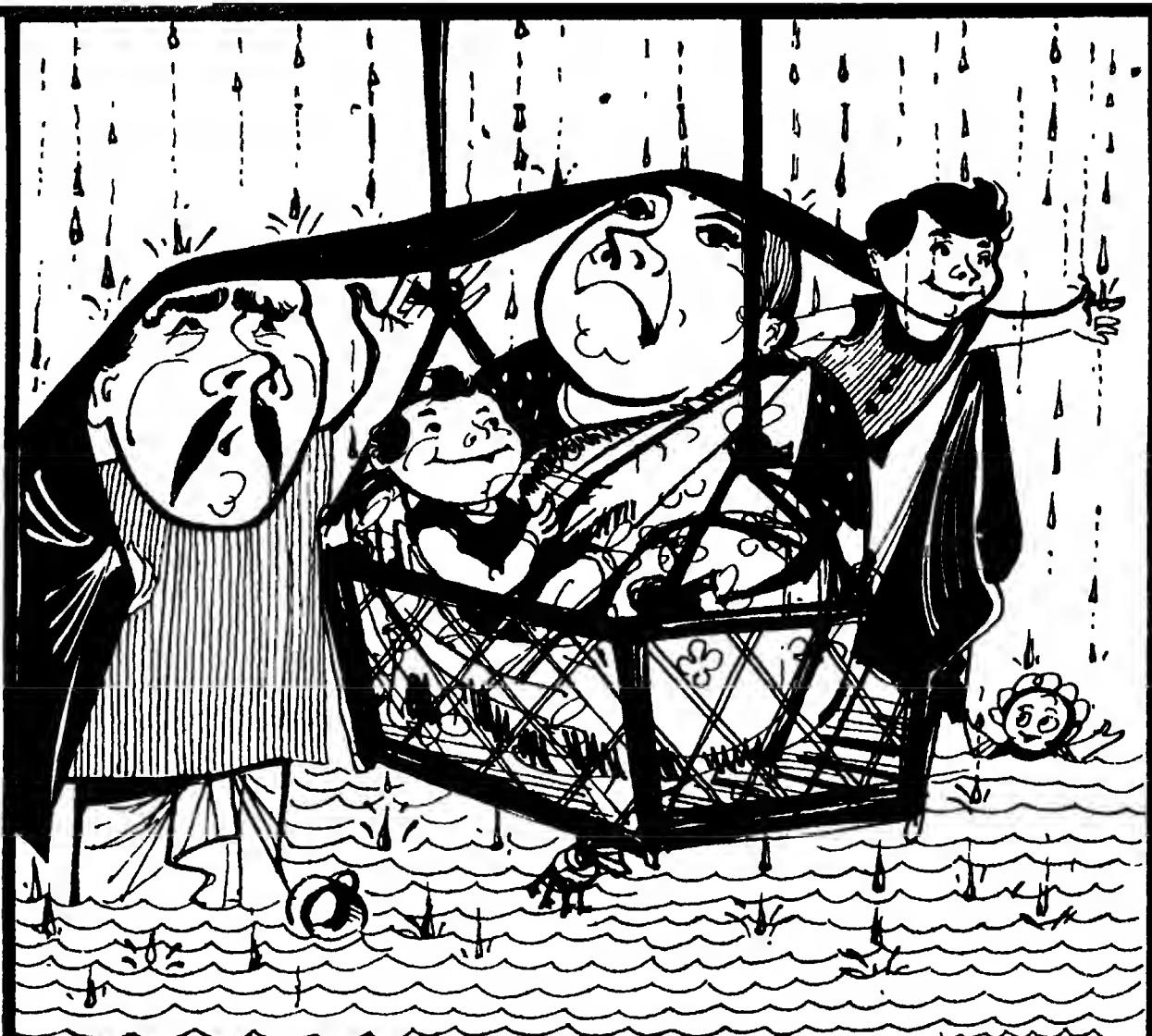
—Leonard Lyons

A GUEST at a party given by Jean Sibelius, the Finnish composer, observed that most of those present were businessmen. "Why businessmen?" he asked. "What do you talk about with them?"

"About music, of course," said Sibelius. "I can't talk about music with musicians. All they talk about is money."

—E. E. Edgar

GENERAL CURTIS LE MAY, U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff, abhors socializing and small talk. When a group of colonels invited him to dinner, he replied, "A man should have dinner with his friends, and the commanding general has no friends." —N.Y.T.



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Agonies of the “Awkward Age”

*In the ferment of puberty
an entirely new person is being
born. It is one of life's amazing
processes - and a trying
experience for all*

By J. D. RATCLIFFE

WITHIN the human body, chemical magic wands constantly perform wonders that rival the magic of fairy-tales. Consider the transformation that takes place at puberty, when a happy-go-lucky little boy is turned into a troubled, rebellious semi-adult—a stranger both to himself and to his parents. Consider the magic that re-sculptures a reedy, angular little

tomboy into a curvaceous, reserved young woman.

The hurdle separating childhood from adulthood is perhaps the greatest barrier human beings are called on to surmount. In effect, in the chemical ferment of puberty an entirely new human being is born, and the process is a time of trial for all families. In warm climates this disturbing chain of events gets under way in girls at about the age of 11. In colder climates the conversion may not take place until 16. It usually strikes boys two years later than girls.

There is, of course, a grand design in this transformation: the child-body is being prepared for its ultimate task of reproduction, to ensure continuance of the race. Scarcely an organ or tissue is untouched by the dramatic events taking place in the body.

Heart and lungs may begin growing at rates even treble those of pre-puberty years. The thyroid in the neck begins enlarging to adult proportions, and the mysterious thymus in the chest begins shrinking—in time it will virtually disappear. Muscles harden, and fat is deposited in new patterns. During childhood, bone ends are capped with soft cartilage; it is here that growth takes place. But during and shortly after puberty, calcium begins to infiltrate the cartilage. Bone ends harden, and growth slows and finally stops. Even the texture of the skin changes. Fat

glands become more active, oil secretions increase and pores enlarge. When bacteria thus gain entrance to the skin, the result may be acne, that curse of puberty.

Puberty is set into motion by the pea-sized pituitary gland on the underside of the brain. What prompts it to move into action remains a mystery. But results are instantly apparent when it begins producing tiny amounts of gonadotropic hormone—which stimulates ovaries in girls and testes in boys. During childhood these glands have remained quiescent. But under the pituitary stimulus they begin producing hormones of their own.

In the adolescent girl newly-activated ovaries produce oestrogen in fantastically small amounts—a daily output equal to 1/1000th of a grain of sugar! But that is enough of this potent stuff to propel the girl-child into womanhood. She begins shooting up at a rate of three or more inches a year, leaving laggard boys behind—a fact that further contributes to the antipathy between the sexes at this age. (Propelling a girl half a head taller round a dance floor represents exquisite torture for both partners.)

Pelvic bones begin to grow, widening hips and providing a bony cradle for babies-to-be. Breast tissue proliferates—slowly at first, but ever faster under the hormone influence. Tissue in the birth canal thickens and toughens to be ready for child-birth. The womb, too, enlarges

from the plum size of childhood to the pear size of adulthood.

It takes perhaps two years to transform the female body in preparation for potential motherhood. Now stirring events begin in the ovaries themselves. These glands contain at birth the lifetime supply of undeveloped egg cells, estimated at 420,000—an astonishing number, since only 400 to 500 will be expelled during a woman's fruitful years.

In some mysterious fashion one of the two ovaries selects a single egg cell for development. When fully developed, the tiny cell approaches the surface of the ovary—contained in a marble sized blister. The membranes of the blister stretch and finally rupture. The liberated egg starts its journey to the womb.

In the week or so preceding the release of the egg, the womb itself gets hormonal attention. Its walls thicken and a new network of blood vessels appears to provide nourishment for a possible baby-to-be.

Unneeded unless pregnancy occurs, this new tissue breaks down, and the young girl has her first menstrual period. The grand design has been completed. She has reached adulthood and is ready for child-bearing.

When the boy's turn comes for pubertal development, no less momentous events take place in his body. Under the urging of pituitary hormone, the testicular tissue

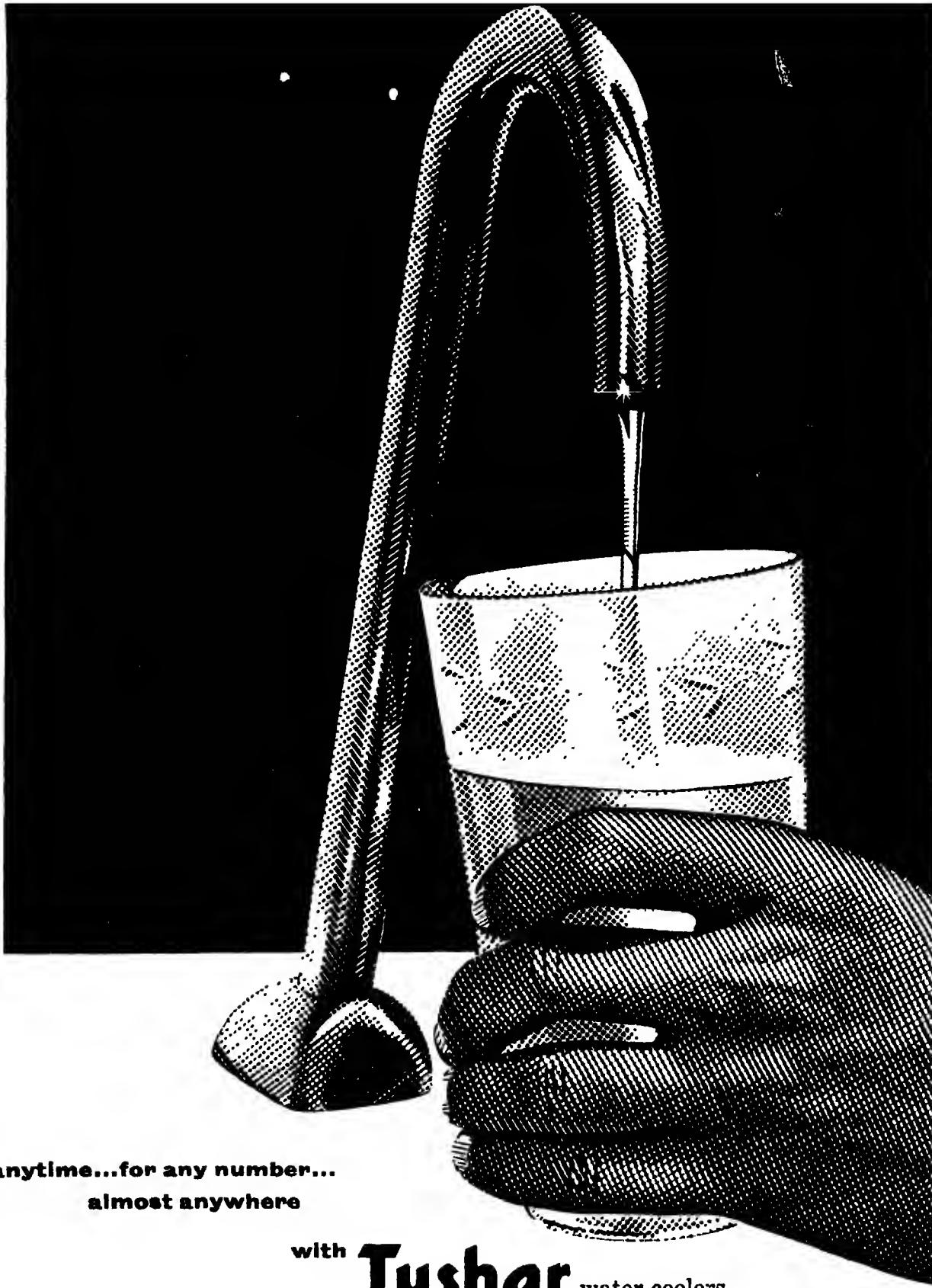


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begins proliferating and maturing. When fully developed it will serve a dual purpose: production of the male hormone, testosterone, which is emptied into the blood stream, and production of the sperm cells necessary to fertilize the egg.

The effects of the hormone are instantly visible. The hair patterns of the body change, and a beard begins to sprout. Body growth often goes at a dizzy rate—perhaps six inches in a year, plus two stone of added weight. The boy shoots past the towering girl, to the relief of both. Hands and feet grow at an inordinate rate to produce an awkward, coltish effect.

Pitch of voice is determined by the mass, length and elasticity of vocal cords. In women they remain relatively short; hence women have higher voices. But at puberty the cords begin to elongate in boys. Until they are brought under muscular control, speaking is an embarrassing and uncertain thing, with a rumbling bass emerging at one moment, and a falsetto squeak the next.

Male hormone also starts the development of the prostate, which helps to provide the fluid that propels and nourishes sperm cells. This gland grows from the size of a bean to about that of a horse-chestnut. The boy is now able, physically, to father children.

If the physical changes of this period have been enormous, the emotional changes have been no less

so. This is a time of profound readjustment.¹ Emotionally, two people are living within the same body and each is fighting for supremacy. One wants to retain the privileges of childhood; the other tries to exercise all the prerogatives of adulthood without having understanding or responsibility.

The once friendly, tractable boy becomes the arrogant show-off. He challenges all authority. Teachers become unfair tyrants to be treated with disdain. Parents, once adored, become barely tolerable dunces. Given the equipment of the adult world to work with, yet having only the reactions of childhood to guide him, the youngster does countless foolish things. He is often a menace in a car. He dives into rivers from perilous heights. He experiments with sex.

The pattern is standardized, yet each generation is surprised at seeing it repeated. The father who gobbled live goldfish 30 years ago is baffled by a son who finds motor-bikes more enticing than algebra; the mother who did the Charleston in above-the-knee skirts has difficulty in understanding a daughter sent into ecstasies by the Twist.

The quite normal revolt that occurs as the child moves into the adult world takes odd turns. Knowing that parents insist on personal cleanliness, the boy prides himself on being dirty. He is obsessed with self and will spend hours gazing into the mirror, examining each

minor blemish. He may express his rebellion in bizarre haircuts.

So great becomes the ferment in his mind that he pays little attention to what he sees or hears. Parents and teachers complain that boys are fuzzy-minded, inattentive and lazy. This is only partly true. It is well known that worry produces fatigue. The pubescent boy worries most of the time and is tired most of the time—not lazy. Under the stress of his internal physical and emotional activity, he *does* become fuzzy-minded.

Girls face problems equally great as they bid good-bye to childhood and grope their way into an alien world. Often they are self-conscious about their new bodies. They may attempt to hide breasts under tight straps. They become secretive, withdrawn into a strange world of their own creation. Parents, once trusted, become unsympathetic taskmasters.

Any criticism is likely to bring a reaction of rage or tears or sullen hurt. As with boys, there is complete preoccupation with self—the slightest physical imperfection becomes a major tragedy.

Loyalties shift. Boys of the same age, because they are less mature, become repulsive to her. Older boys are far more desirable. But the child-woman usually decides that it is safer to adore them from a distance. Hero worship is another phenomenon. When mobs of squealing girls besiege the latest pelvis-wriggling singer, they are following normal behaviour patterns.

If this is a trying period for new adults in the making, it is equally trying for parents, teachers and others. About the best we can do is to face the situation with patience and understanding. There is always the comforting thought that it will soon be over.

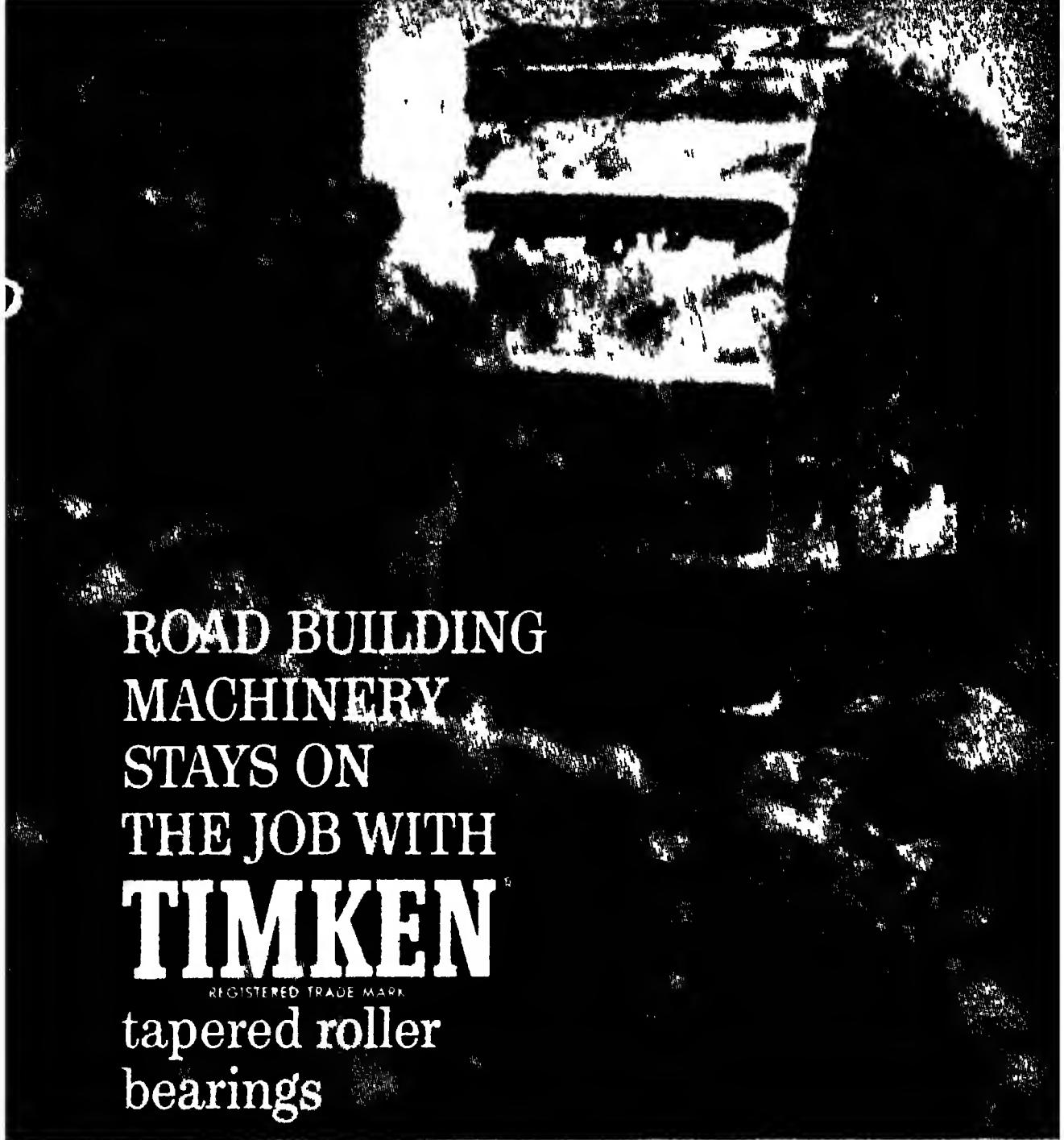


Fasten Your Seat Belt

*A*merican senator, in a recent address, illustrated a vision of the airliner of 1975 by telling the story of the pilot of a supersonic transport plane who addresses the passengers who have just come on board:

"Welcome aboard Flight No. 2 to the eastern hemisphere. We will be cruising at 50,000 feet at a speed of 1,200 miles per hour. Dinner will be served in the forward dining-room 15 minutes after we are airborne. Afterwards there will be a film show in the rear lounge, dancing on the upper observatory deck and swimming on the lower deck. The locker rooms are located in the forward part of the lower deck for those who desire to swim. For passengers who prefer bowling, the lanes are located in the right wing, and the badminton courts will be found in the left wing. Now we will ask you to fasten your seat belts. We are sure you will have a pleasant flight—if we can just get this clumsy great son of a gun off the ground."

—A. S. M. M.



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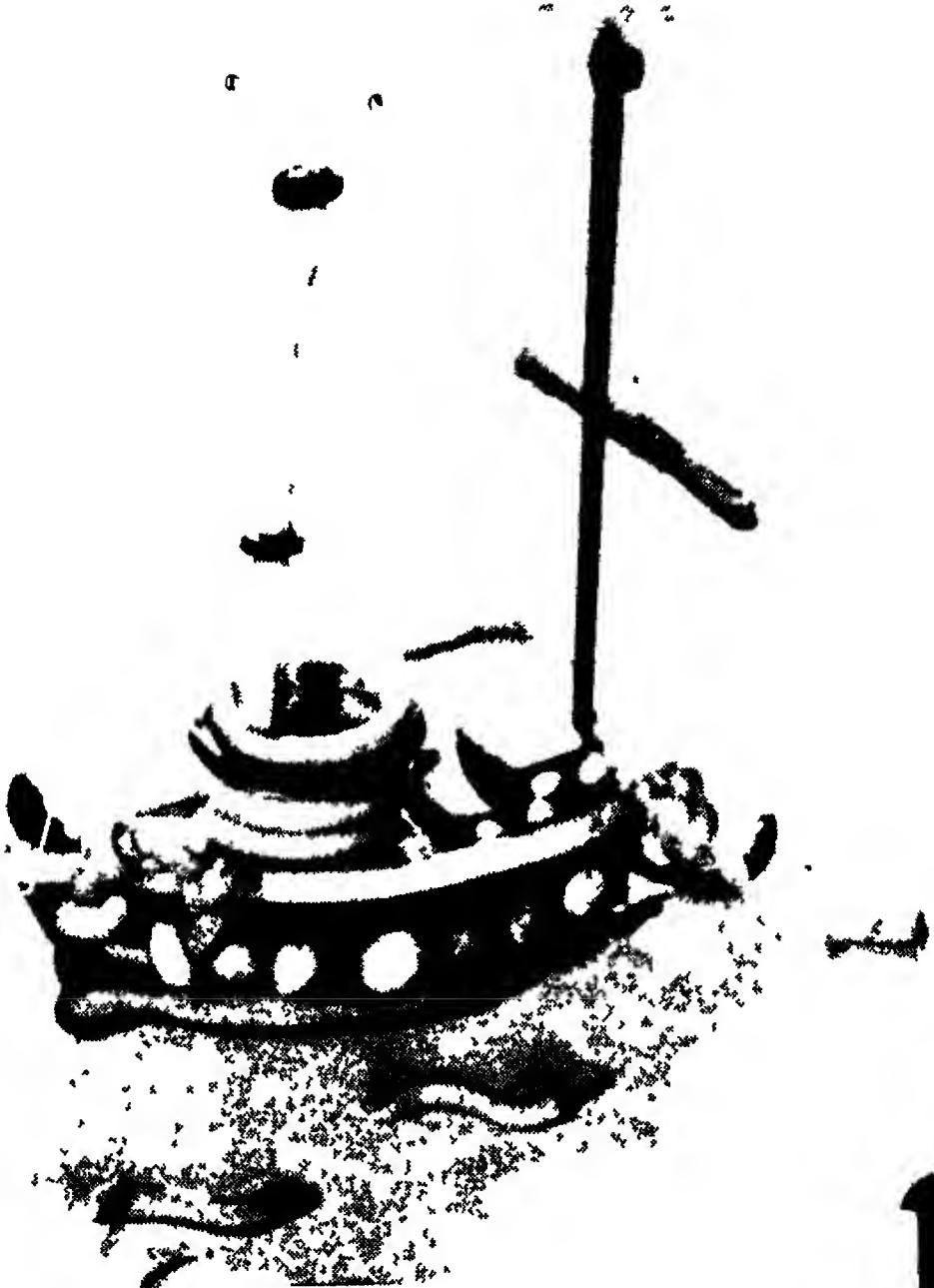
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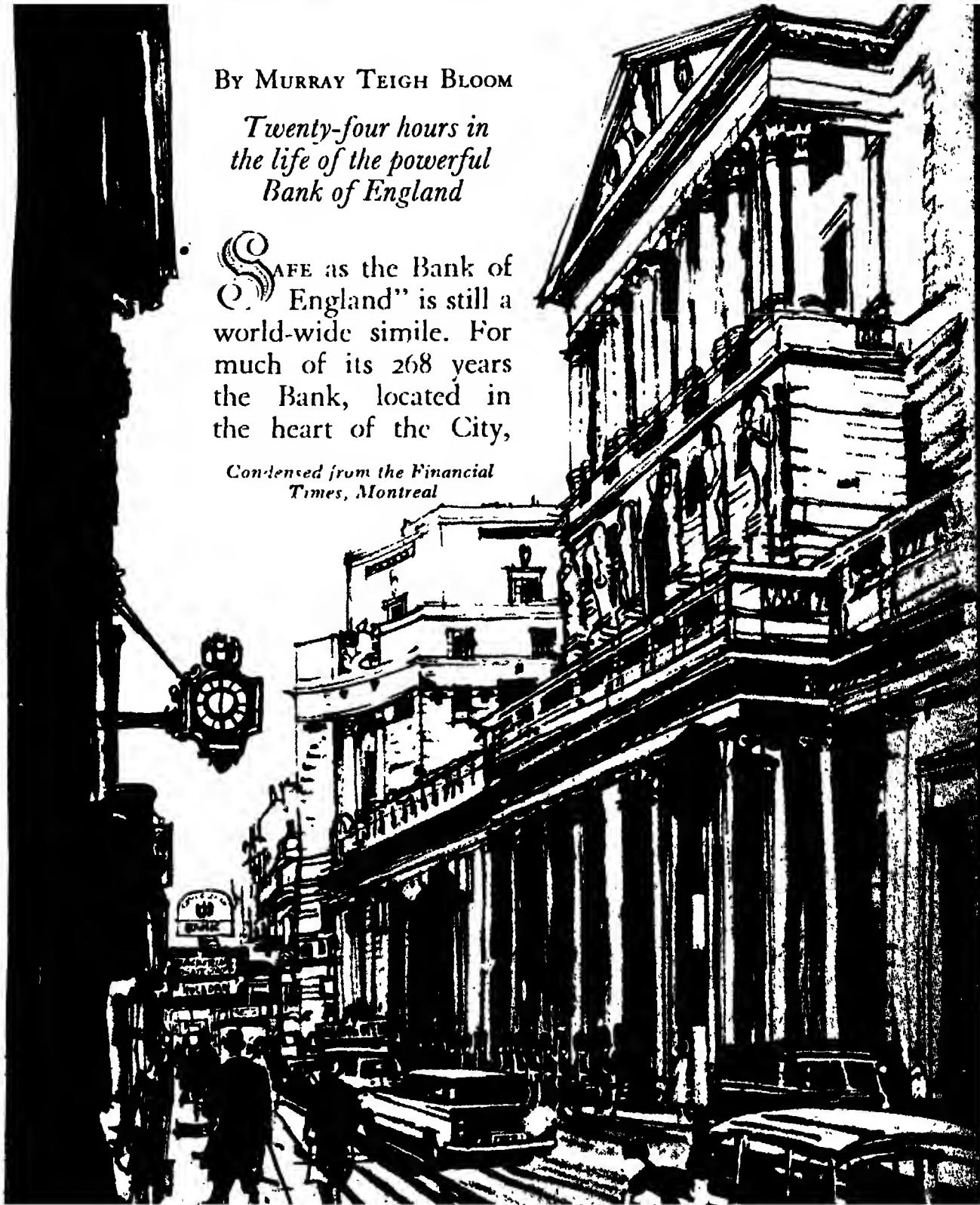
The Rich Old Lady of Threadneedle Street

BY MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

*Twenty-four hours in
the life of the powerful
Bank of England*

SAFE as the Bank of England" is still a world-wide simile. For much of its 268 years the Bank, located in the heart of the City,

Condensed from the Financial Times, Montreal



London's square-mile headquarters of British business, has been the most powerful, most prestige-laden financial institution on earth. As the icily-proud grandmother of all central banks, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has also been the most secretive. But recently the Old Lady's guardians allowed me a few glimpses into one day of her workaday life.

It was 5.30 on a Wednesday afternoon. In a snug leather-and-polished-wood suite on the mezzanine floor of the seven storey building, I was introduced to the officer in charge for the night. (Fourteen Bank officers draw night duty once every two weeks, which means that they eat and sleep in the Bank that night.)

From Threadneedle Street below came the rhythmic clomp of marching men. The Guard had arrived. Ever since the Gordon riots of 1780, when two unsuccessful mob attacks were made on the Bank, the Old Lady has been protected by a picquet of 12 Guardsmen, led by an officer, a sergeant, two corporals and a piper or drummer.

The red-coated, bearskin-topped Guards filed in through the great 18-foot-high bronze doors. To keep their hob-nailed boots from ruining the fine floor mosaics, a red twill carpet had been laid out in the halls where the Guards march on duty all night. Vast tamper-proof vaults, ingenious electronic devices and a corps of civilian watchmen are the

Bank's real night protection for its millions in gold and currency, but the Old Lady relinquishes tradition reluctantly.

At 7 p.m. the night-duty officer and his two *aides* sat down to dinner served in a handsomely furnished private dining-room. After dinner they decoded cables that came in from all over the world. A few of the messages were urgent enough to be phoned to the appropriate Bank official at home.

In 1931, Montagu Norman, the reticent, intuitive and mysterious Governor of the Bank, was on an Atlantic liner when Britain's vanishing gold reserves made it necessary to go off the gold standard.

It was unthinkable to do so without telling the Governor, but Norman had left London without making code arrangements. They couldn't give him advance warning of the earth-shaking news in a clear message, so the Deputy Governor worked out this veiled cable: SORRY TO GO OFF BEFORE YOU ARRIVED. But Norman's intuition failed him for once, and he simply took it to mean that his Deputy was going off on a trip.

Since then, every senior Bank officer has been assigned a special code when going abroad.

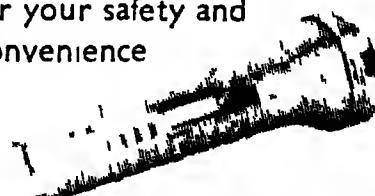
Before he retired at 11 p.m. the duty officer toured the building to see that every guard was at his post and that all the outside doors were locked. No one really expects an assault on the Bank's main gold

GOING OUT TONIGHT?



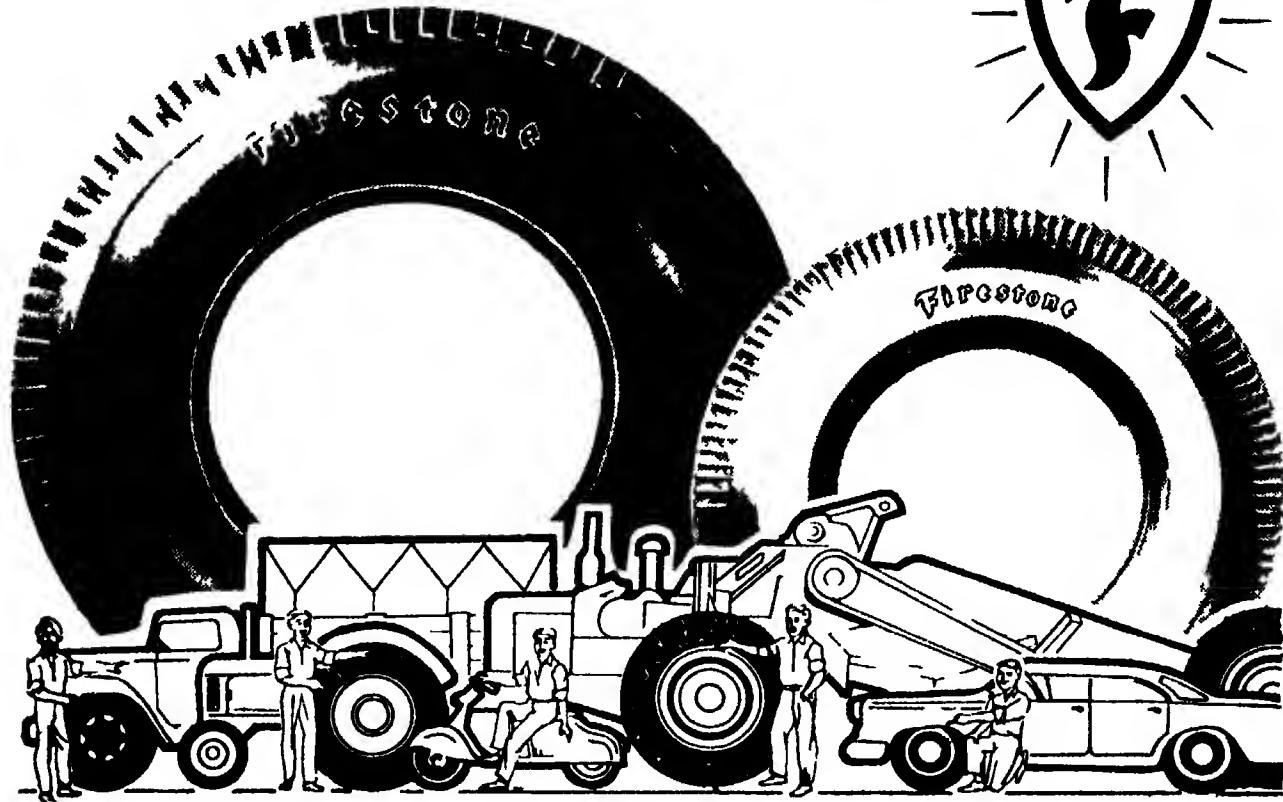
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BEST TODAY—STILL BETTER TOMORROW

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vaults, 45 feet below street level. Still, there was a time when it could have happened.

The story goes that in May 1836, Bank directors received an anonymous letter from a man who said he could get into the bullion vaults at will. He told them to be in the vaults late one night in May and he would show how it was done. Several directors gathered there on the appointed night. Suddenly a few floor boards moved, and the mysterious correspondent appeared from below. He was a labourer who, while helping to repair old sewers, had discovered a drain that led up to the floor of the vault. For his honesty the Bank is supposed to have given him a reward of £800 (Rs. 11,000).

Although no one ever robbed the Bank that way, there were swindles and embezzlements at the turn of the eighteenth century. The records of these crimes are kept in special vaults. The secret documents include the only full account of another crime: the Old Lady's one known venture into counterfeiting.

According to the tantalizingly vague details provided by H. G. de Fraine, principal of the Bank's Printing Department for 20 years, the Bank undertook the counterfeiting of German "documents" during the First World War at the request of Captain Reginald Hall, Britain's Director of Naval Intelligence. None of the Bank directors were told and the special section of

the Bank's note-printing department was sealed off so that even the night watch could not get in. The forged "documents"—almost certainly Imperial German bank-notes—were delivered secretly on Sunday mornings to Captain Hall. How the notes were used or distributed is not known. The four men who knew of the counterfeiting are now dead.

The Bank of England first opened its doors on August 1, 1694, with a staff of 17 clerks and two doorkeepers. It owed its existence to the fact that King William III needed funds to continue the war with France. In return for giving the Bank's shareholders a charter and the right to issue bank-notes, the King received a desperately needed £1,200,000 (Rs. 1.6 crores) to carry on his war.

Powerful goldsmiths, who were also moneylenders, and rival groups jealous of the Bank's privileges, engineered dangerous runs on the Bank. In 1780 the Old Lady held out against riots and mob attacks. In 1793, France's declaration of war on England brought about an acute financial crisis and a serious run on the Bank. But the Old Lady withstood all assaults. In the nineteenth century the Bank grew and prospered, helped by the rapid growth of industry. The Old Lady became one of the main sources of finance for the East India Company, the great network of Britain's railways and the Suez Canal.

In the early 1900's Bank of England notes were the strongest, most

desired currency in the world. Even during the depression of the '30's, when hundreds of banks failed, the Bank of England stood firm. In 1946 the Labour Government nationalized the privately-owned Bank, buying out its 17,000 shareholders for £58,202,000 (Rs. 77.6 crores). Under the Bank of England Act, 1946, the Bank retained its old power of issuing British currency, managing the national debt, controlling credit and exchange. Today its primary purpose is still to advise Britain's Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on domestic and foreign monetary policies.

Commercial banks keep their reserves with the Old Lady. The Bank also has several hundred private accounts, mainly venerable firms that have been clients for more than a century, and employees—who are asked not to write too many of the chaste white cheques for small sums. But to the man in the street the Bank is primarily the source of bank-notes.

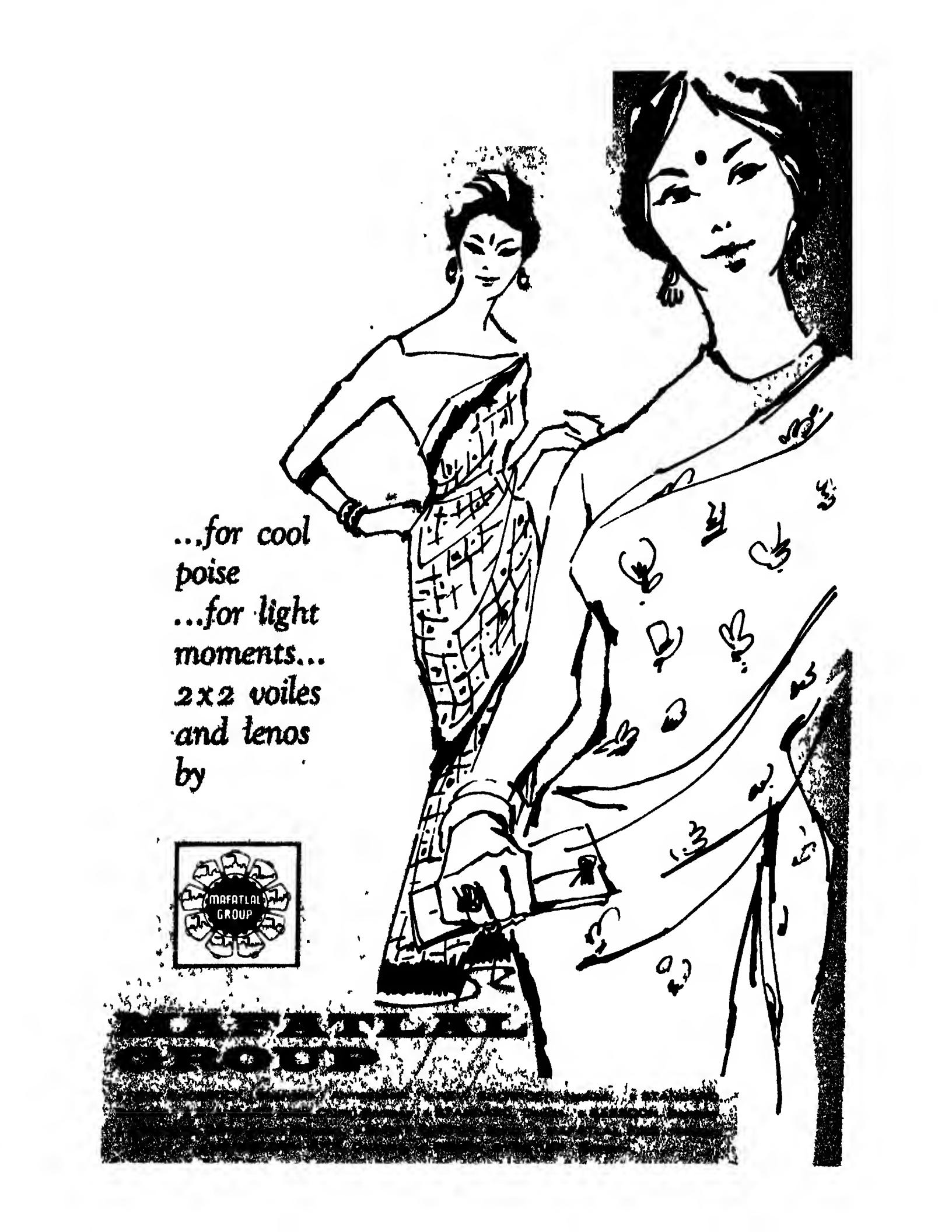
Britannia, the Latin name for Britain, is personified as a proud, seated, Junoesque woman—the "Old Lady" herself. In one guise or another she has appeared on all Bank of England notes since 1694. Appropriately, the closest students of Britannia are the women of the Bank's Issue Department (half of the Bank's 4,500 employees are women) who daily examine hundreds of thousands of used bank-notes, looking for counterfeits.

Thumbing through large stacks, they can spot a bad one instantly. It was one of these women who first noticed that a £5 note had slightly larger black dots round Britannia. It was the first of the Nazis many fine counterfeits, which finally forced the British Government to recall all £5 notes.

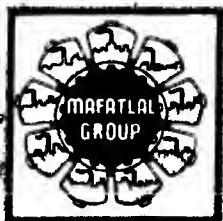
For spotting a bogus note the examiner gets an afternoon off. How many such free afternoons have been awarded is secret information, for the Bank of England never discusses forgeries. Nor does it allow casual visitors at the Bank's modern printing works on the outskirts of London.

After the long Wednesday night of my visit, the somnolent Old Lady began to come to life again at 7 a.m. The Guards left; a regiment of cleaners arrived. At 8 a.m. the Bank's silk-hatted messengers reported. At nine the clerical staff came in, and within an hour the Bank's top 300 officials were at their desks. At ten, the resplendent gatekeepers with their three-cornered hats and long crimson cloaks embroidered with gold braid were at the Bank's entrances.

At 11.30 every Thursday morning the 16 Bank directors meet in the Court Room with the Governor, Lord Cromer, and the Deputy Governor. These meetings are primarily for the directors to approve the Bank Rate. When it changes the rate, the Bank hopes to influence the movement of funds to or from



...for cool
poise
...for light
moments...
2x2 voiles
and tenos
by



Britain, to control the supply of money and to influence industrialists and businessmen in their spending policies. By lowering the rate the Bank, in effect, makes money available at lower rates for ordinary banks to lend. This Thursday the Governor proposed that there be no change in the Bank Rate. The directors indicated approval by a show of hands.

Meanwhile, in another part of the building, the Bullion Office was preparing for its own climax: the reception of a gold shipment from South Africa, brought in by a Union Castle liner. The gold, packed in sawdust, comes in stout wooden boxes. Each box contains two gold bars which weigh 56 pounds and are worth about £10,000 (Rs. 1.3 lakhs). There are strong metal straps round the boxes, but clever thieves once found ways of opening the boxes in transit without disturbing the sealed

straps. After the wooden boxes are opened at the Bullion Office, the bars are weighed on scales sensitive enough to detect the difference between a cancelled and an uncancelled stamp. For good measure, the Bank places beside the counterweight a bent pin weighing two grains.

In the main vaults far below are many million pounds' worth of gold bars held for the Bank and other central banks all over the world. London still transacts more than 75 per cent of the world's free gold trading.

Now it was nearly 5 p.m. and the duty officer for Thursday night was getting ready. Every night-duty officer takes his responsibility soberly and with pride. He knows that during the still hours in the deserted City he will be in charge of the oldest, hardiest and most distinguished bank in the world.

Home Truths

IF IT weren't for modern home appliances you'd never have time to keep them repaired. —F. J.

DOING a woman's work is like walking down a railway track: the end seems in sight but never is. —Marcelene Cox

ONE OF the first things a boy learns with a chemistry set is that he isn't likely ever to get another one. —*Christian Observer*

SOMETIMES the poorest judge of distance is the family man who thinks he'll be able to make both ends meet. —Earl Wilson

THE magician who saws a woman in two isn't nearly as marvellous as the husband who keeps one from flying to pieces. —Nat Curran

THE woman's work that's never done is most likely what she asked her husband to do. —Franklin Jones

BOOK OF THE MONTH



Before I Sleep

The Last Days of Dr. Tom Dooley

from the book by JAMES MONAHAN
Reader's Digest Senior Editor

Into his brief life Dr. Tom Dooley packed a staggering amount of worthwhile work and achievement. Cardinal Spellman said of him that "in his 34 years he had done what very few had done in the allotted Scriptural lifetime."

As a young doctor in the U.S. Navy, he was posted to a refugee camp in North Vietnam and treated cases of incredible suffering caused by Communist atrocities. What he saw was a revelation to him. At the end of the assignment he resigned from the navy, threw up the certainty of a fashionable practice, and went to Laos to bring healing and help to poor villagers, many of whom would never even see a modern hospital.

In Laos he conceived the idea of Medico Medical International Co-operation—an association of doctors and medical staff devoted to treating the sick in remote areas where no medical services existed. It depended on voluntary contributions and Dooley worked indefatigably to make it succeed. While he was immersed in this work, he learned that he was the victim of malignant melanoma, an agonizing, rapidly fatal cancer.

Dooley set out to beat the clock with a driving urgency that astounded everyone who knew how ill he was. He toured India, Asia, Africa and the United States, lecturing and appealing for funds to help in the establishment of more medical units in remote parts, flogging his disintegrating body into ever more strenuous efforts. From two small hospitals and a handful of men, Medico expanded to 15 projects in 12 countries, and Dooley's one terrible regret was that he still had so much to do and so little time in which to do it.

*Dr. Dooley has told his own story in three absorbing books. The first, *Deliver Us From Evil* (*The Reader's Digest*, May 1956), told of his work with the refugees. In September 1958, the *Digest* published a Supplement based on his book *The Edge of Tomorrow*, in which he related how he resigned from the navy and set up his own medical unit in Laos. *The Night They Burned the Mountain* (*The Reader's Digest*, July 1960) described the foundation of Medico and the discovery of his fatal disease. But the most compelling part of his saga concerns the last hectic, pain-racked months of his life. From the stories of people who were his friends and helpers in those eroding days, and who are now carrying on for him, this account has been pieced together. It is a moving record of ideals translated into action in the face of daunting odds.*

ATE ON the evening of August 24, 1959, the eighth-floor corridor of New York's Memorial Centre for Cancer and Allied Diseases was strewn with cables and blocked by electronic equipment and television technicians. Inside Room 910 bright lights glared, microphones were open and the camera was rolling. Dr. Thomas

Dooley, the cocky and flamboyant young jungle doctor who had just flown in from Laos to undergo major surgery, had agreed to have his entire case recorded in a television documentary to be called *Biography of a Cancer*.

"Dr. Dooley," the interviewer began, "you seem to be taking this very blithely. Do you feel that way?"

Seated in the hospital bed, skinny, hollow-cheeked Tom Dooley, looking young and rakish in blue pyjamas, raised his eyebrows and smiled wryly.

"I'd be stupid if I got *too* concerned about it, wouldn't I? You know, I'm scared to death of this thing becoming *maudlin*. I don't want any 'dying doctor's agony' stuff."

"Doctor, you have let us interview you on the eve of a serious operation. Why?"

"That's easy," Dooley said. "There's a tremendous amount of ignorance about cancer here--just as we have ignorance in my village in Laos, where the people believe in witchcraft and sorcery. When people see this film and know that Dooley's got cancer, maybe they will have a little less fear of the word."

"Secondly, I want to talk about Medico and how we are trying to send doctors and nurses to the farthest outposts of the world. I'm going to let you photograph me inside and outside because perhaps that will give me a chance also to tell people that Medico needs their help . . . For these reasons, you're welcome here tonight."

Camera and microphone caught it all. Here was one man who needed no coaching, no prompting. Tom Dooley, said one technician, was "a natural."

Next morning, Dooley underwent the first of two operations. From a

glass-enclosed gallery, television cameras equipped with special lenses peered over the surgeon's shoulder and caught every detail. Dr. Henry Randall explained the operation step by step.

Less than 60 days earlier, in Laos, the original lump of cancer--what Dooley called "the strange black thing"--had been removed from the 32-year-old doctor's chest just below the shoulder. Now there were some swellings in the lower part of his chest.

"We can't be certain whether those lumps are cancer," said Dr. Randall. "If it has spread down there, then the disease will have gone beyond the point where it is possible to treat it surgically. If there is no cancer in this lower area, then a major operation will be performed higher up, within the next couple of days."

Fortunately, there was no sign of malignancy in the tissue taken from Dooley's lower chest that day, and on August 27 the cameras again focused on the operating-table where Dooley lay, draped and anaesthetized. This operation called for the removal of Dooley's right breast. Tissue, muscles and glands had to be cut away, Dr. Randall explained, even up under the armpit, "in order to remove the root of any spread."

"How long do you expect this operation will take?" he was asked.

"Three or four hours," Dr. Randall said, "including a secondary operation to remove skin from the

patient's lower thigh and graft it on to the chest wall." (Latef, this provided Tom Dooley with a flip-pant answer to people who asked about his operation: "Where the nipple used to be, I am now growing a knee!"

More than three hours passed before the surgeon looked up from the vast but virtually bloodless wound on Dooley's chest and remarked, "I've felt a great deal of pity for this fellow. He has a malignant disease. He knows it. And he has been trying to act as though it didn't bother him—an almost impossible feat for a doctor."

When the operation was completed, a reporter asked, "What would you say about his chances?"

"His immediate chances are excellent. But only careful follow-up will tell whether his melanoma has spread through the blood, and may be growing in tiny spots in his lungs or liver or other vital organs."

Tom Dooley was out of bed on September 4, when the cameras recorded his final talk with his surgeon.

"Tom, I've got some good news for you," the surgeon said. "The pathology report indicates that there is no evidence of this disease anywhere in the tissues that I removed."

"Everything negative? Nodes? Muscles? Thigh? Everything?"

"You sound like a Doubting Thomas." The surgeon handed him the report. "I'm not holding anything back from you. I would say

that there's no reason why you shouldn't anticipate a better than even chance."

Dooley nodded thoughtfully. "Walt Whitman, I think, has said that it's not so important what you do with the *years* of your life, but it's very important how you use each *hour*. That's how I am going to live."

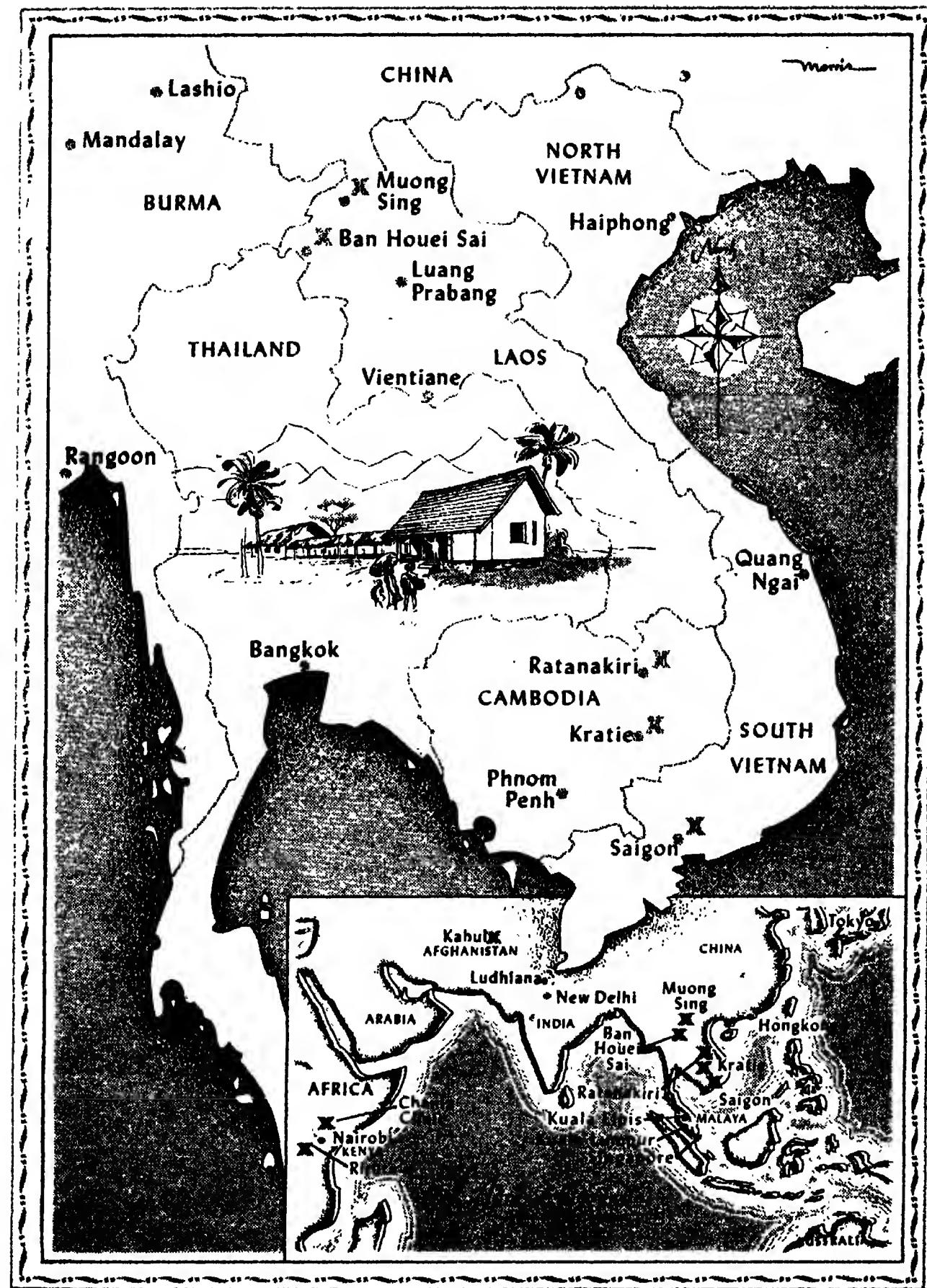
The Barnstorming Convalescent

THAT'S how he did live, from his first moment of convalescence. His immediate schedule allowed two weeks of rest in Hawaii, then called for a whirlwind 60-day lecture tour to raise funds for Medico, the international medical-aid organization he had founded with Dr. Peter Commanduras in 1957. By Christmas he intended to be back in Laos. The doctors groaned in dismay at his plans.

Tom Dooley left hospital quietly in the first week of September. Teresa Gallagher, one of his most devoted voluntary workers, helped him to clear out Room 910, then piled all the stuff into her car and drove him to an hotel.

"We had three shopping-bags full of mail," Teresa recalls. "Later I found that one bag was full of money from contributors. Tom had his arm in a black silk sling. He still had a lot of post-operative pain, but seemed cheerful and full of hope."

Some time earlier, Teresa, a secretary in an insurance company, had organized a flourishing "Dooley



The last rounds made by Dr. Tom Dooley in Asia and Africa in 1959

Aid Club" with her fellow employees. By using the most chameless strong-arm methods, Dooley now obtained a three-month leave of absence for her, and her principal chore became the handling of his voluminous personal mail. She persuaded friends to give him a small, battery-powered dictating-machine, then organized a team of girls who transcribed his dictation in their spare time.

"That little gadget was a great joy during Tom's last year," she says. "I can't even guess how many thousands of words he sent us from all over the world. He couldn't have got along without it. And the girls heard his voice right up to the days when he was too ill to talk."

As planned, Dooley went to Hawaii "for a rest." He arrived in Honolulu on September 23, spent the next two weeks giving talks and revising his book *The Night They Burned the Mountain*. It was not much of a holiday, but it was the nearest to one that he would know from that day on.

On October 10, he began barnstorming the United States for Medico. He at once fell into a piece of typical Dooley luck—of the kind that he made for himself.

Dooley had been told in confidence that a big insurance company, Mutual of Omaha, was presenting him with its 1959 Criss Award. This was a high professional honour, and carried with it a grant of 10,000 dollars. The presentation dinner,

scheduled for November 10, was to coincide with the company's 50th anniversary, and in preparation for it the company assigned Bob Copenhaver of its press department to travel with Dooley for a few days.

Copenhaver's role was to be that of an observer. But when he saw how often Dooley was besieged by hordes of reporters, photographers and autograph-seekers, he felt compelled to take over as press secretary. Dooley, amazed to see how smoothly things went, decided that Copenhaver was indispensable.

With characteristic brashness, he telephoned the president of Mutual of Omaha, and said, "I'll let you keep the grant that goes with the Criss Award if you will lend me Bob Copenhaver for the rest of this tour." Of course, he got Copenhaver—and Medico got the prize money as well.

And so Copenhaver became a "coolie for Dooley" during the next weeks, as he arranged transport, handled luggage, dealt with the press and tried to keep up with Dooley's gruelling pace. "Tom always took off at the crack of dawn," Copenhaver says, "and he never touched down again until the wee hours of the next morning. He had a pathological resentment that there were only 24 hours in a day."

Dooley completed his lecture tour in St. Louis on December 2. The Junior Chamber of Commerce gave a dinner for him that was attended by nearly 1,000 people, and raised

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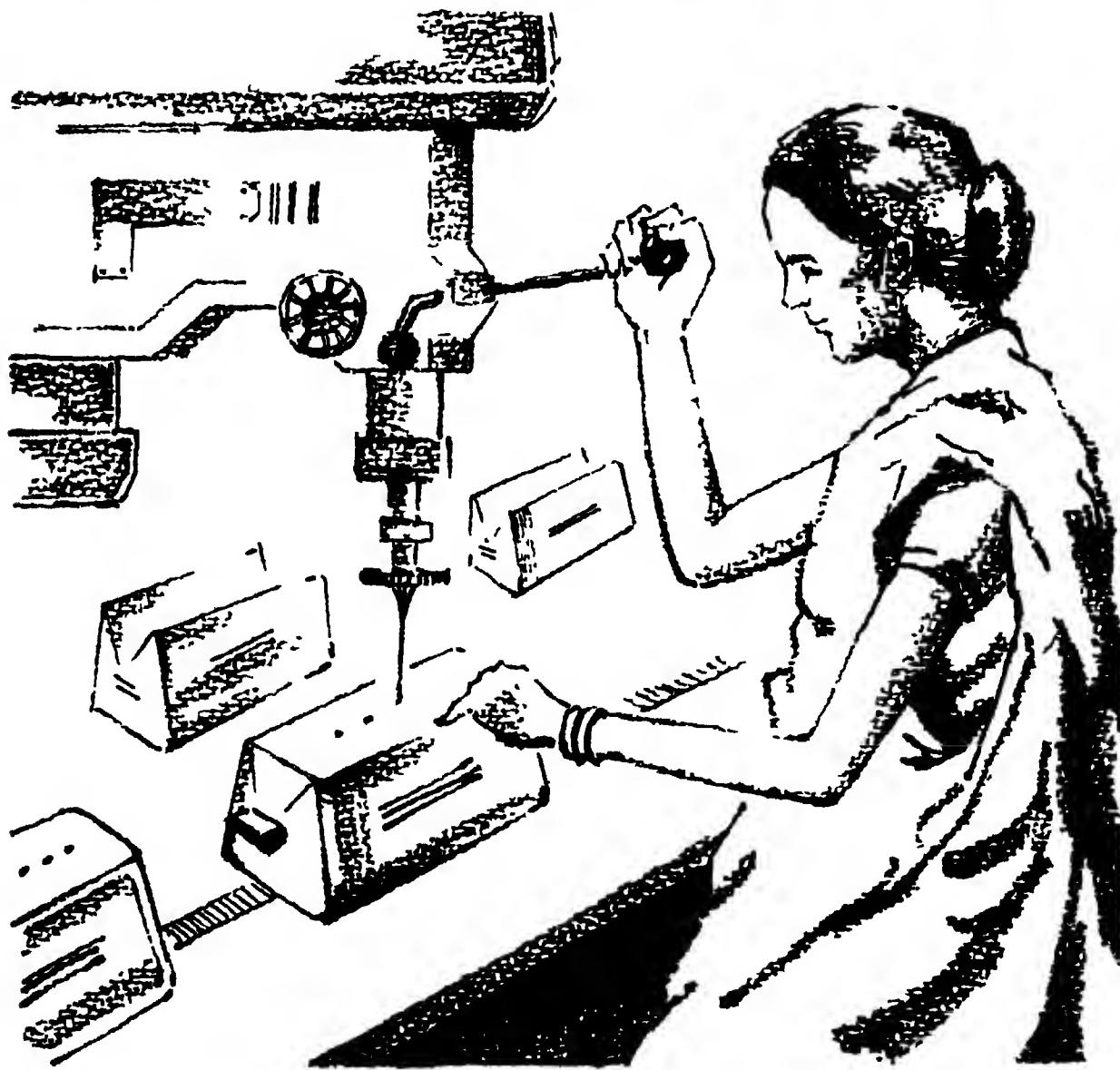
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BEFORE I SLEEP

over 18,000 dollars for the aircraft that Dooley had always wanted. He had already picked out the plane—a twin-engined Piper Apache; and he had lined up a pilot, Jerold Euster, who would fly the plane to him in Laos.

It was a marvellous climax to the exhausting tour. Dooley had covered 37 cities, had made 49 speeches, and raised nearly a million dollars for Medico. Bob Copenhaver headed home at last, lighter by a good ten pounds.

Dooley left for South-East Asia on December 17, with brief stays in London, Paris, Rome, Tehran, Delhi and Bangkok. From Bangkok he wrote to Copenhaver: "Confidentially, *en route*, I sneaked off to Lourdes for a few hours . . . I don't know how much good it will do, but one never can tell. Personally, I believe that if someone is going to work a miracle for Dooley, it will not be dependent on whether or not Dooley went to Lourdes."

Return to Asia

CHRISTMAS found Dooley back in Laos, right on schedule. He borrowed a plane from the Lao Government in Vientiane, loaded 400 pounds of gaily wrapped presents aboard and, on Christmas Day, flew to his hospital in Muong Sing. He had been away since August, and the moment the plane touched down he was welcomed by Earl Rhine and Dwight Davis—the two young men who had been running his hospital

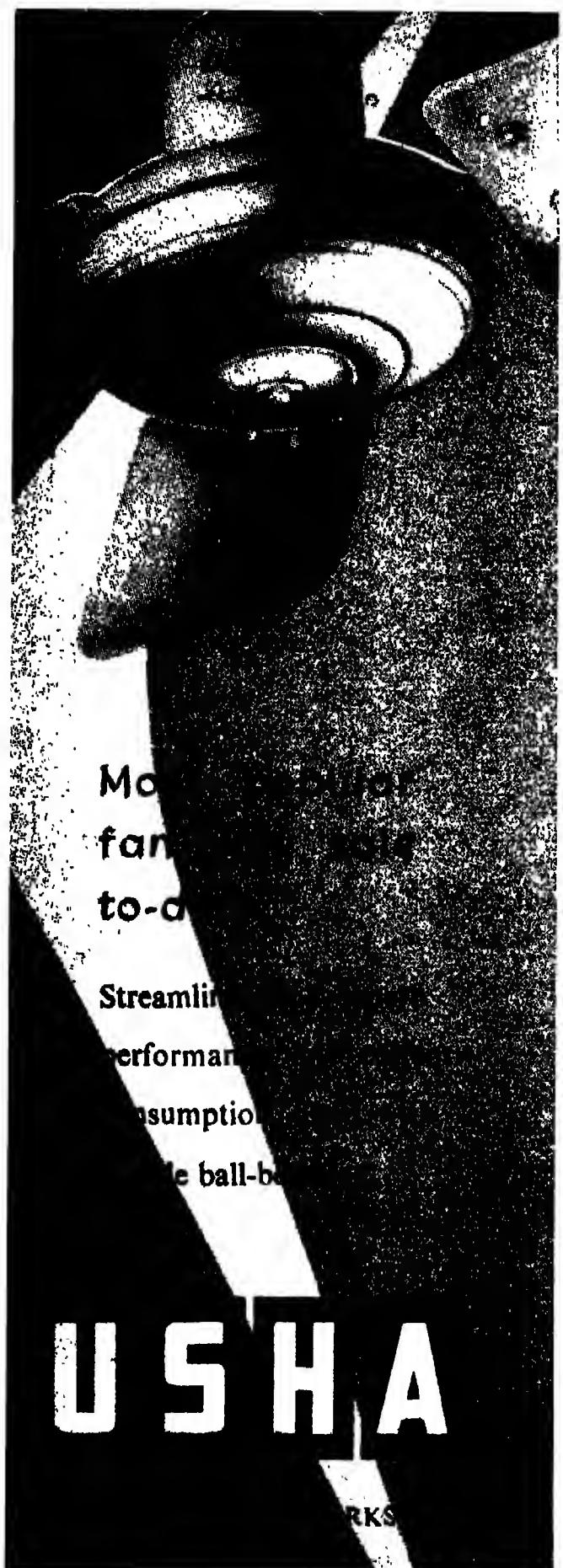
—by the mayor of Muong Sing, the governor, the chief of police and a crowd of villagers.

There was a big Christmas dinner that night for Dooley's Lao staff and guests. Then Tom handed out the presents: sweaters for the girls, brightly-coloured shirts for the boys, combs and nail-files for the Lao students. He also had some 160 individually wrapped gifts for the smaller children. Earl and Dwight lined them up, and they filed into the dining-room. Each gift—game, bag of marbles, or box of clay—had to be explained to children who had never seen such things before. Most of Dooley's explanations ended with the admonition, "Don't eat it!"

"Lord have mercy on us," he said later. "We'll be digging marbles and clay out of these kids all next week!"

The political situation in Laos was extremely uneasy. When, on December 29, Dooley's good friend Katay Don Sasorith, the vice-premier ("the only man who could deal with the army"), died suddenly of a coronary embolism, the consequences were grave. The next day, in fact, Lao troops seized government buildings, communication centres, airport and power plant, and a new provisional government was formed, headed by an army general, Phoumi Nosavan.

Depressed by this turn of events, Dooley flew to Bangkok, and spent New Year's Eve alone, dictating letters at the Erawan Hotel. "This



year, strangely enough," he wrote, "I haven't the slightest desire to 'ring in the new.'"

His brother Malcolm had sent him a cutting of the December Gallup poll, which named Tom one of the ten "World's Most Admired Men," along with such leaders as Churchill, Eisenhower and Pope John XXIII. "This frightens me," he wrote to Malcolm. "When will people begin to think of Medico, and not of Tom Dooley? How many people know who started the Red Cross, and yet isn't the Red Cross itself all that really matters?"

"I feel O.K.," he wrote to Dr. Peter Comanduras, director-general of Medico, "but I'm not the same Dooley I was a year ago. I definitely lack the old get-up-and-go. It's obvious to me now that you must find a young doctor to replace me at Muong Sing. Medico in Laos must be cared for. Medico must remain a living, thriving thing for ever and ever . . ."

Hard Taskmaster

TOM DOOLEY spent most of January 1960 at Muong Sing, working in the hospital with Earl, Dwight and the Lao nurses. They all noticed his impatience and frequently ill-tempered sense of urgency.

"Doc was driving himself too hard," says Earl Rhine. "Dwight and I could see that he was pushing against time."

Earl and Dwight had been in Muong Sing since late 1958, and

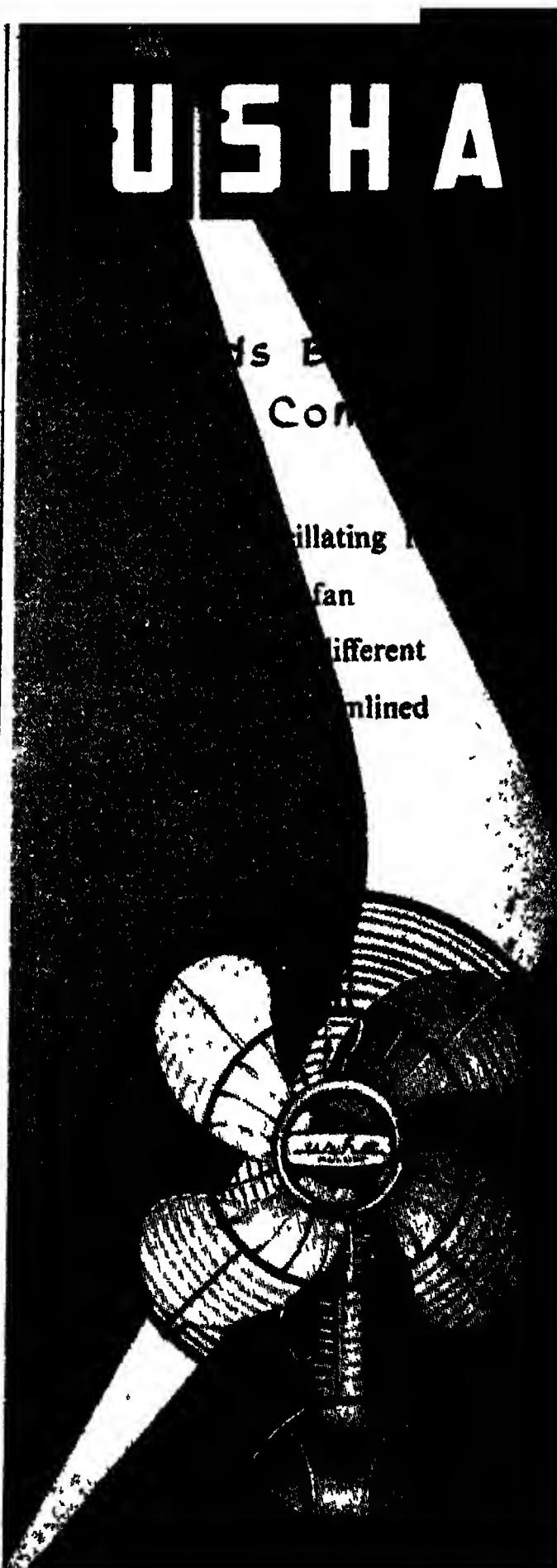
their 18-month tour of duty would end in March. Their replacements, Tom Kirby, 22, and Alan Rommel, 27, were seeing Muong Sing—and Dr. Tom Dooley in action—for the first time. They soon learned how Dooley had acquired his reputation of being a hard taskmaster.

"He wasn't a tyrant or a prima donna," says Rommel, a former member of the U.S. Army medical corps. "But he was a perfectionist wherever work was concerned, and his Irish temper flared when someone did a careless or sloppy job."

The people's faith in Dooley impressed Rommel. "They literally worshipped him," he says. "The children never bawled or complained when the parents brought them to see him."

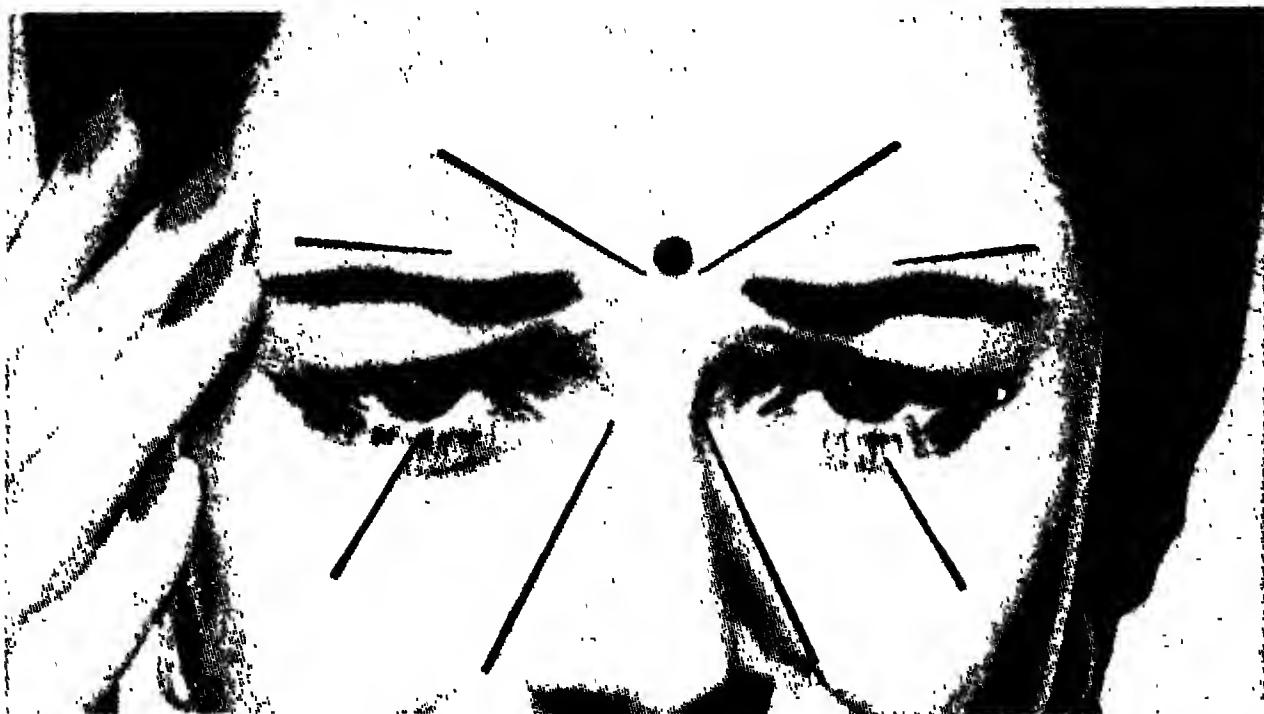
The allegation by some Americans that Dooley was practising "nineteenth-century medicine" even now causes Rommel to bridle. "He ranked with the best young general practitioners at home, and most of his patients were treated as the wealthiest of patients would have been. You don't need white-tiled operating - rooms, stainless - steel equipment or air conditioning to treat sick people who live in mud huts."

Rommel was surprised by the daily surgery—up to 100 people in the out-patient clinic. "We were always dog-tired by nightfall," he says. "And even after we had lit the paraffin lamps and had dinner, we'd take turns answering emergency

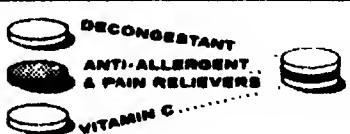


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night calls. We usually tried to get to sleep early. After the first month, even the sound of Dooley's voice dictating into that machine all night long didn't bother me."

On February 8 Dooley asked Jerry Euster, who had now arrived with the Piper Apache, to fly him to Kratie, Cambodia, to check on the Medico hospital he had helped to start there in 1958. *En route*, he stopped to visit old friends, Patricia McCarthy and her husband, John, who were attached to the U.S. Operations Mission in Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

The McCarthys remember the happy days back in 1944 when they first met Tom Dooley. Pat, John and Tom were all 17 years old then. "Tom was a university student at that time," Pat recalls. "He was tall and slender, with dark wavy hair, cool blue eyes and devastating lashes. He played the piano marvellously, and could jitterbug like a professional. He had a way of flipping his partner over his back—something we had seen only in films. He had a very sophisticated, worldly manner, and often talked of his plan to become a 'society doctor' and specialize in obstetrics. If anyone had told us then that Tom Dooley would one day devote his life to the sick people of Asia, we would have laughed out loud."

But here he was, stepping out of the Piper Apache, when Pat met him at the Phnom Penh airport.

"We came home for lunch," Pat

says, "and it was then that I realized how ill Tom was. His colour was good, but he was so thin! When I saw that he had to use both hands to raise his coffee cup, that really tore my heart out."

That afternoon Tom flew on to Kratie, inspected the Medico hospital and had a long conference with its director, Dr. Manny Voulgaropoulos. They flew back to Phnom Penh together and spent the night with the McCarthys.

That evening they heard Manny Voulgaropoulos outline plans for a second Medico hospital in southern Cambodia. He also wanted to start a paediatrics service for the orphanages in Phnom Penh, and provide visiting specialists as teachers for the Cambodian medical school.

"It was a happy evening," says Pat McCarthy. "Tom was in fine spirits, and kept everyone in a gay mood. But it was the last time we saw him so relaxed."

Night Call

WHEN Paul Hellmuth, a lawyer member of the Medico board, appeared on February 20, he found that Dooley had become an air commuter, operating on the tightest possible schedule. His mornings were devoted to visits and surgery at Muong Sing; in the afternoons he hustled Hellmuth aboard the Apache and flew across the mountains to Ban Houei Sai, where he was now starting a new hospital.

Ban Houei Sai, on the Mekong

River, which separates the northern-most regions of Laos and Thailand, offers a setting of spectacular beauty and grandeur—sweeping stream, rolling plains, breath-taking backdrop of high mountains. It is also a good base from which to provide services for some 50,000 mountain people who are even more isolated and depressed than those in Muong Sing, and the river makes an excellent supply route for hospital needs.

Alan Rommel and a Lao student, Kam Tung, were already settled in a small hut on the river-bank, near the site of the new clinic; and the main hospital and living-quarters of the team were under construction high on a near-by hill. Meanwhile, Dooley and his team took surgery each afternoon on the river-bank. Then, before dusk enveloped the mountains, the little Piper Apache would take off from the grass air-strip and return to Muong Sing, sometimes carrying emergency cases for operation.

Nor did this end the day for Tom Dooley. One night Hellmuth was awakened out of a sound sleep by voices in the next room. A son of Wong, the old Chinese who sold peanuts and Mekong whisky near the village bazaar, had come in seeking help for his father. Dooley had been treating old Wong, who had a hopelessly advanced case of tuberculosis, and Hellmuth gathered that the old man was now suffering a bad haemorrhage. "Doctor, I can handle this," Hellmuth heard Earl

Rhine say. "There's no need for you to go at this hour."

"Of course I'm going!" Dooley snapped. "What are you trying to do—put me on the shelf?"

Presently both Earl and Tom left with Wong's son. Hellmuth looked at his watch. It was 3 a.m.

He had met old Wong himself a few days before, when he had walked through the village with Dooley. The incident had been sharply revealing. The old man was squatting beside his little stand. He rose, greeted Tom with deference, then poured out some of his Mekong whisky into a common cup and offered it to them.

"It will tear your guts out," Dooley assured Hellmuth. "Try it."

Paul was horrified. "This cup is probably alive with germs," he said to Tom. "And the old man himself has TB!"

"Drink it, you damn fool!" Tom growled. "You can't insult this man's kindness."

Hellmuth took one swallow, then accepted some of Wong's peanuts to kill the vile taste. As they walked on, Tom said, "You must remember that these poor people have their own brand of pride and dignity. I wouldn't do anything in the world to offend them."

Hellmuth was still awake when Earl and Tom returned from treating Wong. Earl was exhausted, but Dooley seemed fresh and untired. He went to his dictating-machine and took up where he had left off.



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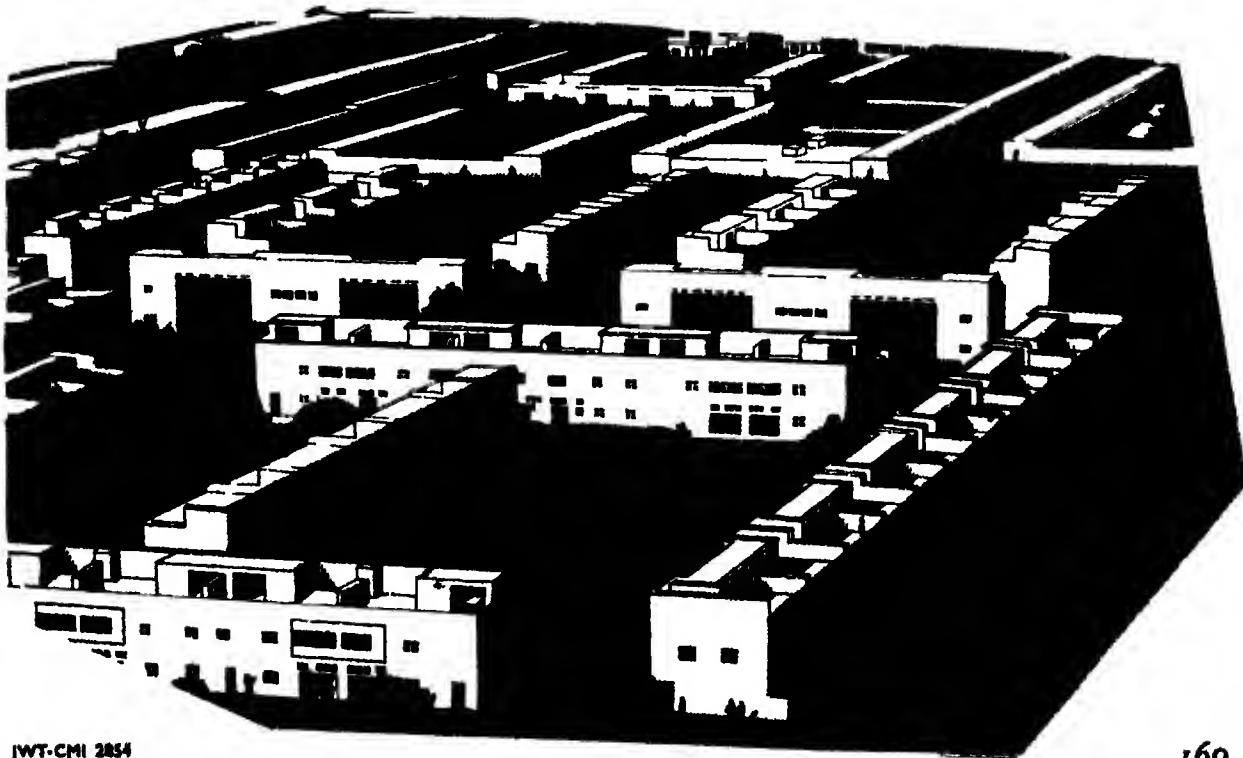
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"As I lay there in the next room, unable to sleep," Hellmuth says, "I came to a firm conclusion. No one could ever make me doubt Tom Dooley's complete devotion to people, or his sincerity as a doctor and as a man."

A Farewell Surprise

LATE in March, a few days before Earl and Dwight were to leave for home, Dooley said to Dwight, "Tell Jerry Euster to pick up your best suit and also Earl's in Vientiane. Have them pressed first. You'll also need white shirts, ties, handkerchiefs - everything. See to it that Jerry gets it all here before the 29th."

Dwight says, "This was all very mysterious. We kept our civilian clothes in Vientiane, because we had no need for them in Muong Sing."

When Dwight pressed Dooley for an explanation, all he got was a broad grin and the cryptic remark: "Well, the king's coming to Muong Sing on March 30, and we have to put on a good show."

For the next week there was great activity in the village. Streets were cleaned, houses decorated. The old French fortress (now the Royal Lao garrison) opposite the Medico hospital was draped with the national colours. "On the morning of March 30," Earl Rhine reports, "we bathed, shaved and dressed up in our city clothes. Doc lined us up and gave us a regular military inspection."

When they arrived at the airstrip,

the place was jammed and everything looked festive. A Royal Lao air force plane landed, and King Savang Vathana stepped out with his entourage. He walked the three miles from the airport to the old fortress. The village streets were lined with people; some carried flowers and little bouquets, which they tossed at the king.

Dooley and his staff followed the royal party into the fortress, where the troops were lined up for inspection. Tom led the boys to the place of honour beside the governor. Then came the big surprise: Dwight Davis and Earl Rhine were to be decorated by the king. "We were flabbergasted," Earl says. "We had no idea how we were supposed to act. Doc hadn't told us a thing."

Fortunately, the governor of the province was to be decorated too. The boys watched carefully, and decided to do whatever he did. When the king approached, the governor knelt and made the usual Lao *sathoo*--hands before face with finger-tips touching, head slightly bowed--while the king pinned the medal on him.

Dwight was next in line; but, as he started to kneel, the king placed both hands on his shoulders and said, "Stand up, lad. There is no need for you to kneel."

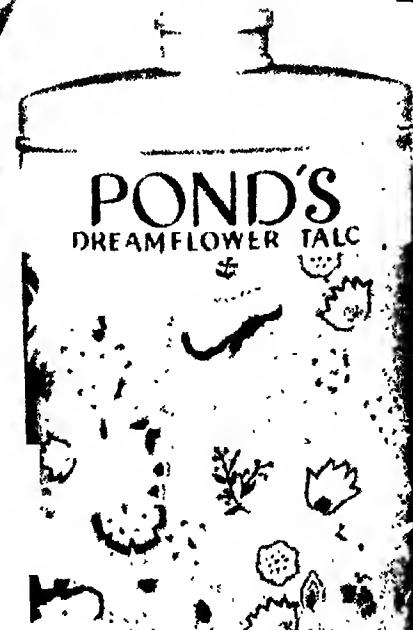
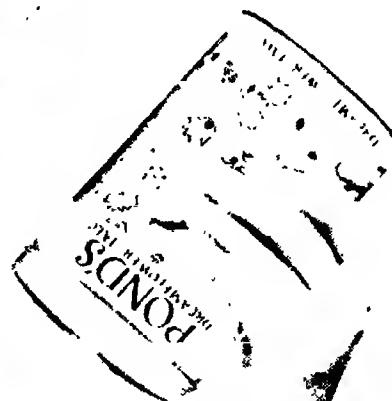
Thus, Dwight and Earl received the Order of the Million Elephants and the White Parasol, the decoration that Tom Dooley had received from the king a year earlier.



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"King Savang Vathana speaks perfect English," Dwight recalls. "He told us that the people of Laos would be indebted to us. 'We shall never forget you.' Earl and I couldn't think of a thing to say."

Mother of a Thousand Children"

IN APRIL, Dooley completed plans for a Medico hospital in South Vietnam. On his way there he stopped at South Vietnam's capital city, Saigon, where many of the 600,000 refugees he had helped to save from the Communists in 1954-55 had found a haven. Thus he was always assured of finding many warm friends in Saigon; but his favourite was Madame Vu Thi Ngai, director

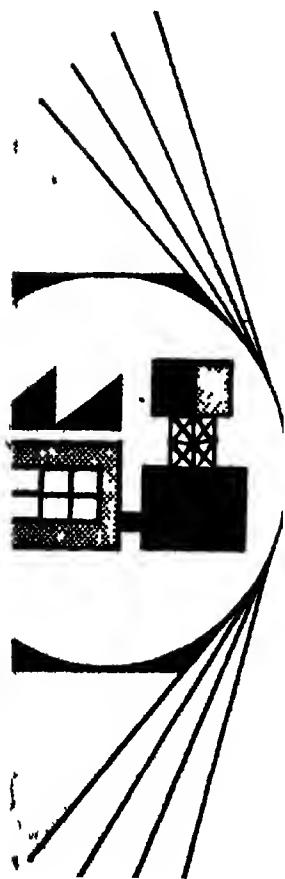
of the An Lac Orphanage, and "Mother of a Thousand Children."

When he rapped on the gates of the An Lac Orphanage, a neatly walled cluster of steel huts near the presidential palace, the attendant gave a cry of recognition. Children swarmed from the huts, engulfing the frail, tired figure, and Dooley at once seemed to shed his troubles and fears. With children clutching his coat-tails and clinging to his legs, he made his way to a lighted doorway, where he bowed his head in the traditional Asian greeting to Madame Ngai, a beautifully proportioned woman with jet black hair and radiant dark eyes.

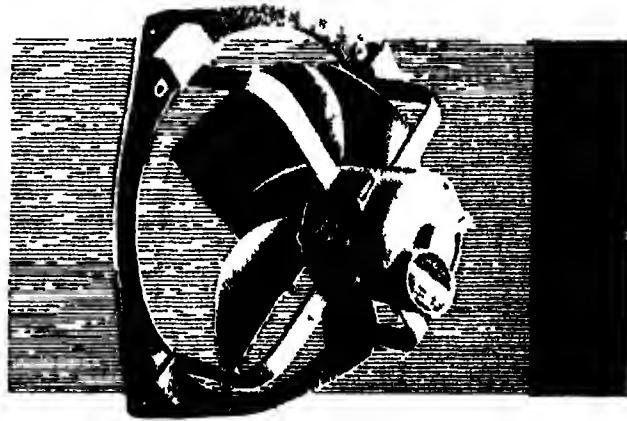
Madame Ngai led him into her

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hut, drew him into the light, and shook her head sadly. "Tom, *mon cher*, you are much too thin. And you are very tired." As she offered him a drink, Madame Ngai's mind was crowded with memories.

In 1946 she had been a wealthy woman in Thanh Hoa when the Communist Viet Minh invaded the town and killed her husband. She escaped and fled southwards. Along the way she gathered up abandoned babies and stray children. When she arrived in Haiphong, she had acquired nearly a thousand orphans. She sold all her possessions and started the first An Lac Orphanage.

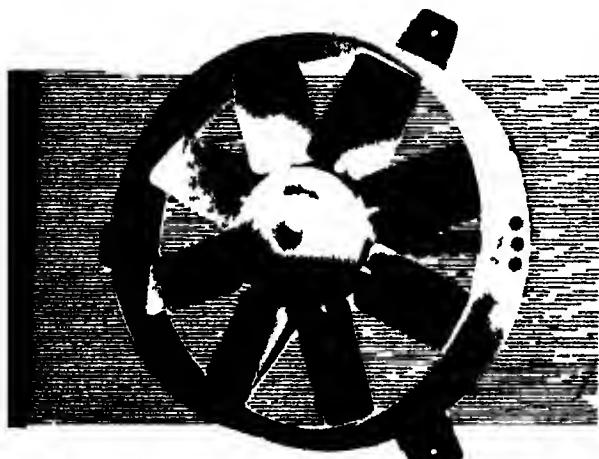
When the Communists threatened Haiphong in 1954, Tom Dooley

became Madame Ngai's devoted friend and protector. "He stood by us until the very end, when he put us aboard a ship for Saigon," she recalls. "Then he communicated with the American Wives' Club in Saigon, and asked them to take care of us. Thanks to them, we now have our orphanage in Saigon."

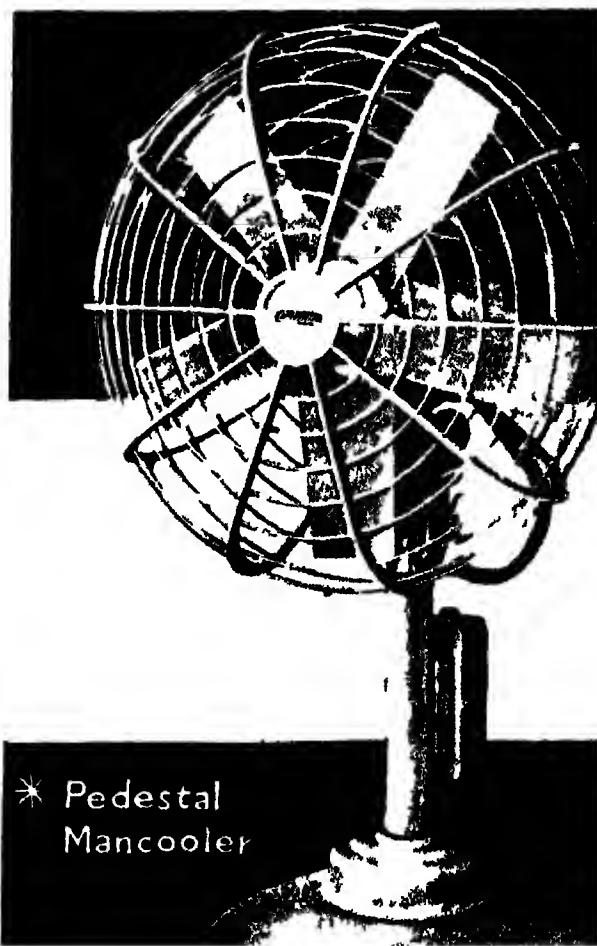
Now, on this April night, Tom Dooley sat talking to Madame Ngai, discussing his plans for the new Medico hospital. The next day he persuaded her to accompany him, along with the deputy minister of health, when he flew to the small coastal city of Quang Ngai to look over the site.

This inspection filled him with

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enthusiasm. The main building, a mud-and-straw structure for 200 patients, was nearing completion; and there were three western style buildings in which to house the operating and X-ray rooms.

Madame Ngai had difficulty in sharing his elation, for as they flew back to Saigon Dooley told her his immediate plans. His doctors had consented to his working in Asia only on condition that he go to New York for periodic check-ups. The first was scheduled for early May. But before then he would go to Malaya to complete arrangements for a new Medico hospital. And on the way to New York he would stop in Kenya to discuss plans for still another hospital, near Nairobi.

To Madame Ngai it all sounded inordinately strenuous. But, close as she was to Tom, there was nothing she could do to slow him down.

"So Far, So Good"

THE FIRST CHECK-UP took two days, and showed negative results. But Dooley, who knew his disease too well for unwarranted optimism, would only comment tersely, "So far, so good."

A few days later, Bob Copenhaver joined Tom for another lecture tour. Medico had lined up 55 speeches in 41 cities, and for the next six weeks they crossed the United States from coast to coast.

This time, however, the fund-raising was combined with recruiting and interviewing doctors, nurses

and orderlies for Medico's rapidly expanding field operations. Dooley carried a file of applications that had been screened in New York, and in every large city he visited he called in applicants for interviews.

Some of Dooley's reactions seemed impulsive, yet really were sound, Bob Copenhaver says. For example, when one candidate wrote that he wanted to serve in Asia in order to "help uplift the depressed and impoverished yellow race," Dooley made his decision instantly. "Get rid of that one," he snapped. "We can't be bothered with psychos or crackpots." He was also hard on applicants with pronounced religious backgrounds. He was determined that religious proselytizing must never become a part of Medico's operations.

Some of the doctors found meeting Tom Dooley a rather bewildering experience. Unaware that their backgrounds had been thoroughly investigated, they were often bowled over by his seemingly snap judgments: "O.K., you leave next month. We'll meet in Hong Kong."

Others, irritated by his brash personality, considered him presumptuous and impertinent. Dr. Ronald Wintrob, a 25-year-old Canadian from Toronto, says: "I had a very intense dislike of Tom from the first time I met him, and subsequently an even greater dislike. I bitterly resented his arrogance, lack of consideration and ignorance of common courtesy." Strangely enough, it was

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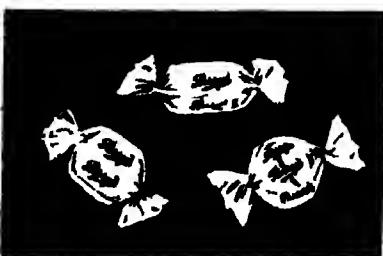
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Dr. Wintrob who was chosen by Dooley to take over his favourite post, Muong Sing.

Interlude With an Old Friend

IN JULY, Dooley headed back for Laos, with a brief stop in Hawaii, where he saw Jeff Cheek, the U.S. Information officer who had become one of his closest friends.

Dooley and Jeff had first met in 1956, shortly after Tom had started his work in Laos. "Dooley was unpopular among the Americans in Vientiane," Jeff recalls. "They criticized his ego, his fanatical zeal, his flair for publicity. The more I heard, the more I wanted to meet him."

One day in November 1956, Jeff made the eight-hour drive from Vientiane to Dooley's hospital, bearing a roast turkey. Tom was bowled over by this unexpected kindness from a total stranger.

Cheek says, "My first impressions of Dooley were these: He was a young man with tremendous driving energy. He had a mountainous ego and absolutely no patience with mediocrity. These were the characteristics that people disliked. But I soon learned that few made the effort to look behind the Dooley facade. There they would have found a man full of deep love and pity for the suffering people of the world."

Jeff Cheek found that Tom was an extremely lonely person. "He filled his life with good works, but he seldom found friendship. He was an excellent speaker and a gifted

writer, but he could never communicate his inner feelings to anyone."

During those early days in 1956, before Dooley spoke Lao and the various mountain dialects, Jeff often served as guide when Tom went out on call to distant villages. "I watched him closely on these occasions," he says. "His manner became completely different. The inner tension disappeared, his voice would soften, and he would almost croon to the sick children as he treated them. That's when I saw the real Dooley emerge: a shy, lonely man, possessed by a burning desire to help, but fearful that he would be—and he was—misunderstood."

In *The Edge of Tomorrow*, Dooley told how Jeff had brought him Savong, a young Lao girl he had found abandoned and near death on a jungle trail. Dooley and his staff worked a surgical and nursing miracle on the waif and, after Savong recovered, Dooley presented a photograph of her to Jeff.

"Whenever I heard some loud-mouth sound off about Dooley's ego and phoniness," says Jeff, "I would whip out that picture and say, 'Dooley saved the life of this little girl. How many lives have you saved?'"

Jeff Cheek was one man Tom couldn't fool, and when Dooley arrived in Hawaii in 1960 Jeff soon saw through his bluff manner and apparent good health. During his stay with the Cheeks, Dooley was

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fascinated by their 18-month-old son, who was just learning to walk and talk. Jeff recalls that at one point, as he sat watching the child, Tom grew very quiet. A strange sadness came into his face, and he said, "Jeff, the great Tom Dooley envies you like hell right now."

"Then the mood passed," Jeff says, "and the mask was back in place. That was the only time I ever saw Dooley display anything resembling self-pity."

"I Won't Be There"

THE NEW teams for the Medico hospitals at Quang Ngai (Vietnam) and Ban Houei Sai (Laos) assembled in Hong Kong. There Dooley spent a few days briefing them, shopping for supplies, and laying plans for Medico's International Eye Bank, which would make corneal transplants available to restore the sight of blind people in Asia.*

On August 4 he arrived in Laos in time for a dinner engagement at Vientiane's Settha Palace Hotel. During dinner there was a great deal of talk about the dangers that beset Laos. Everyone in Vientiane was aware that serious trouble was brewing. But Dooley insisted that Lao politics did not concern him in the slightest.

"I came to Laos knowing that the Communists would take over the country sooner or later," he said. "I intend to remain until my work is

finished, or until I am forced to leave."

In the tension-filled weeks that followed, Dooley drove himself with furious energy—flying across the South China Sea to Malaya, where he signed the agreement for a Medico hospital at the village of Kuala Lipis; making the rounds of the new hospitals in Laos and Vietnam; and finally returning to Muong Sing, where Dr. Ronald Wintrob was now in charge.

Early in October, Dooley returned to New York for his second series of tests at the hospital, and to attend a Medico board meeting. The tests were again negative. Yet, as the date of the board meeting approached, Dooley seemed depressed, irritable and restless. Paradoxically, his uneasiness stemmed from Medico's astonishing success.

Leo Cherne, executive director of the Research Institute of America, and Dooley's close friend, says, "He had no doubts about Medico's function or purpose. But he was anxious about the sheer size of the organization. He was now witnessing a gargantuan thing." From two small hospitals and a mere handful of men, Medico's field operations had been expanded to 15 projects in 12 countries staffed by 23 doctors and 22 nurses and orderlies.

At the board meeting on October 15, Tom Dooley was elected vice-chairman of Medico. "Within the next few weeks," he said, "I am going to New Delhi to open up a new

* Today the Medico International Eye Bank serves 16 nations on all continents.

programme for the Tibetan refugees, then to Afghanistan and Malaya. After that, we will have a period of consolidation in Medico. We must not make the mistake of overreaching ourselves. We must also have a new organizational set-up that is much less dependent upon one man—Dooley."

On October 28, at New York International Airport, he boarded a plane bound for India. Malcolm Dooley and Bob Copenhaver were on hand to see him off. Both men were looking forward to visiting Dooley in Asia early the following year, but now Tom urged them to change their plans.

"Come in November or not at all," he said enigmatically. "I won't be out there after January."

In India, the meaning of his cryptic words soon became apparent when he went to Ludhiana, where Dr. Melvin Casberg, dean of the Christian Medical College, remembers his visit well. "He was suffering," reports Dr. Casberg, "but it was evident that he refused to bow to this handicap. He addressed the student body, and won their hearts with his Irish wit. That evening he rounded up the boys and led them in serenading the ladies' dormitory—something unheard of in the Punjab!"

Later that evening, Dooley asked Dr. Casberg to examine his chest. "I felt carefully for evidence of spreading cancer," says Casberg. "There were no objective signs of

recurrence, but the pain in his back and other symptoms told us that the melanoma had not been eradicated. During the evening I had noticed how he often stretched backwards and gripped his waist with both hands in an effort to squeeze out the pain."

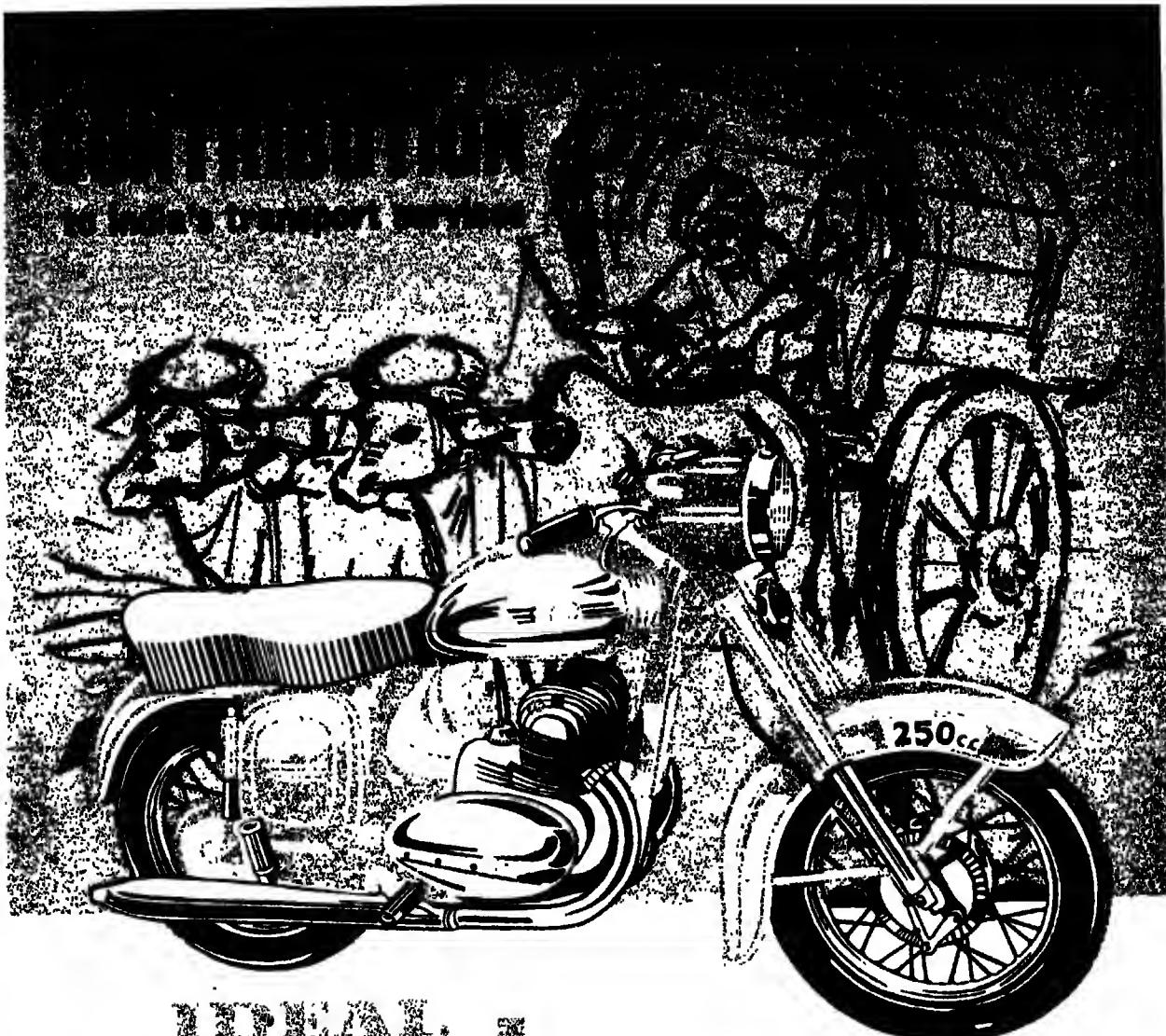
The Black Cloud

Bob COPENHAVER and Malcolm Dooley arrived in Bangkok on November 13. The next morning, Tom started them on the first leg of a whirlwind inspection trip, which eventually covered all the Medico installations in Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam. Says Copenhaver, "When we first arrived, Tom showed his usual inexhaustible energy and seemed in good spirits. But during the next 12 days we saw him go steadily downhill."

Ted Werner, one of Tom's old navy colleagues, was piloting the Piper Apache now, replacing Jerry Euster, who had completed his tour of duty. One day Werner called Copenhaver aside and urged him to make Tom slow down. "He won't listen to me," Ted said, "but he has great respect for you. Do something, because he's killing himself!"

Bob tried to talk to Tom, but got an angry snub. "It looked as though Tom might collapse at any minute," Bob says. "But nothing could stop him now in his headlong drive to get things done."

At Ban Houei Sai they watched Tom operate on a little girl with



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an infected harelip. "I'm sure Tom was in great pain," Copenhaver says, "but he did a magnificent job of concealing it. He was taking no drugs at the time, because he needed a clear head and a steady hand for surgery."

On November 25 they flew back to Bangkok, for a brief stop on the journey to Hong Kong, from where Bob and Malcolm would go on to the United States. During the flight, Bob recalls, there was a beautiful Asian sunset. Suddenly a small black thundercloud completely blotted out the sun.

Dooley was watching the spectacle solemnly. "That's my life," he said. "The horizon is unlimited. Nothing can stop me—except the black cloud of melanoma."

Then the thundercloud passed, and again they saw the unblemished beauty of the sunset.

"See, Tom, how quickly it passes," Bob said.

Dooley shook his head and said, "My black cloud will never pass."

Shortly after Tom had seen Malcolm and Bob off in Hong Kong, the phone rang in an hotel room occupied by Dooley's old friend Travis Fletcher.

"Travis, this is Tom Dooley. I don't think I can make it back to Laos. Who is your doctor here? What hospital do you recommend?"

Two hours later Dooley was a patient in St. Theresa's Hospital, Hong Kong. "That evening," Travis Fletcher recalls, "he said he

was hungry for some Chinese food. I had two full-course dinners delivered to his room, and we sat there talking for a while. He merely picked at the food. He asked me to keep his presence in the hospital from getting into the Press.

"The next day I went to see him again. He showed me the X-ray films that had been made and pointed to some white spots along the spinal column. 'That's why I'm in such pain,' he told me. 'Travis, this thing ~~has~~ gone into my spine. Good God, and I still have so much to do!'"

A Race Against Time and Pain

December 8-19. A brace for Dooley's back was made in the United States and flown to Hong Kong, where it arrived on December 8. Strapping it on was torture, but Dooley knew that it was necessary to support his disintegrating vertebrae. He also hoped that it would relieve pressure on the nerves. He called the cumbersome brace his "Iron Maiden."

He left Hong Kong determined to make a final tour of the Medico hospitals, and arrived in Saigon on December 10. This time he was much too ill to visit the An Lac Orphanage, so Madame Ngai came to visit him in his hotel.

"He was in very low spirits," she recalls. "I tried to cheer him up, but he didn't respond. He admitted, for the first time, that he knew his hours were numbered. He kept saying,



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"But somehow I *must* go on. So many things have to be settled.' "

When tears started streaming down his face, this was more than Madame Ngai could bear. She began to weep too. Tom tried to lift her spirits, talking of the orphanage he had loved and supported for so long. "You have had a wonderful life," he said. "But you must never stop fighting. Pray and work, and put all your energy into the task God has given you. You will never fail!"

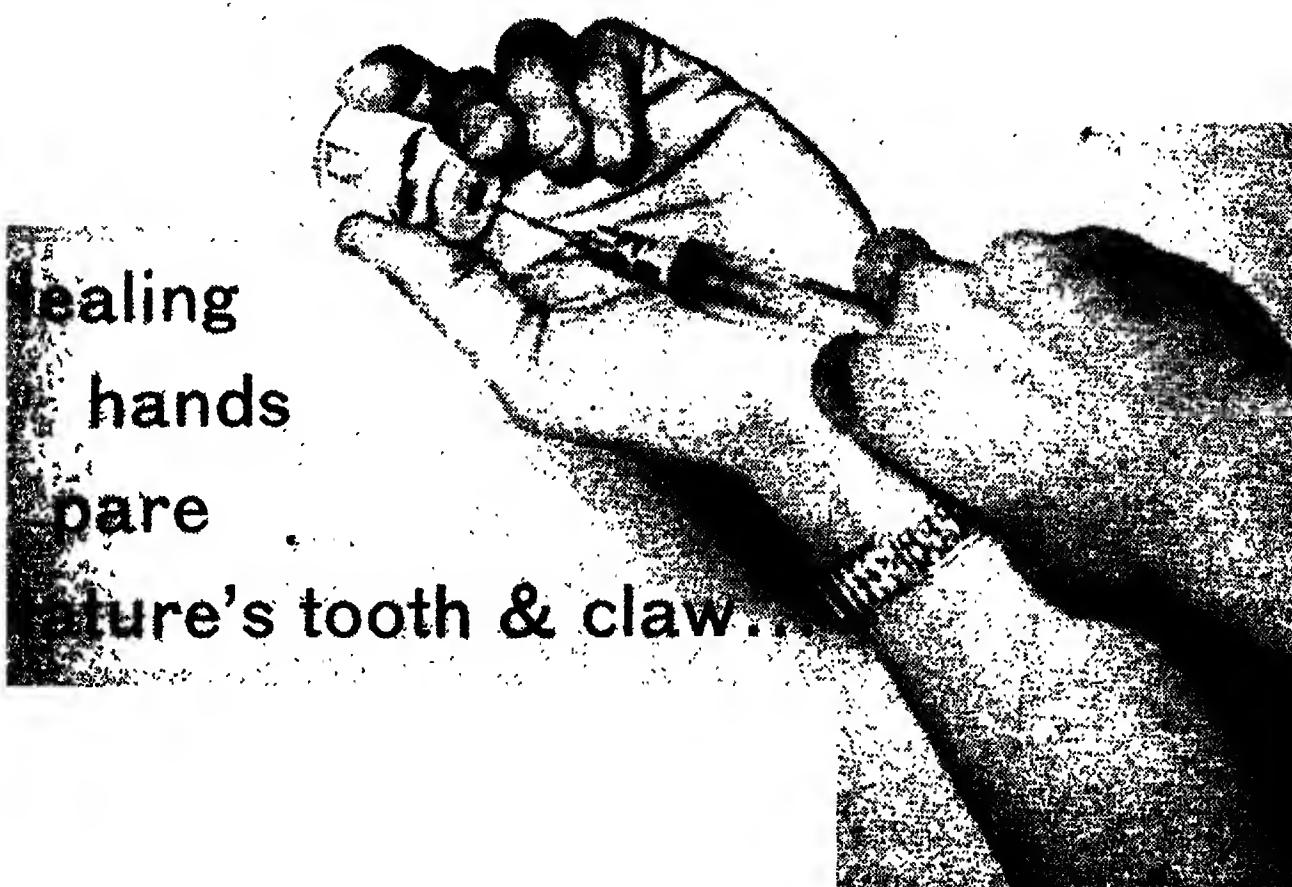
Ted Werner peeped into the room. When he saw the tearful scene, he quietly closed the door and went away. Next morning, obedient to Tom's orders, he had the plane

ready for the flight to Quang Ngai. Dooley was still in low spirits.

"Tom," Ted said, "the Quang Ngai team simply must not see you as I saw you last night. That would crush their spirit, and defeat the purpose of this trip. Either snap out of it or let's go home."

Tom managed a grin. "Don't worry!" he said. "I've just reached a point where I can no longer hide things from a few people like you and Madame Ngai. But I can still put on a pretty good act for the others. You wait and see!"

Ted Werner witnessed a dramatic change in Dooley during the next phrenetic days. Driving himself with an almost superhuman effort



of will, Tom flew to Quang Ngai, then to Phnom Penh and Kratie. He discussed staff and supply problems with Medico doctors, met government officials and ironed out bureaucratic difficulties.

"It was an amazing performance," Ted recalls. "Months later, Dr. Carl Weidermann, Medico director at Quang Ngai, told me that Tom had actually convinced him that he was on the mend."

Nevertheless, inevitably, Dooley's incredible energy began to fail. He was taking pills every few hours, but before long the increasing pain outreached the drugs. On December 19, after a meeting with the Cambodian minister of health in

Phnom Penh, Dooley went to the home of John and Pat McCarthy. "I opened the door and almost fainted," says Pat. "Ted Werner was half-supporting Tom, and Tom was paper-white!"

Dooley was determined to depart that afternoon for Bangkok, so the McCarthys hired a car to take him to the airport. Tom had tears in his eyes when John McCarthy said farewell. They had been friends since their early days.

Pat McCarthy had gone to the airport office to take Tom's luggage through customs and present his passport. There she ran into trouble when it was discovered that Tom's visa had expired the day before.

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"The Cambodian inspector was not going to let him go," she says. "I cried, and began to get frantic. Just then Tom walked in, wearing his ghastly brace and obviously in agony. The customs man took one look at him and stamped the visa. Not another word was said."

"Good-bye to Asia"

December 19-24. Ted Werner recalls the days before Christmas 1960 as a jumble of nightmare impressions. "We reached Bangkok on December 19," he says, "and Tom was in bad shape. The ride from the airport over rough roads was torture, and he screamed at the driver. When we got to the Erawan Hotel, he was exhausted. Even the effort to get into bed was too much, so we made up a mattress on the floor."

At last Tom had to concede that he must return to the United States. He asked Ted to fly up to Laos and bring the Medico doctors to Bangkok for a final conference. On the night of December 23, while he was alone, Tom rang Father John Boucher at the Redemptorist Fathers' church in Bangkok. "Father, I'm at the Erawan Hotel," he said. "Can you come over and give me Communion? Room 101—just walk in."

Father Boucher had heard that Dooley was suffering from a recurrence of cancer, but he was not prepared for what he found in Room 101. "Tom was lying on the floor on a hard mattress, alone and

suffering," he says. "His face was pale and drawn."

Dooley greeted the priest with a feeble gesture, and tried to smile. "Father, they're flying me out of here as soon as possible—I don't know when. But I wanted to make sure I receive Communion for Christmas." Father Boucher looked at Dooley for a moment. Then he said, "I think it might be wise for me to give you Extreme Unction."

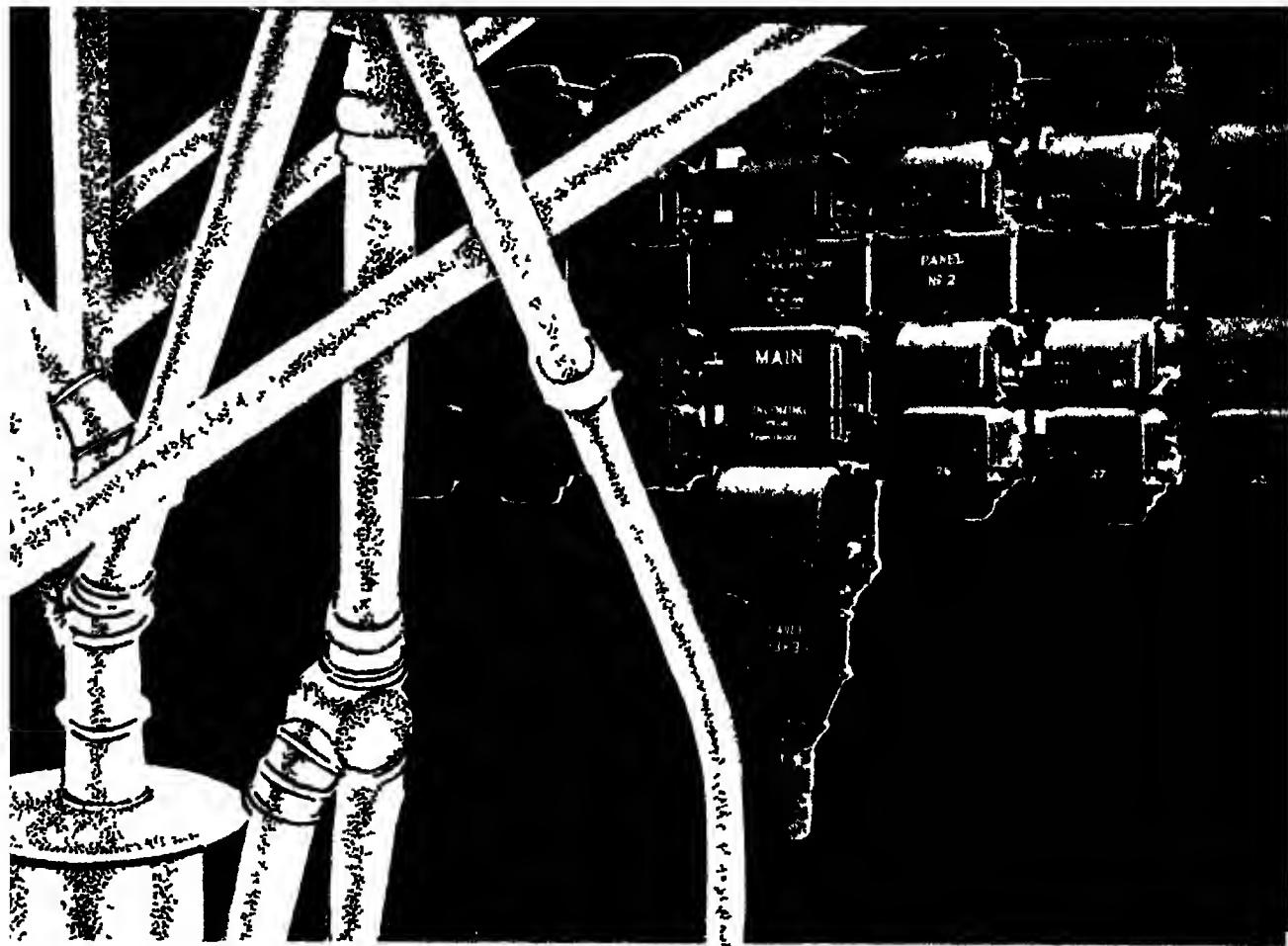
For a moment Dooley didn't say a word, reports Father Boucher. "He knew, I'm sure, that the Last Sacrament is not the toll of death. Nevertheless, I could see that he was shaken. Then he whispered, 'Yes, please, Father, give it to me.' "

Throughout the ceremony, Father Boucher recalls, Tom seemed relaxed and resigned. "Whatever terror or shock he had experienced earlier had disappeared. Tom was alone and at peace with his God."

On Christmas Eve, Ted Werner returned with Ronald Wintrob and Dr. Estelle Hughes, who had taken over at Ban Houci Sai. Ted brought them to the hotel, and then arranged for Tom to leave for New York the following night.

December 25. Father Boucher returned on Christmas morning, and found Dooley in extreme pain. After Communion Tom held out his hand and thanked the priest for calling in. "So long, Father. I'm leaving for New York tonight. Please remember me in your prayers."

For a few minutes more Father



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Boucher stayed on, chatting. "Then a strange thing happened," he says. "I mentioned the word Medico, and suddenly Tom sat up, his eyes brightened, and he was a changed man. He told me about Medico as if I had never heard of it before. He talked about its beginnings, its growth and his plans for its future. This was the old Tom Dooley, the young crusader with face alive, pain forgotten. I sat there amazed."

That night Ted Werner came in and announced that everything was ready for Tom's flight. "But frankly," he said, "the airline people are distressed because you're travelling alone. I told them I wanted to go, too . . ."

Dooley answered irritably. "We've been over that a dozen times! I intend to go alone. And tell the airline no publicity, please. Just have Malcolm standing by in New York."

And that's how it was. Dooley insisted on boarding the plane unassisted. Minutes later, the big Boeing 707 taxied out to the runway and took off. Tom Dooley had departed from Asia for the last time.

"The Last Days"

December 27-30 When Dooley's plane landed at Idlewild Airport, Malcolm Dooley was waiting with Teresa Gallagher, Tom's devoted friend. Tom came down the steps slowly and painfully. He saw the ambulance waiting with doors open and stretcher ready. "I won't need

that," he said to Malcolm. "I'll ride in your car."

They gave him the wide rear seat of their hired car and, as it sped towards New York City, Tom tried to make conversation, mostly in gasped questions and brief replies. When they entered Manhattan, the anxious chauffeur passed several red lights, sped west on east-bound 68th Street and stopped directly in front of Memorial Hospital. Tom got out of the car and climbed the steps without support, his hands in the back pockets of his wrinkled khaki trousers. He was escorted to a room, and collapsed into bed.

Hospital attendants rigged a frame over the bed so that he could pull himself upright. "That pulley arrangement became the measure of Tom's declining strength," says Teresa Gallagher. "At first he could use it to make himself more comfortable. But gradually the exertion became too much, and he didn't even try."

New Year's Eve. The year ended on a sombre note. On December 31 word reached Medico in New York that, because of the chaotic conditions in northern Laos, the team headed by Dr. Ronald Wintrob had been evacuated from Muong Sing and sent to Ban Houei Sai. When the cable was shown to Dooley, he was heartbroken.

January 1-17. Tom grew progressively weaker. By January 11 one side of his face was paralysed and his sight was affected. The doctors told

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Malcolm that the cancer was spreading rapidly.

Tom's wonderful mother, Mrs. Agnes Dooley, who had been with him since he arrived in New York, was in poor health herself. Now Malcolm and the doctors persuaded her to return home. If anything did happen, she was assured, Malcolm would telephone and she could be in New York within a few hours.

Tuesday, January 17, was Tom Dooley's 34th birthday. Teresa went to the hospital at noon. Tom didn't recognize her.

"He kept pointing at things, and talking incoherently," she says. "I was sure there was something he wanted me to do, but his words and gestures were meaningless."

Tom regained clarity that afternoon when Cardinal Spellman came to visit him. He recognized the cardinal immediately, rose up in bed and even made the traditional Lao greeting, his hands poised prayerfully before his face, his head slightly bowed. The cardinal remained alone with Dooley for some time; when he came out there were tears in his eyes. "I tried to assure him," said His Eminence, "that in his 34 years he had done what very few have done in the allotted Scriptural lifetime."

January 18. Teresa Gallagher had decided to forgo her usual evening visit to Tom's room. Instead, she remained at the office to re-type some letters that Tom had signed illegibly a few days before. But, as

she finished the third letter and started to sign it herself, she had a sobering thought: "These are the last letters I shall ever do for him." She decided to go to the hospital.

It was then almost 7.30 p.m. By the time she reached the hospital, Malcolm had left to attend a Medico meeting, and Teresa was Tom's only visitor. Tony, the male nurse, told her that Dooley seemed to be resting quietly.

Teresa and Tony went into the room together. "Tom looked so ill," she says, "that I decided to say a prayer aloud, even while Tony was standing there. Tom's hand went up, as though he heard me. Perhaps it was just a meaningless motion, but I didn't think so."

She began gathering up Tom's mail, and happened to notice a visiting-card on the table. She asked where it had come from.

"A priest left it," Tony said. "He is Father George Muller, a hospital chaplain."

Teresa thought for a moment. "Tony, I'm going to ring this priest and ask him to come here. I know I'm not a member of the family, but Tom looks so ill . . ."

Teresa went to the telephone and rang Father Muller, who came immediately. "We went into the room together," Teresa says, "and I knelt beside the bed while he said the prayers and anointed Tom. Since hearing is the last sense to go, at the end of the Last Sacrament the priest bends over and whispers, 'Son, go

now and meet thy God.' Those words will remain with me for the rest of my life."

After Father Muller had left, Teresa and Tony remained in the room. Tom was breathing easily, and there was obvious peace and tranquillity on his face. Teresa stood at the head of his bed, watching over him for a while. Then, suddenly, she realized that Tom was not breathing.

"Tony," she whispered, "did Tom just die?" Tony felt Tom's pulse, and nodded.

Teresa says, "My immediate reaction was: God is good. There was just a quiet, peaceful slipping away, and he had gone with the rites of his church. Why had I been there? I had never intended to be. He had come so far, and in so much pain, to be with those who loved him. And to think that he might have died alone . . ."

Thus, Tom Dooley died at 9:45 p.m., on Wednesday, January 18, 1961. The autopsy revealed at last the extent of his disease and the depth of his suffering. The malignant melanoma had spread to his brain, lungs, liver, spleen, heart—virtually no organ was spared. The marrow in his bones was supplanted almost completely by tumour.

Requiescat

ON SUNDAY evening January 22, Tom Dooley's body lay in state, with a naval guard of honour, in the cathedral of his home city, St. Louis.

Thousands of people filed past the bier.

Early the following morning, the Dooley family, Bob Copenhaver and a few friends went to the cathedral where Khamphan Panya, Lao minister of communications, representing the King of Laos, bestowed upon Tom Dooley the rank of Grand Officer of the Order of the Million Elephants and the White Parasol. The decoration, highest ever bestowed by Laos upon a foreigner, was placed on a white satin cushion beside the bier.

By 11 o'clock, more than 2,000 people filled the cathedral when the Rt. Rev. Leo Byrne, Bishop of St. Louis, celebrated a Pontifical Mass. Father George Gottwald, in his sermon, quoted the words from Robert Frost's poem "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," which Tom had loved and lived by:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

"The promises, Dr. Dooley, are fulfilled," said Father Gottwald.

When the Mass had ended, six young medical students, three from Asia, carried the coffin down the cathedral steps and into the clear, cold January sunshine. At Calvary Cemetery, after a brief service, the bugler sounded taps, and they lowered Tom Dooley's coffin into the canopied grave.

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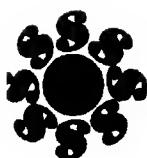
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THE RIGHT words can speak volumes, so choose them with care. In the list below, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **evanescent** (ev' a nes' ent)—A: sedate. B: bubbling. C: fleeting. D: funny.
- (2) **proclaim** -A: to suggest. B: shout. C: seize. D: declare.
- (3) **portent** (paw' tent) -A: omen. B: surprise. C: guess. D: hint.
- (4) **tableau** (tab' low) -A: writing pad. B: high plateau. C: picture. D: antique.
- (5) **penultimate** (pe nul' ti măt) -A: next to the last. B: opposing. C: extreme. D: finest.
- (6) **artisan** (ah tı zan') -A: employee. B: craftsman. C: deep well. D: amateur.
- (7) **celerity** (se ler' i tee) -A: weakness. B: purity. C: speed. D: fame.
- (8) **coalesce** (ko a lĕs') -A: to force. B: press. C: resist. D: unite.
- (9) **deportment**—A: banishment. B: conduct. C: division. D: lack of merit.
- (10) **domicile** (dōm' i syl; dōm' i sil) —A: dwelling. B: tower. C: servant. D: fort.
- (11) **exotic**—A: suggestive. B: gaudy. C: secret. D: foreign.
- (12) **fresco** A: painting. B: nudity. C: wall. D: recipe.
- (13) **garnish** -A: to gather. B: decorate. C: damage. D: take from.
- (14) **seismic** (size' mik) -A: relating to the cosmos. B: sudden. C: pertaining to an earthquake. D: startling.
- (15) **eulogize** (yoo' lo jyz) -A: to approve. B: idolize. C: flatter. D: praise.
- (16) **implement** -A: to displace. B: entangle. C: carry out. D: guide.
- (17) **commonweal** -A: norm. B: common good. C: everyone. D: state.
- (18) **jubilant** -A: stimulated. B: proud. C: cheerful. D: rejoicing.
- (19) **forgiveness**—A: forethought. B: patience. C: common sense. D: courage.
- (20) **requiem**—A: dirge. B: refusal. C: necessity. D: demand.



ANSWERS TO

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

- (1) **evanescent** C: Fleeting; transient; as, the *evanescent* beauty of a sunrise. Latin *evanescere*, "to vanish."
- (2) **proclaim** - D: To declare or announce officially; publish; as, to *proclaim* a holiday. Latin *proclamare*, "to cry out before."
- (3) **portent** A: Omen; sign; warning of a coming event; as, a *portent* of doom. Latin *portendere*, "to stretch ahead."
- (4) **tableau** C: Picture; static representation of a scene; picturesque grouping of objects or people; as, a staged *tableau* of the Pilgrim Fathers' landing. Middle French *tableau*, "little table."
- (5) **penultimate** - A: Next to the last; as, the *penultimate* paragraph. Latin *paene*, "almost," and *ultima*, "last."
- (6) **artisan** - B: Craftsman; mechanic; one skilled in a trade. Old Italian *artigiano*.
- (7) **celerity** - C: Speed; dispatch; promptness; as, to move with *celerity*. Latin *celer*, "swift."
- (8) **coalesce** D: To unite; merge; combine in a coalition; as, when two political parties *coalesce*. Latin *coalescere*, "to unite."
- (9) **deportment** - B: Conduct; behaviour; bearing; as, a stern military *deportment*. Old French *déportement*.
- (10) **domicile** - A: Dwelling; abode; residence; as, a modest *domicile*. Latin *domicilium*.

(11) **exotic** D: Foreign in origin; strikingly different or unusual; as, an *exotic* orchid. Greek *exōtikos*.

(12) **fresco** A: Art of painting on a plastered surface while it is still moist; the picture so painted; as, the *fresco* called "The Last Supper." Italian *fresco*, "fresh."

(13) **garnish** B: To decorate; embellish; as, to *garnish* food with parsley. Old French *garnir*, "to furnish with."

(14) **seismic** C: Pertaining to or produced by an earthquake; earthshaking; as, a *seismic* shock. Greek *seismos*, "earthquake."

(15) **eulogize** D: To praise; acclaim; as, to *eulogize* a war hero. Greek *eulogia*, "praise."

(16) **implement** C: To carry out; put into effect; fulfil; as, to *implement* the no-smoking rule. Latin *implementum*, from *implere*, "to fill up."

(17) **commonweal** B: Common good or well-being; general or public good; community welfare; as, of benefit to the *commonweal*. Middle English.

(18) **jubilant** D: Rejoicing; overjoyed; exultant; as, *jubilant* Christmas celebrations. Latin *jubilare*, "to shout with joy."

(19) **forbearance** B: Patience; a restraining from action indicated or justly due; leniency; as, the court's *forbearance* in imposing a minimum sentence. Old English *forberan*, "to abstain from."

(20) **requiem** - A: Dirge; lament, hymn, composition or service for the dead; as, a *requiem* for times gone by. Latin *requies*, "rest."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	excellent
18-16 correct	good
15-13 correct	fair

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—the blade
with the
feather touch

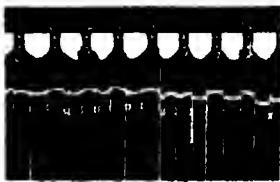


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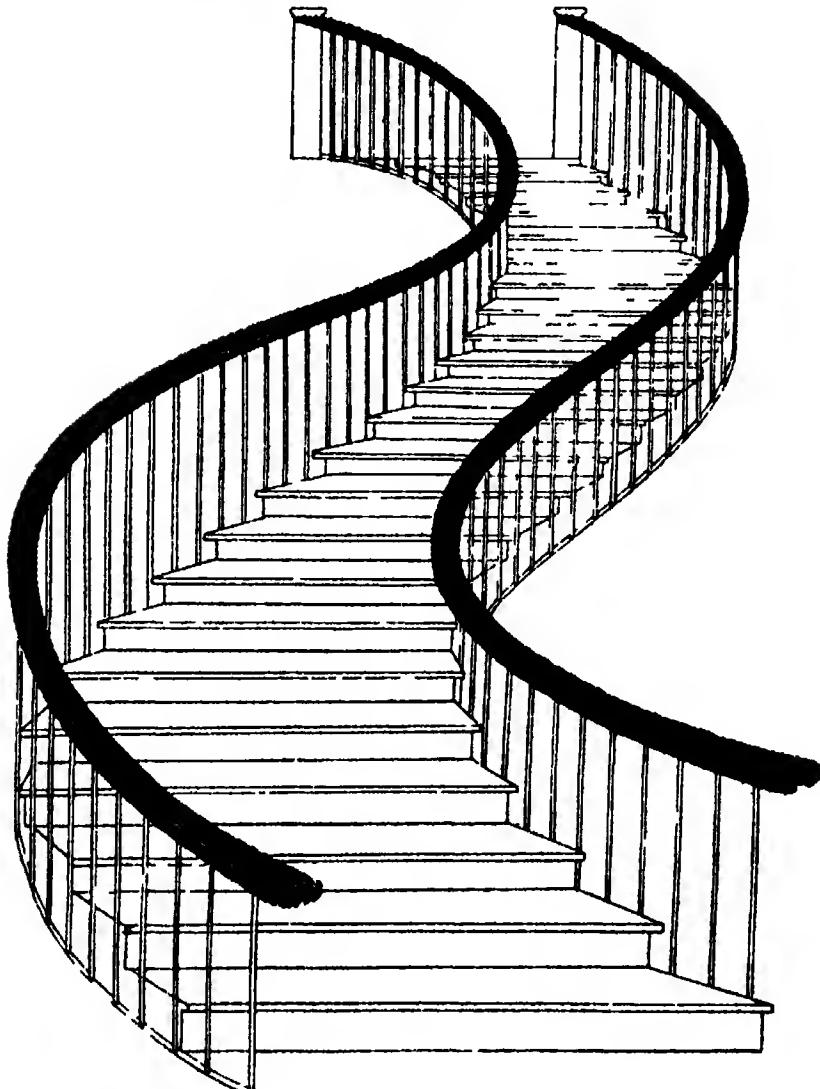
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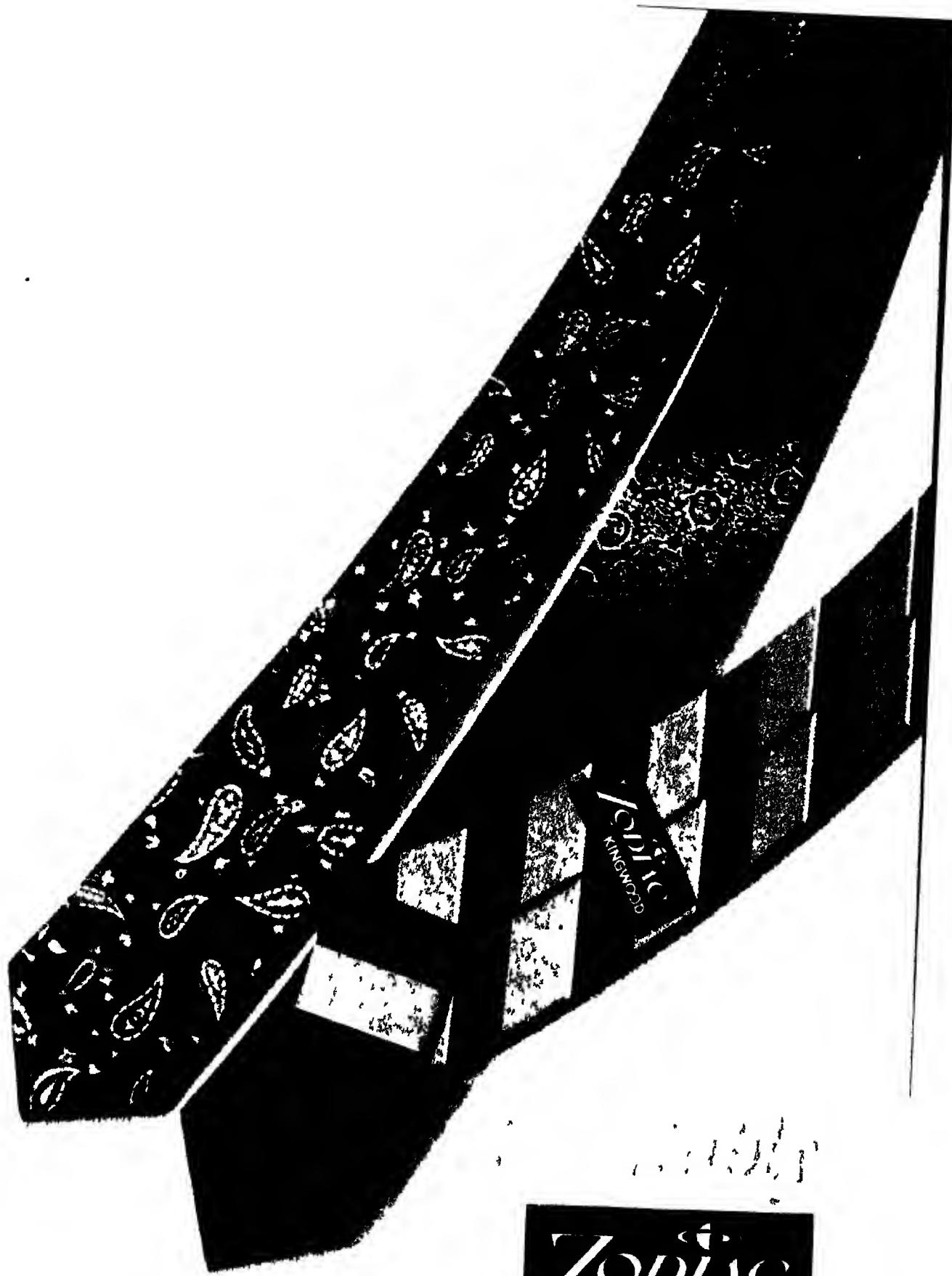


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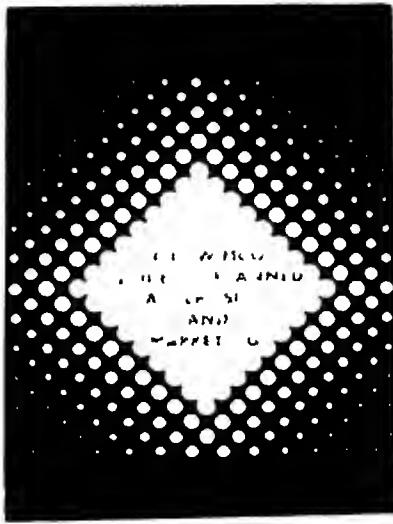
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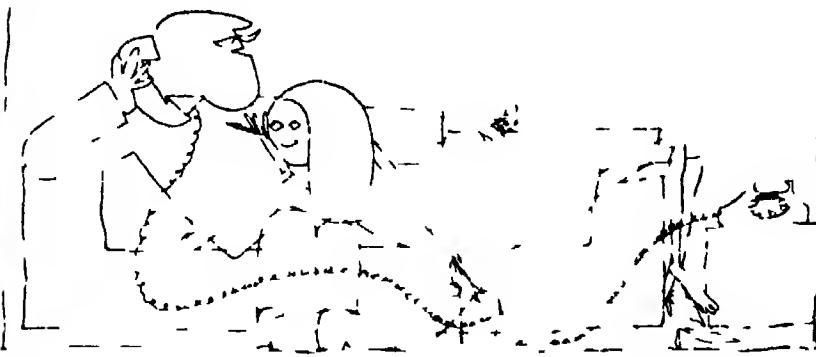


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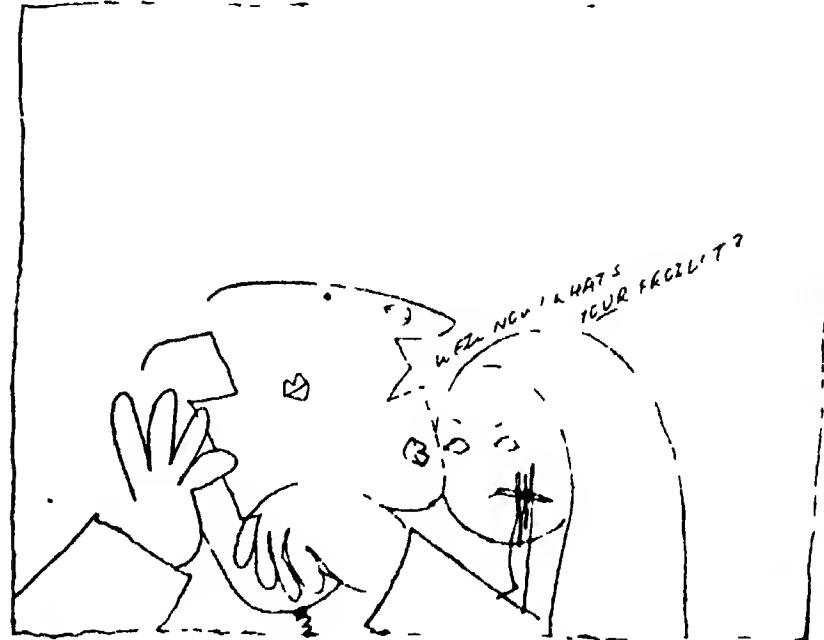
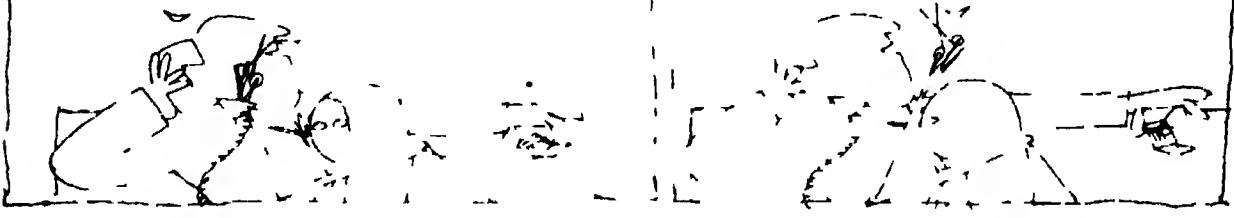
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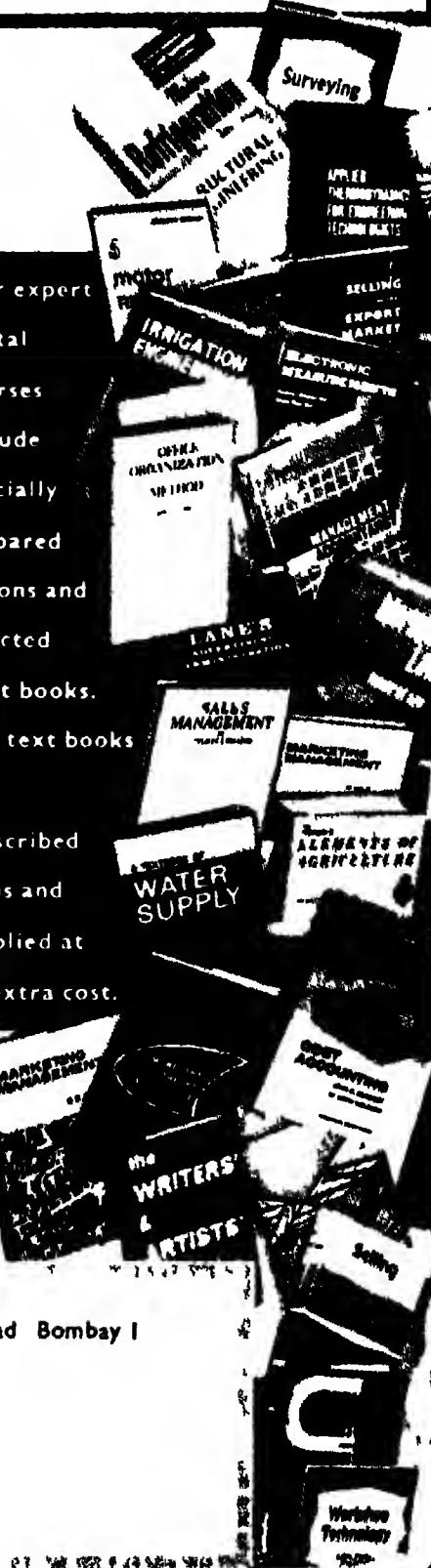
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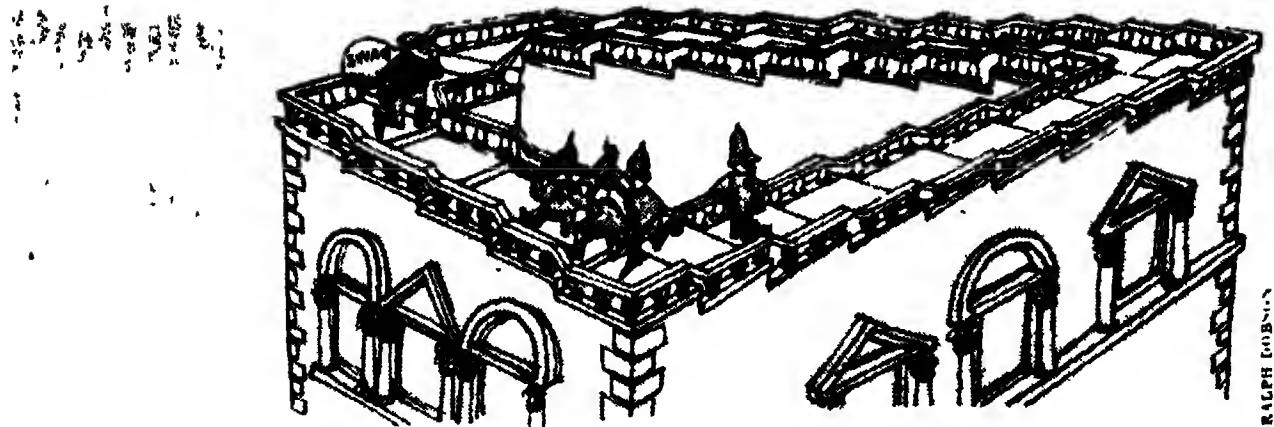
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FRIENDS are generally of the same sex, for when men and women agree it is only in their conclusions; their reasons are always different.

—George Santayana in *The Life of Reason*

THE TIME to hear bird music is between four and six in the morning. Seven o'clock is not too late, but by eight the singers' fine rapture is over, because, I suspect, of the contentment of the inner man that comes with breakfast; a poet should always be hungry or have a lost love.

—Donald Culross Peattie in *An Almanac for Moderns* (Secker & Warburg, London)

OVER the years, we portrait painters have found that "something wrong with the mouth" is the most common complaint from our subjects. When one painter asks another how his latest portrait is going, the shorthand answer, "Something wrong with the mouth," tells the whole story.

Only too often there is something wrong with the mouth. For the crux of the character lies in the mouth rather than in the eyes. The eyes—the "mirror of the soul," as the layman thinks—register fleeting emotions, and can be masked. But a mean mouth cannot be made to look a sweet mouth at will. In the mouth there is the

physical shape of humour or meanness, for instance. These mobile shapes have been made by the person's character and cannot be scrubbed out. To read the mouth correctly to begin with, to interpret this in paint, requires not only great skill, but a subtle understanding of the sitter's personality.

—Nicolette Devas

EACH of us has his own little private conviction of rightness, and almost by definition the Utopian condition of which we all dream is that in which all people finally see the error of their ways and agree with us.

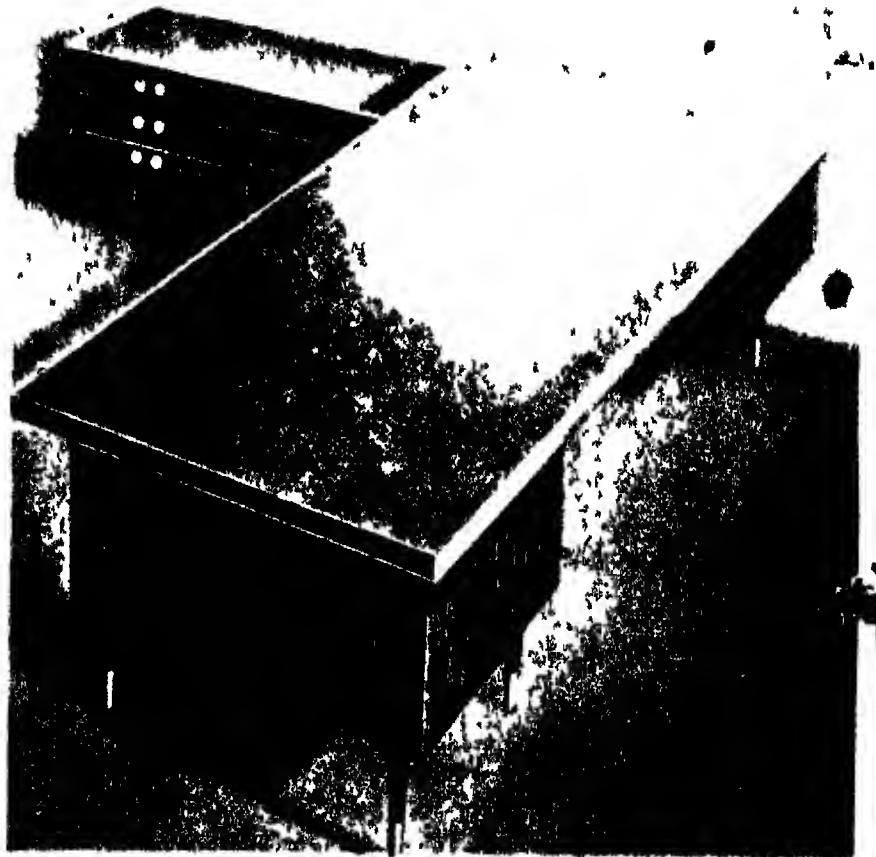
And underlying practically all our attempts to bring agreement is the assumption that agreement is brought about by changing people's minds—other people's.

S. I. Hayakawa, quoted by Martin Mayer,
Where, When and Why: Social Studies in American Schools (Harper & Row, London)

PERHAPS the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learnt; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.

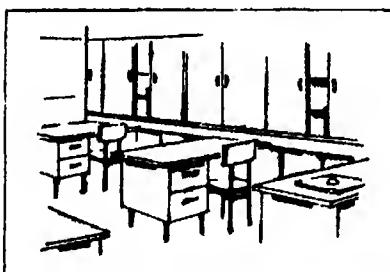
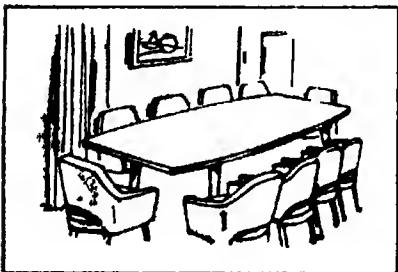
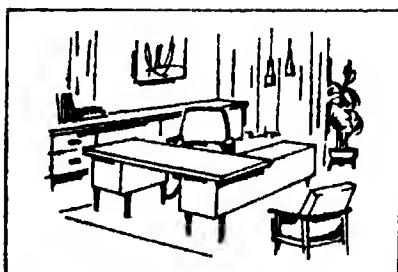
—Thomas Huxley

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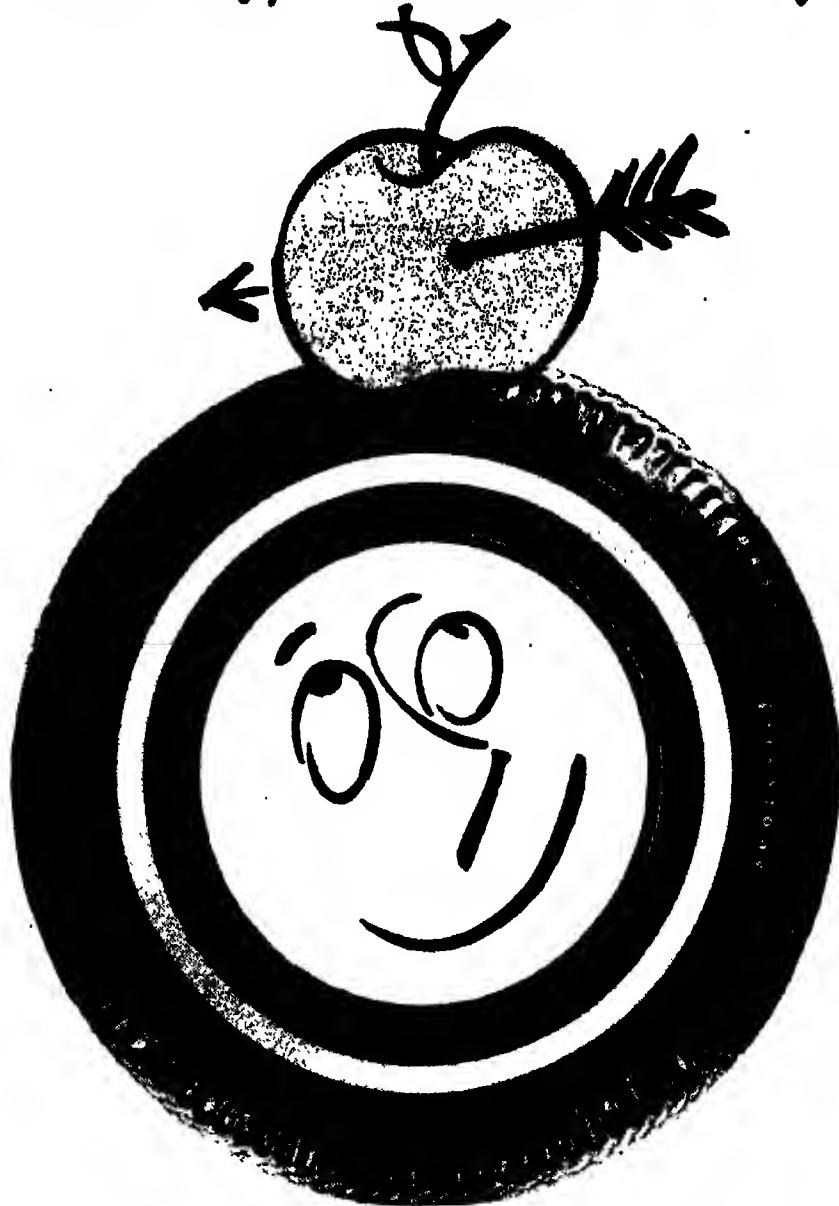
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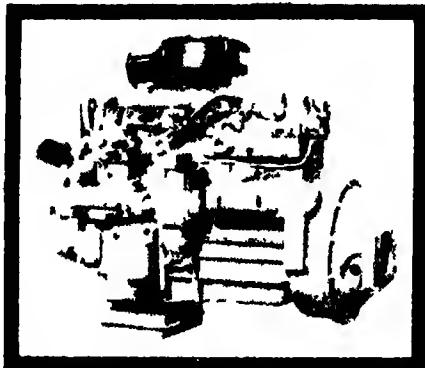
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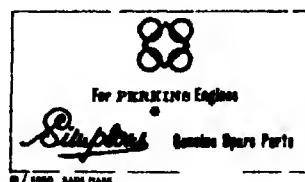


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NEVIK THE STORY OF SHOES

The story of shoes is almost as old as the story of man. It begins in the Stone Age, and each succeeding chapter of man's historical progress has made its contribution to the development of our tale. On these pages you will discover some of the more significant and interesting types of footwear created by our ancestors culminating in the shoe that has revolutionised the industry and is a fitting footnote to our technological age

(Courtesy Neolithic man)

Materials: One stone axe or sling for killing animal for skin for shoe One bone needle One sharp stone for cutting skin to required size and shape

Method: Axe in hand, creep up on likely looking animal and bring down with one swift stroke Set to skinning Stretch and dry hide Now place foot firmly on skin and cut to size Sew together with sinew Repeat for other foot. Wear shoes Try walking Good luck!

(An Egyptian footnote)

The Egyptian nobleman dared to bare his toes with impunity because (a) he didn't believe in covering much of himself anyway, (b) he was used to treading on other people's toes and not vice versa and (c) the papyrus and leather sandal was all the rage in his set in the glorious 19th Dynasty of the New Kingdom circa 1330 BC Moreover, that upturned sole went perfectly with his vulture wing cap and there was no danger of it getting caught in his trouser legs because of course he wore skirts!

(Greek to you!)

While poets and painters, philosophers and playwrights were flourishing in the Golden Age of Greece, the down-trodden cobbler was having a pretty good time of it, too. Shoes were in, and ironically becoming more ornate every day Embroidery (the Greeks were great ones for legends!), metal ornaments and golden laurel wreaths were a fetish with the upper crust Of course, there was no Gold Control Order to contend with in those days—or those Attic shoes would surely have been booted up the stairs!

(A Red Indian shioox !)

Now here's a shoe you could lose your head over — like a lot of white men did! Shod in his soft-soled moccasins (the only footwear made from a buck for a buck!) the Indian brave had no trouble sneaking up on unsuspecting pale faces and scalping them before they could so much as squawk How! There's a lot to be said for the fringe benefits offered by the Redskin moccasins, but they're not Apache on what we have today!

(A French faux pas !)

The elevated boot was the height of fashion in 17th century France—no doubt because the nobility needed something to bolster their standing at court! Besides which, fitting breeches weren't very flattering to beau legged courtiers a gauffling prospect they vainly tried to conceal with lace-trimmed hose, jewelled gaiters and silver spurs Fortunately for today's gallant, breeches and boots are ancient history—and modern footwear is a fait accompli!

(A lofty Peshwai charmer!)

Long before it became fashionable to stand on one's head to clear it, this lofty jorah was leading men a trance. A priestly pair with proud Peshwai heritage, it seldom condescended to stop transcending and be an ordinary shoe with its sole on the ground The snake in its hood was a naaging reminder that life wasn't all yoga-go-go So those who are after a charmed life, must aspire to something new!

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				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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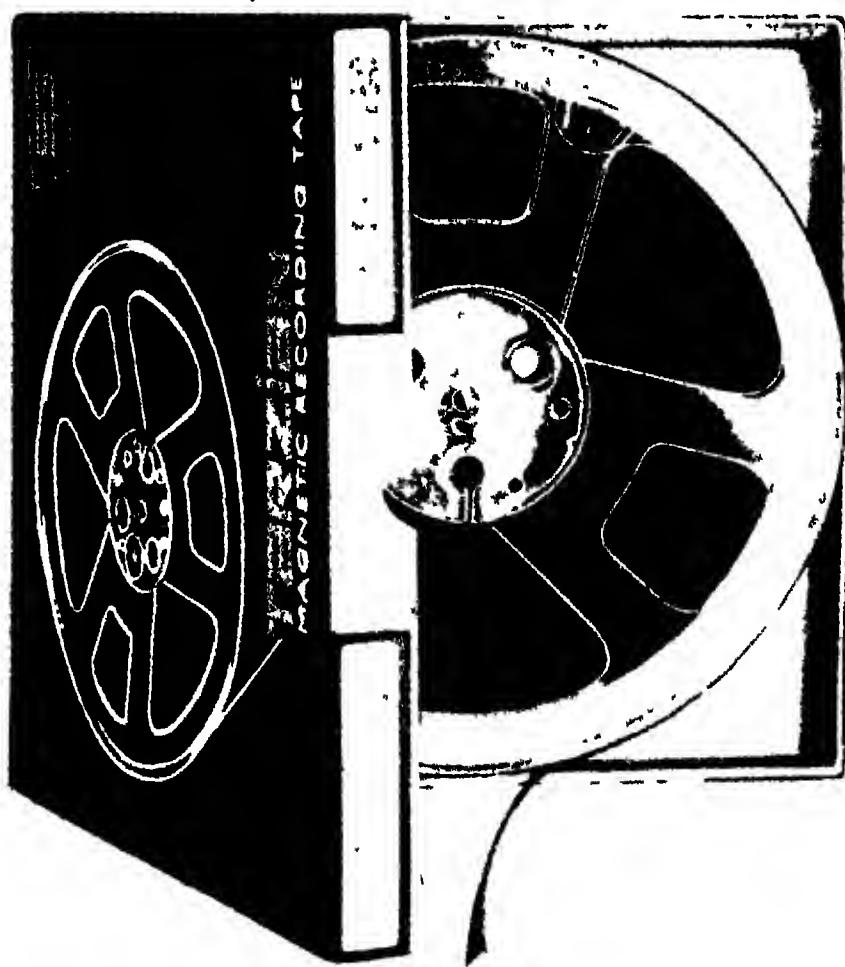
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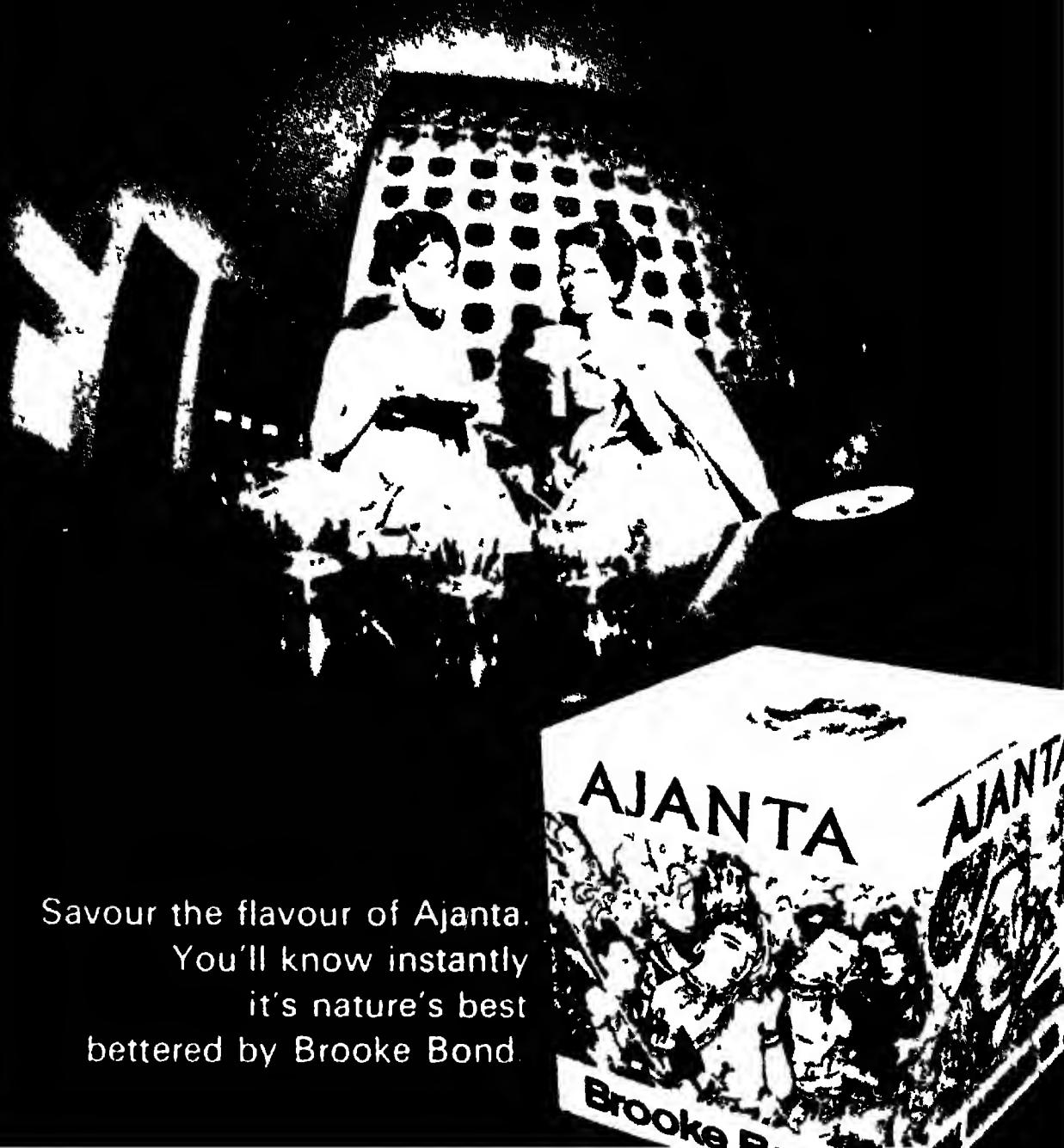
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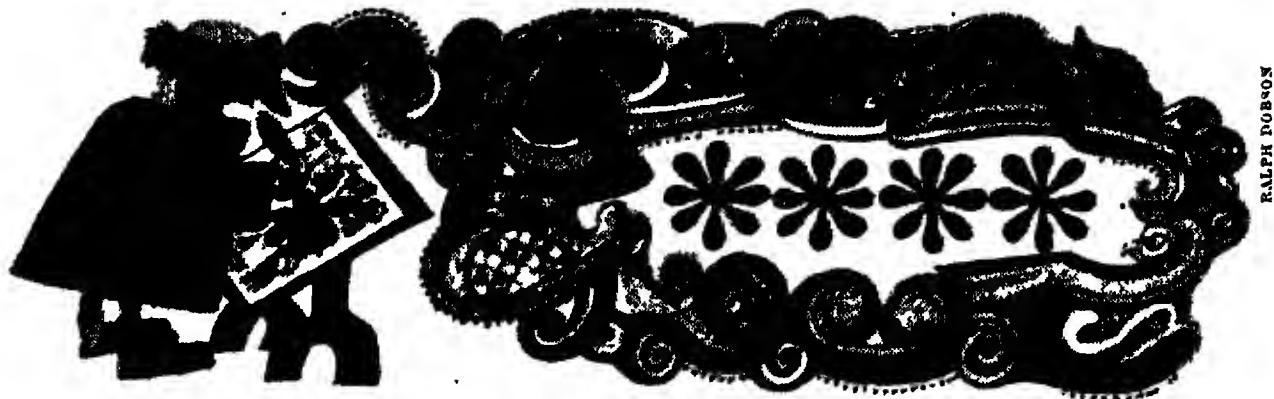
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Towards More Picturesque Speech

Deft Definitions. Witch: Flying sorcerer (L. O.) . . . Yeast: Flour power (C. E.) . . . Prestidigitation: Gone with the wand (R. J. C.) . . . Mermaid: Sunken pleasure (R. M. K.) . . . Lie detector: Credibility trap (Jane Hunt Clarke) . . . Prayer: Ground-to-air missal (Marjorie Curtis) . . . Deep breathing: Stretch pants (John Ertzman) . . . Wolf: Big dame hunter (V. A. S.) . . . Best-seller: Plot luck (R. J. C.) . . . Ulcer: Acid indignation (M. M. J.)

À La Mode. Fashion is a strange thing—designers make a mistake, and millions of women pay for it (Barbra Streisand) . . . Some of these dresses are so tiny that a girl who wants to be covered had better leave the price tag on (Robert Sylvester)

Overheard. Father about daughter on phone: "And when none of her friends are at home, she listens to the correct time for a while" (Lindensmith) . . . Doctor at diplomat's bedside: "So much for diplomatic immunity" (Smilby) . . . One man to another: "I wanted my son to share in the business but the government beat him to it" (W. B.) . . . Secretary on bus: "And furthermore, comma—" (G. G.) . . .

Mother to son at dinner table: "Please eat as if there's a tomorrow" (H. B.) . . . Man, in doorway, to sleepy-eyed wife returning home: "Next time you drive me to the station, how about taking me with you?" (Salo) . . . Husband at dinner table: "I didn't get a rise, but the boss gave me a few tips on how to cut down on your extravagances" (E. D.) . . . Wife to husband: "Will you please stop clenching your fists when I'm talking to you?" (W. J.)

The Quipping Post. Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing, but no one else does (S. H. B.) . . . The last word in fashion is often a gasp (E. H. D.) . . . It is not difficult to meet expenses—they are everywhere (S. B.)

Miss Quotes. I didn't see the red light, officer. I was looking at your green eyes (Kiraz) . . . He was dressed just how I like to see a man—no wedding ring (M. H. W.) . . . I bristle with rollers and pin curls, I slither with slippery creams, and nightly turn into a nightmare to remain the girl of your dreams (Thelma Golding)

Brothers? No. Father and son!



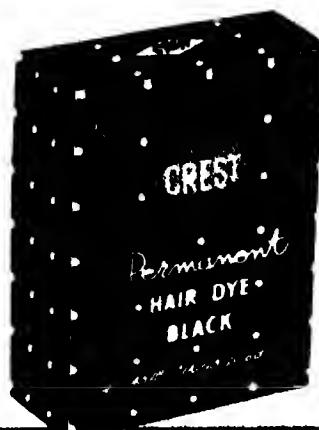
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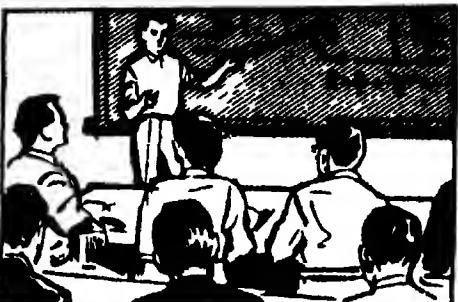
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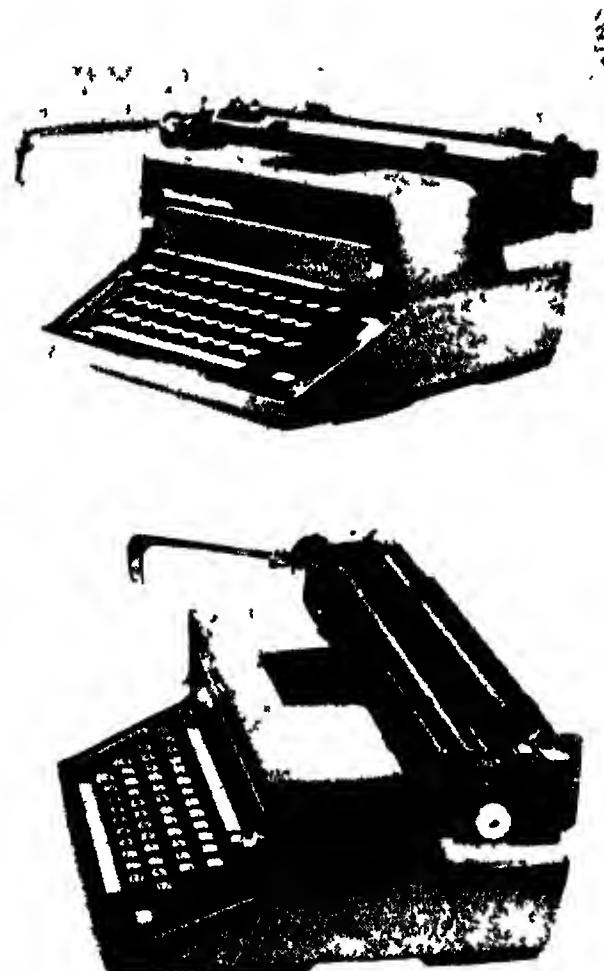
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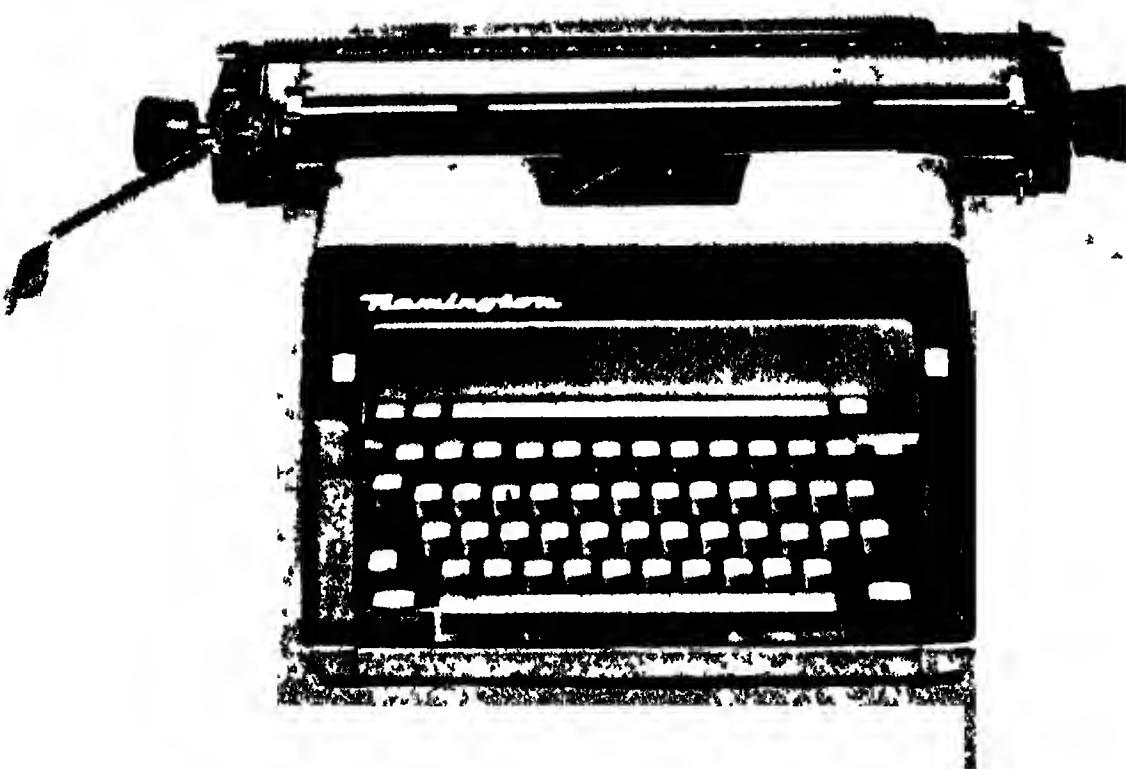


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BY RICHARD LEMON

Surrounded by controversy, and as yet unsure of their exact role, its practitioners have strikingly improved the outlook for the mentally ill in the past decade

. . . IN A PUBLIC psychiatric clinic, a young woman pays her first visit to a psychiatrist. She is pretty, intelligent, has four children, and has recently been deserted by her husband. Now she is depressed, anxious and frightened of herself. "I'm afraid to spank the children," she says. "I'm afraid I'll hurt them. They don't seem to please me. I came close to trying suicide, but . . ."

The psychiatrist says he is sure the clinic can help her, gives her two prescriptions, and arranges to have a social agency "homemaker" help

her at home. After 40 minutes she is launched on a psychotherapy programme which has limited goals but a high rate of success. During its first 14 months this clinic treated 500 critically ill people; 493 of them were able to stay out of hospital and function normally at home. The clinic has been in operation five years now, and continues to have the same rate of success.

In a busy city, a 24-year-old man visits a psychoanalyst. He has lost his job. He is emotionally crippled with depression, anxiety tension,

work inhibition, social and sexual inhibitions, facial twitches, a peptic ulcer, fear of aeroplane travel, fear of blacking out while driving, fear of losing his temper and killing somebody. For three years he undergoes analysis three or four times a week. He becomes aware of various unconscious parental dominations, and frees himself of them. His ulcer disappears. He gains confidence. For five more years he makes intermittent visits to the analyst about specific problems. After eight years of treatment he speaks with quiet assurance and animation, is happily married, owns and operates a thriving export-import business.

Better Conditions. In another city, a hospital employee unlocks the door to a ward housing the sickest and oldest patients. A thin, birdlike old lady who years ago murdered her husband sits with her feet twisted awkwardly through the rungs of a chair. "They took out my eyes and gave me new eyes," she announces. "If I hadn't married that Robert, nothing would have happened." A few feet away, a large man sits at a table, smiling vaguely. He wears four hats, one on top of another.

Outside the ward, the employee says, "Without the medicine those people are getting today, they'd be taking the paint off the walls. If today's conditions were here when they were admitted, they'd be out now."

The treatment given out to a

psychiatric patient today is usually determined by what's available where he lives, and what kind of psychiatrist or psychiatric facility he chooses. People are being treated with as few as six sessions or for as long as ten years. They are being treated singly and in groups. They are paying anywhere from nothing to \$30,000 a year. The broadest common denominator is that recovery is generally a slow and invisible process.

Whatever his trouble, almost every patient comes to treatment with the natural expectation that he has something wrong, which a doctor can cure. But the characteristic common to the largest number of psychiatric ills and treatments is that they are *not* specific. Psychiatrists do not locate and remove mental gallstones, or even diagnose and cure specific emotional infections.

Varied Treatment. Psychiatry is the specialized medical treatment of mental disorders. Yet it is not really a limited field. Nor will all of it fit under the heading "medical." Some psychiatrists even object to the term "mental disorders": they say that the disorders they treat are emotional, or behavioural—or even, as some drug therapists believe, physical. It is not surprising, then, that psychiatry has developed a wide variety of seemingly contradictory ways of treating its patients.

There are several principal ways in which psychiatrists today can help people. Through analysis, they can

give, or enable a patient to attain, new insight into his mind and emotions. They can guide him to more effective ways of acting. They can foster re-learning, or different ways of reacting to stress. They can prescribe drugs. They can give other physical treatments, primarily electric shock. They can offer support and reassurance, and they can provide rest and relaxation, usually in a hospital.

Research comparing treatments has been skimpy, and psychiatry today has no sizeable body of statistical proof to verify the effectiveness of any of its methods. One study in the 1950s, covering 7,000 cases, found an overall rate of cure or improvement, with psychotherapy, of 64 per cent --as against the spontaneous recovery rate of 66 per cent. But evaluation is difficult because there are no cures in the strict sense, while improvement and recovery are matters of subjective judgement.

"Medicine 150 years ago was busy with epilepsy, pleurisy, pneumonia and dropsy, which are only descriptions of symptoms," says Dr. Paul Wilson. "Psychiatry is still at this level. In medicine you can read one good textbook and be ahead of the wisest man of 50 years ago. But each psychiatrist has to start at zero and work his way up."

To confuse matters further, psychiatrists today do not even speak a common language. Dr. Karl Menninger, co-founder of America's world-famous Menninger Clinic,

has repeatedly raised an impatient voice against "the pretentious, meaningless jargon"; he cites even the use of "neurosis" and "psychosis" as misleading. "'Neurotic' means he's not as sensible as I am. 'Psychotic' means he's even worse than my brother-in-law."

This language problem may be more apparent than real, however. Dr. Bernard Glueck says: "If you ask doctors, 'What has the patient got?' you'll get 50 different answers. But if you ask the same specific questions about the same patient, they'll check the same answers."

Fast Removal. As patients do not behave normally, there was until recently a strong tendency towards taking them from the normal world. In an institution, the normal world ceased to be much of a factor in the patient's life, and he was treated without reference to it—if treated at all. "In my student days," Dr. Menninger recalls, "the mentally ill weren't *supposed* to get well."

Just 20 years ago, a hospitalized mental patient named Lara Jefferson wrote in her diary: "Here I sit—mad as a hatter—with nothing to do but either become madder and madder, or else recover enough of my sanity to be allowed to go back to the life which drove me mad."

Today, Lara Jefferson might well be discharged, given a regular supply of psychoactive drugs and told to visit her local mental-health clinic at regular intervals. The person who

suffers a severe mental illness now has an excellent chance of living outside a hospital and receiving psychiatric treatment while continuing to work, raise a family, or otherwise partake of normal life.

One critical factor in the trend toward dehospitalization was the new mind drugs of the 1950s, which calmed the most disordered patients and made them treatable by other means. Also, psychiatrists got good results after opening locked wards, giving mental patients both more help and more responsibility.

"One of the things we've learned is that there is a greater destructiveness in a pathological environment than in the illness itself," says the head social worker of a prominent mental health centre. "People become hospital-habituated. But we found that if a patient got out of a hospital within one year, he had a 90 per cent chance of staying out."

Changing Attitudes. In addition, the profession has modified its thinking about what constitutes "normality" and "sickness." Experience has convinced most psychiatrists that mental illness, or health, is never total; that the *amount* of health varies from time to time. One remarkable study of a neighbourhood of 175,000 people in New York City found that 36.3 per cent of them had "mild" symptoms of mental illness, 21.8 per cent had "moderate" symptoms, 13.2 per cent had "marked" symptoms, 7.5 per cent had "severe" symptoms, and 2.7 per

cent were so disturbed that they were virtually incapacitated. Only 18.5 per cent showed no signs of mental illness at all.

Such observations have convinced many psychiatrists that their proper study is not specific diseases, like schizophrenia, but the "whole" man who has developed a harmful way of reacting to his life and himself. This is the most basic change during psychiatry's past decade: the increase of interest in the "problem of living" approach to mental illness, and in those therapies which approach the patient not alone, in the traditional medical way, but as a social creature. The various social therapies tend to treat patients in groups, to emphasize the present over the past, and—at the most innovative end of the spectrum—to favour a short treatment and the use of briefly trained personnel, working under a psychiatrist's guidance.

In group therapy, patients discuss their feelings and problems together, with a psychiatrist acting chiefly as referee.

The unique power of group therapy is its ability to bring problems out into the open. The members of a group are all equal; the session itself is close to real life. The patient is both a participant and a therapist—giving as well as getting support, reassurance, guidance—and his usefulness to others increases his self-respect. But the most important single characteristic is the patient's realization that problems he thought

were unique and shameful are, in fact, shared by other people. The benefits may be far-reaching.

Another form of social therapy is family therapy. It may be group therapy with relatives, or individual therapy applied to all members of a family at once. Mental illness is contagious and seldom isolated: it is common for one member of a family to get better only to have another member break down. Family therapy is often an analytic exploration, with the focus shifting from person to person as treatment progresses.

Milieu therapy helps the hospital patient recover through manipulation of his environment. His achieving of insight into his unconscious mind generally plays a minor role; relaxation, support, relearning and guidance play major roles. The focus is on the networks of human relationships—the family, work, the bridge club.

"Everything that happens to the patient gets looked at," says Dr. Roy Menninger, president of the Menninger Foundation. In milieu therapy at the Menninger hospitals,

the patient's activities are tailored to his troubles: for example, a bank president may be put to work scrubbing walls as a means of venting his need to punish himself.

The Menninger complex, which has trained one out of every 20 U.S. psychiatrists, and includes one of the most prestigious hospitals in the world, has 80 doctors for its 200 patients. But relatively few patients are ever in analysis; only about one-third are in any form of individual psychotherapy; all are in milieu therapy.

In many other hospitals, less amply staffed, social therapies are a matter of necessity. "Direct, individual treatment will never be the total answer to the incidence of mental illness," says Dr. Roy Menninger. "We'll never have the resources."

Psychiatry is a very young science (pioneer Sigmund Freud died in 1939, Carl Jung in 1961), still groping its way. Yet it has accomplished more for the mentally ill during this past decade than during any other decade in history.

Hard Sell

SHORTLY before a group of American businessmen left for trade discussions in Japan, a ball-bearings manufacturer in Osaka sent each man a velvet-lined box containing a pair of chopsticks and two ball-bearings.

The enclosed note read: "If you practise using these chopsticks to pick up the ball-bearings, you will enjoy eating the food of our country much more. I must warn you, however, that the ball-bearings are of such perfect symmetry that even we Japanese would find this difficult. They have, of course, been picked at random from our normal stock."

—T. T. J.

The work elephant, not to be outdone by the mechanical age, is still . . .

Asia's Amiable Dynamo

BY JOHN E. FRAZER



AGAINST the leafy camouflage of a forest in southern India I suddenly saw him—a massive, grey-black figure swinging down the sunlit mountain road, a rosewood log held between his tusks and his coiled trunk. There was an astonishing grace in his walk, and humour, too, as though he, true

king of the jungles of Asia, were amused to find himself working for man as a lumberjack.

That was my first sight of a working elephant. Working in several Asian countries, thousands of these wonderful animals spend about 50 years of their lives patiently fetching, hauling, shoving, lifting and

juggling the continent's loads. Yoked to a plough, an elephant will till the soil along the India-Nepal border. Packed with canisters of DDT, he will plod through Thai jungles to malarial villages beyond the reach of roads. He will shunt freight cars in a marshalling yard with his large and well-padded head, or set an overturned car back on its wheels by the force of his powerful head and tusks.

But it is as a lumberjack that the working elephant excels. In Thailand, he will nudge a two-ton teak log to the very brink of a precipice, then send it toppling to a drag-road 30 feet below. He will disentangle a logjam in a Burmese river by astutely locating the key log and prying it free, and then step aside before the resulting cascade of logs can injure him. With a dragrope clenched between his 12-inch molars, he and another elephant will pull a log thicker than the height of a man. One elephant in Kerala State, who has only one tusk, can lift the end of a log to the loading part of a truck, and then, clamping his trunk and tusk around the other end, he inches sideways to push the log along the floor of the truck.

The Asian elephant's amazing ability to serve man is nothing new. As far back as 327 B.C., King Porus of the Punjab confronted the legions of Alexander the Great with 200 war elephants. Even now, in South Vietnam, U.S. Special Forces are transporting food and medicines by

elephant over muddy trails to the interior. Moreover, for centuries the elephant, magnificently adorned, has marched with priests and kings on festal occasions. Several years ago, at the coronation of His Majesty King Mahendra of Nepal, I watched a procession of these noble beasts, painted in lampblack, vermillion and gold, as they paraded Nepalese and foreign dignitaries through the flag-decked streets of Katmandu.

How is it that a wild animal, bred to the forest, one day finds himself in a festival procession, or transporting medicines, or hauling timber in a teak forest? The answer lies in the elephant's habits, and in his urbane temperament, which makes him receptive to training.

In their wild state Asian elephants travel in herds of five to fifty, and are kept continuously on the move in search of the 600 or so pounds of roughage that they need every day. When feeding, an elephant tears a branch from a bamboo or fig tree and eats every part of it; or uproots a tasty plant, dusting away the earth by knocking the roots against his forefoot, then, tensing the 40,000 muscles in his sensitive, flexible trunk, he lifts the food to his mouth. To wash the food down, he goes to a river or pond to siphon up vast quantities of water—35 to 50 gallons a day.

But, eating or drinking, he leaves a clear trail, and this greatly simplifies the work of the trapper. One of

the techniques for catching an elephant is simply to dig a pit and wait for him to fall in. Once in, he can be roped and then led out on a ramp between two tame elephants. Other methods include hand-noosing in which rope snares are spread along forest trails to entrap an elephant's leg; drugging, by mixing opium with forest fodder, or by shooting tranquilizer darts that immobilize; decoying, by using tame female elephants, the Delilahs of the forest, to entice wild males close enough so they can be lassoed by mahouts. Entire herds are captured in India and East Pakistan by the spectacular "Kheddah" method. This entails driving the wild elephants from their forest haunts into an enclosure surrounded by a ditch or a temporary fence.

Some captive elephants are too wild or too old to tame. With the majority, however, nine months to a year of training will produce a valuable worker. Let's follow an Indian elephant through the course:

Call him Ravi—after the noble river that rises in the Himalayas. He himself is a noble animal, a thoroughbred, nine feet tall with massive head and chest, a long, sloping, flat back, thick, short legs and a long tail. He has just emerged from the pit that trapped him, and one or two pairs of tame elephants, pushing close, are walking him to the kraal.

The kraal is a strongly-made log building which houses six elephants

chained in separate stalls. "After a week or two," explains the officer in charge, "the mahout will be able to enter the kraal, and he will give Ravi palm leaves, water him, reward him with molasses or bananas, begin to touch his side and his face, and talk to him softly. Then, in a month or so, Ravi will leave the kraal, still noosed to a tame pair, go to the river for a bath, and then be tied to a tree. He will have finished with the kraal for ever."

The mahout gradually teaches Ravi the language of the work camp, using a sharp stick to enforce orders spoken in Hindi, and always with the same inflection: "Sit," "Bend," "Go forward," "Lie down," "Drink," "Lift your foot." How many words will Ravi understand? Two dozen, easily—but no one knows the limit. Sir Richard Aluwihare, former High Commissioner from Ceylon to India, has listed an elephant's potential vocabulary at 82 words.

Regular hours, plus regular feeding and affection, slowly obliterate the initial shock of captivity. Ravi now willingly obeys even the faint touch of the mahout's toe behind an ear, or the tensing of a thigh muscle.

If he goes to work in the jungles of India's Mysore state, an elephant like Ravi labours from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m.; it's too hot for an eight-hour day. When he finishes, the elephant walks back to camp, rests until the perspiration on him dries, and then, down by the river, the mahout

scrubs his skin with a rock or a coconut husk. He returns to camp and eats about 50 pounds of straw and 30 pounds of rice, then is hobbled in the forest to forage. At night he is fed again, sleeps a brief four hours, and grazes till dawn.

Working elephants are treated with utmost care. "We determine the dragging capacity of every elephant," said Dr. Raghavend Rao, a veterinary officer in Mysore's Forest Department. "How much that is depends upon the gradient of the land, the size of the logs, the distance they must be dragged, and the condition of the elephant."

Although there are exceptions to the rule—elephants that are mean tempered, obstinate, even dangerous—the normal elephant is obedient, gentle and the essence of patience. Female elephants have been called the most nearly perfect-tempered creatures in the world.

Can such beasts survive as a labour force in modern Asia? Can they compete with tractors, or with the new mechanical harvester that can fell trees, then strip them, top them and stack them?

In some forests, the answer is no. Thailand is augmenting its elephant work-force with tractors to drag logs, and in timber yards in India the use of elephant power is decreasing. But Asia is big, and there are

tens of millions of forest acres where the work elephant is indispensable. He is not only relatively cheap, but he is engine, tractor, shovel and lift-truck all in one. He is even a computer.

"The compensating movements an elephant makes in handling logs are not the result of training," says Dr. John Eisenberg, of the National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C. "He himself estimates the balance points, holds one end off the ground, adjusts the chain in his mouth, and moves the chain up to the best point on the log. Once he gets the idea of what he is supposed to do, the elephant will improvise." Can any tractor make that claim?

Of course, intelligent as he is, the wild elephant may well have plans for the future that do not include working for man. Some elephants, a forest officer solemnly told me, have developed the ability to grasp a long bamboo stick and hold it upright with the trunk. Then, as they walk leisurely along forest trails, they prod the earth to detect hidden pit traps.

The forest officer himself had not seen this amazing feat—he had simply heard about it. At a kraal in India, I put the matter point-blank to one of the elephants. Was this, indeed a fact? The great beast said nothing, but he winked.

THE fact that people are born with two eyes and two ears, but only one tongue, suggests that they ought to look and listen twice as much as they speak.

—Marquise de Sevigne

For the men trapped upstairs, one bullet meant the difference between life and death

Ordeal at the Embassy

By DAVID REED

WHEN George Jacobson, an official at the American embassy in Saigon, went to bed at midnight last January 30, he thought he would get a good night's sleep. It was the beginning of *Tet*, which marks the Vietnamese lunar New Year, and both the communists and the Americans had announced a cease-fire.

U.S. intelligence suspected that the enemy might stage a surprise attack during the truce, but Jacobson had spent the evening driving round the city and had seen nothing unusual. So, when he returned to his house in the embassy compound, he retired immediately and was soon asleep.

The next thing Jacobson knew, his house was being rocked by an



ORDEAL AT THE EMBASSY

explosion which shattered windows and rained broken glass on his bed. For a moment, Jacobson thought that the communists had hit his house by mistake. But then a deafening fusillade of automatic weapon fire erupted beneath his windows. He realized that the main embassy building, 35 yards away, was under attack. He glanced at his watch. It was 2.45 a.m.

Danger in Disguise. The Vietcong forces had treacherously taken advantage of the cease-fire to unleash a massive offensive against more than 100 South Vietnamese cities and towns. Some 3,000 *élite* communist troops had slipped into Saigon in civilian clothing, mingling unobtrusively with the thousands of people coming in from the countryside to join their relatives for *Tet*. They had even test-fired their weapons the night before, but authorities had not noticed because of the firecrackers being exploded to welcome the New Year.

Soon after midnight, the Vietcong fanned out across the city, carrying forged curfew passes. Units attacked Tan Son Nhut airport, the residence of President Nguyen Van Thieu, the headquarters of the U.S. Military Assistance Command and the Vietnamese Joint General Staff, a radio station, troop billets and police stations. Another group of 19 specially-selected commandos struck at the American embassy, a \$2.6 million building officially opened four months previously. If the Vietcong

could seize the embassy, even briefly, it would be a shattering blow to U.S. prestige.

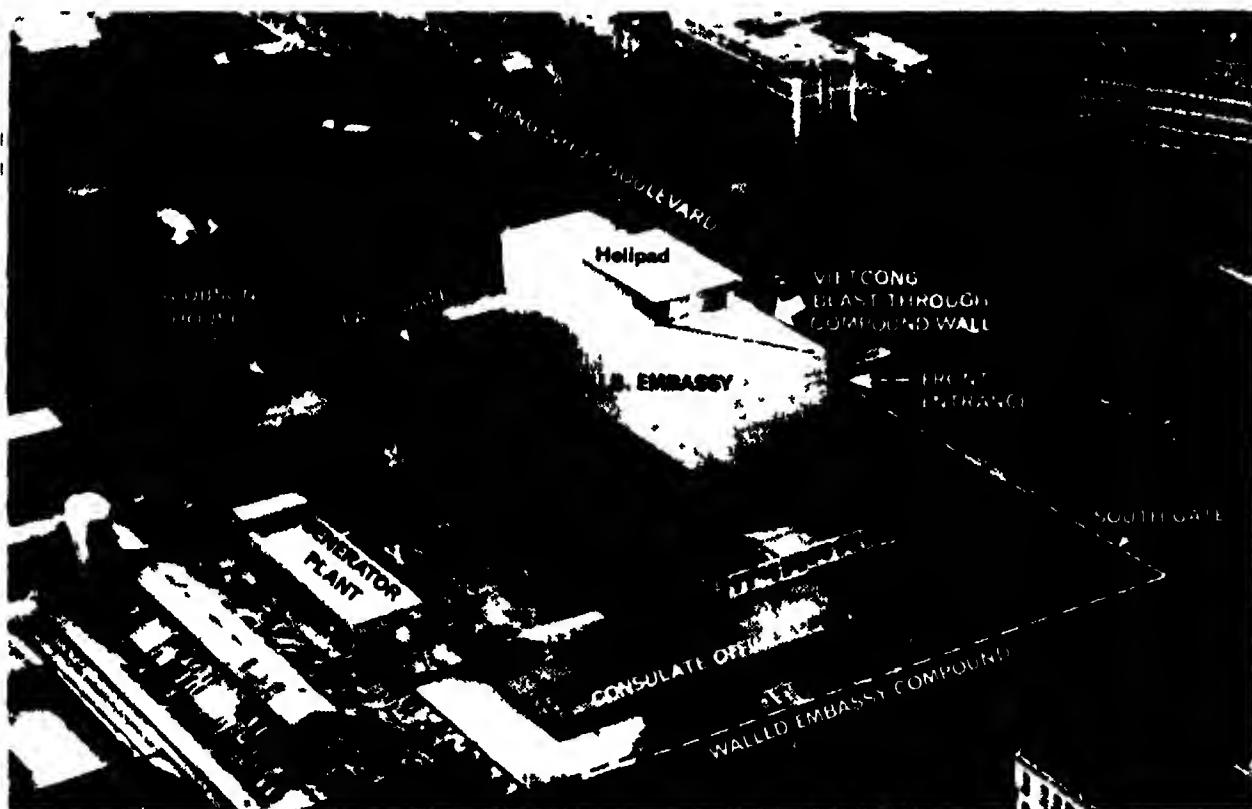
Using a plastic charge, the Vietcong blasted a hole in the nine-foot-high wall surrounding the four-acre embassy compound and poured through. They fired anti-tank grenades at the embassy, but the walls were built to withstand blasts, and the shells did little damage.

One of the five U.S. Marines on guard managed to close the embassy's front doors, made of three-inch-thick teak. Then, remembering the Vietnamese watchman outside, he opened them again, yanked the frightened man inside, then slammed and bolted the teak-wood barrier. The Vietcong fired round after round, but the doors held.

A reaction force of Marines and military police arrived within minutes. Some vaulted the wall into the compound; others remained outside, pouring fire at the enemy. One after another, attackers and defenders crumpled to the ground.

Jacobson, watching from his bedroom window upstairs, tore off his pyjamas and climbed into a pair of trousers. His assistant, Robert Josephson, who had been sleeping in the next room, dressed hastily and joined him. The two men debated whether to make a break for safety. They decided that it would be suicide to venture out. Moreover, although the bedroom walls were being drilled with bullet holes, far more bullets seemed to be hitting the

ASSOCIATED PRESS



ground floor. They concluded that they would be relatively safe where they were—for a while.

They ransacked the upstairs, frantically searching for a weapon. Jacobson found nothing but a fragmentation grenade. Calmly, he crouched at the head of the stairs ready to hurl the grenade if the Vietcong started up. But he wondered if a single grenade could stop them. All Josephson could find for a weapon was a wooden coat hanger.

From time to time, one of the two men would leave the top of the stairs to glance out of a window. They saw Vietcong, wearing civilian clothing with identifying red arm- and neckbands, running from one firing position to another.

They tried to telephone the Marine defenders in the main building, but could get through only to the Marine guard in the old embassy building, a couple of miles away. The guard there, however, was able to relay their reports to the embattled compound.

A 55-year-old combat veteran of the Second World War, Jacobson had served nine years in South Vietnam. Then, after a total of 26 years' army service, he had retired, joined the Agency for International Development and been sent to his present post at the embassy.

Josephson, 37, had served four and a half years in Vietnam, first in the Air Force and then as Jacobson's special assistant. This was

supposed to be his last night but one in Vietnam: he had planned to board a plane for Washington on the morning of February 1.

From his years as a soldier, Jacobson knew that the battle hinged on who would be able to reinforce first. If the Vietcong managed to do so, then the Americans—Jacobson and Josephson included—might all be killed. But, as the hours ticked by, firing lessened. It was obvious that the Vietcong were not being reinforced.

Enemy Below! Then at 6.45 a.m., returning to the top of the stairs after a telephone call, Jacobson and Josephson got the shock of their lives: the two doors leading into the house were ajar and there were muddy footprints in the hall—and bloodstains. The enemy were in the living-room below.

A showdown was now inevitable. The Vietcong would be coming up the stairs soon—either to get a better field of fire, or because they had been driven from the ground floor. They would know by now that their mission had failed and that only death awaited them. They would be determined to take as many Americans with them as possible. Jacobson and Josephson would be the first targets.

As the two men waited, several Marines entered the house. "Watch it, there are Vietcong downstairs!" Jacobson shouted. Gunfire erupted, and a Marine screamed in pain. The Americans withdrew, taking the wounded man with them. Jacobson

and Josephson, their nerves raw from more than five hours of agonizing tension, were alone again with the enemy.

Ten minutes—an eternity—went by. Neither man spoke. Then Jacobson was lifted off the floor by two violent explosions. Josephson reeled backwards, thinking that the house had been blown out from under them. They finally realized that the Americans had thrown two concussion grenades into the hall in an effort to drive out the Vietcong.

A strange silence came over the house. Jacobson listened intently, but heard nothing. Was the battle over? Then he understood: he had been deafened temporarily by the blasts.

Jacobson could not hear the clunking sounds as the Americans followed up by throwing three canisters of tear gas into the hall. Thus, when the canisters exploded, he got a full dose of gas in the face. Josephson was almost as badly affected. Partially blinded, struggling to breathe and heaving with nausea, the two men stumbled into the bedroom. Jacobson kicked out a window and screamed to the troops below to throw up gas masks and a weapon.

At great risk one young private sprinted across the lawn and threw masks and a pistol through the window. Two others tossed up two clips of ammunition and half a dozen containers of riot gas.

With the masks on, although

their eyes were still streaming, Jacobson and Josephson could see once more. They returned to the stairs, and Jacobson threw the tear-gas canisters to the floor below. His hearing returned partially, and he realized that the firing had stopped outside. The battle for the embassy was over—almost. The finale was yet to come inside the house.

Dicing with Death. Knowing the gas would drive the enemy up the stairs, Jacobson backed away from the staircase and crouched behind a wall. It would afford some concealment, but no protection from bullets—it was made of plywood. Josephson went into a bedroom, still clutching the coat hanger.

Three minutes passed. Jacobson did not hear the Vietcong come up the stairs. But he saw the barrel of a Chinese automatic rifle suddenly pushed round the corner of the wall, a few feet from his chest. Bullets sprayed in an arc, splintering the plywood on both sides of him.

Jacobson leaped out from behind the wall—face to face with the Vietcong soldier who was still firing. Jacobson's first bullet spun the man round. His second knocked him down. Jacobson saw that he was dead.

The two Americans waited for the other Vietcong to come up the stairs. A minute ticked by. No one appeared. They edged to the stairs

and looked down. There was no one in the hall. They concluded that the others had left the house earlier.

Jacobson and Josephson stepped over the body and went downstairs, knees shaking. Emerging into the now-peaceful compound, they took off their gas masks and breathed the fresh morning air with delight. The tropical sun blazed overhead. The flower beds were alive with gorgeous colour. Scattered there in the compound were the bodies of 18 other Vietcong. Five Americans had been killed and 15 wounded. When a reporter asked Jacobson some questions, he could hear his own voice only faintly. His face was haggard, his shirt soaked with perspiration. He felt very, very tired.

IT WAS NOT until a week later that Josephson could get a plane home. Jacobson, who remained in Saigon, returned to his house soon after the battle. It was pierced with some 500 bullet holes. The furniture in the house was in splinters. Four suits and several shirts that had been hanging in a wardrobe were in tatters. Jacobson glanced at a lacquer portrait of a Chinese elder that hung on a wall: a bullet, he saw, had drilled a hole neatly through the elder's heart.

It was a miracle, he felt, that he and Josephson had escaped without so much as a scratch.

A COLLEAGUE is a person utterly devoid of talent who inexplicably does the same job you do.

—Jean Serge, quoted by Clarendon in *Le Figaro*

We may try with our fences to cage the wind,
to trap for ourselves a bit of the
universe. But possession is not that simple

HOW RICH CAN YOU BE?

BY JEAN BELL MOSLEY

WE CALL our home Holly-hock Hill. It is on a gentle southern slope, where myriads of these old-fashioned flowers stand like great multi-coloured candlesticks lighting the garden throughout the summer. I like to wander among them, smell their summery odour, feel the delicate tissue of their petals, and observe the fat bumble-bees at work.

It is one of my stations for meditation. Here and in other well-loved places—an old stump beneath a canopy of apple-tree branches, a bench beside a grey weathered shed—I think, ask questions, and supply durable, home-made answers.

Why are all floating things—a falling leaf, a silken, unanchored

spiderweb, a bit of thistledown—so graceful? *It is because they have surrendered their will to a power greater than their own.* Why are these sprouts coming up so vigorously around this dead stump? *Because the force for life is stronger than the force for death.*

In one corner I sit up high where I can see over rooftops to far fields, creeks and woods, and I ask, "Who owns this land? Who owns that hawk sailing over Murphy's corn-field, and those black and white cows grazing in Harper's pasture?" *Everyone and no one. I do. You do. Anyone can.* For, in the real sense, who can own the land? A cow? The colour and symmetry of a bluejay's feathers? The song of a

cricket? The smoke from a chimney?

Are not all these delights an expression of the Creator, just as the things are which grow on the land; just as the sky and the wind are as they interact to make things grow? A cow is a cow. A man is a man. A dandelion is a dandelion. But it is all one. Only as we absorb from, interact with, rub against, change into, appreciate to the fullest, do we own.

Some days when my thoughts hang like damp cobwebs in mouldy cellars my answers do not come readily. A practical part of me will say, chidingly, "But you cannot walk into Harper's field and bring a cow home. You cannot sell one of Harper's cows." But on other days when the mind goes beyond worldly logic I tell myself, "True. But I see the cows at morning, coming, freed, from the big dairy barn on the top of the hill, kicking their heels and swishing their tails.

I see them at noon, lying in cool shade; I see them at sunset, going home, sweet with milk. I hear them mooing. Pictures of them standing knee-deep in the creek hang on the walls of my mind. With all this, who can say I do not share in the ownership of these cows?"

I did not always feel this way about ownership. I thought in terms of legal papers, safes, possessions on pantry and cellar shelves. When we first came to Hollyhock Hill, with

the deed in a strong metal box, it seemed good to erect fences—stout cedar posts with stretched woven wire.

For several years, I was only vaguely conscious of the great elms, oaks and hickories that swept the sky not more than 200 feet away, the daisy fields that sloped up to the horizon, but, alas, outside our fences. I was prone to look only within our own boundaries. How green grew *our* grass! How straight and healthy *our* trees! How homely the smoke from *our* chimney!

Ancient Heritage. One spring, while transplanting something from the Outside into our yard so that we could enjoy it, I unearthed a rusty horseshoe. Another deeper thrust of the shovel brought up an Indian arrowhead. I felt that if we went deeper we would unearth, layer by layer, artifacts of all the people who had once owned our slope.

Owned? For the first time, that word penetrated my consciousness. Suddenly I realized that some day other people would live here, and our land would be theirs. But, and the qualification came tardily, only temporarily and under a man-made covenant, as was our ownership and others' before us.

It was a painful thought at first, as if some silent thief had passed by and taken our treasures away. But at that moment a mockingbird in my neighbour's garden flew high in the air and came down in a dizzy cascade of song. And something in

me whispered, "I own that mockingbird song. For does it not belong to anyone who has heard? How else can one own a birdsong?"

I looked, really looked, at the elms and hickories to which I had paid scant attention before. They seemed to nod in the breeze, welcoming me back into the true world from which I had strayed. The sun glinted on a patch of leaves as if the golden notes of the bird's song had been blown there and tangled in the branches. And I saw now that we had tried, with our fences, to cage the wind, to selfishly trap a bit of the universe, and had succeeded only in trapping ourselves.

Sitting there by the pile of fresh soil, I made a covenant. No longer would deeds and fences prevent me

from owning the grace and sweep of my neighbours' stately trees. No longer would birdsong cease to be mine if it emanated from outside our fences. The sunshine glinting on the back of some woolly sheep in the valley of Kashmir, half a world away, shines for me. May someone, waking half a world away, think on "my" hollyhocks and know they bloom for him.

Now, from the stump, the wood-pile, or walking where the fences used to be, I ask occasionally, "How rich can you be?" And back comes a firm answer. *In proportion as you refuse to limit yourself. In proportion as you perceive that all of God's creation belongs to all of His creatures. In proportion as you claim the universe!*

Symbol of the Sixties

WHO MIGHT be taken as the symbolic representative of Western man at this stage of civilization? Some astronaut? Scientist? Film star? Statesman? Soldier? Poet? Engineer? We nominate the 29-year-old Chicago man who, during a recent visit to New Orleans, was knocked into Bourbon Street during a scuffle, sucked up by a street-sweeping machine and carried for three blocks before the device ejected him.

—Editorial in the Arlington Northern Virginia Sun

* * *

Sin-Drome

ANYBODY flying to Singapore is advised to check his luggage labels before leaving the airport. When the Bishop of Carpentaria, Australia, arrived in San Francisco, he was embarrassed to find; as his two pieces of luggage were placed in his host's car, that each one was still labelled as it had been in Singapore: FIRST CLASS SIN.

—*The Anglican Digest*

The Silent Voice of the Russian Resistance

Freedom, to the Soviet people, is a will of the wisp that can never change. But the dream will continue, as this story of impassioned protest illustrates.

By MICHAEL LOGAN

I FIRST MET Victor Lesnikov five years ago. Victor—whose name I have changed, as I have changed some of the more recognizable details of his life—was then 24, studying at a Leningrad architectural institute. I was an exchange student at Leningrad University. When I visit him now, in a dreary, decaying district of Moscow, 20 minutes' walk from the Kremlin, he opens the door, grins broadly and wraps a lanky arm around my shoulder. But he does not offer a greeting. He leads me quickly and silently down the dark corridor, past the communal kitchen and the rooms of the other families to his own narrow rectangle at the end.

The silence in the hallway is an automatic precaution in Moscow: it

is assumed that one person in every communal apartment is “on retainer” to report unusual occurrences to the police, and the sound of a strange accent is just the kind of unusual occurrence people are careful to avoid.

Victor has special reasons to dispel the suspicion of his neighbours: he is a member of the political underground that has come to life during the past two or three years in major Soviet cities. Victor is not famous for his underground activities; his name is unknown in this connexion except to a close circle of trusted friends—and to the secret police. Indeed, he may have been arrested by the time this article sees print.

For Victor is precisely the kind of man the secret police have been

THE SILENT VOICE OF THE RUSSIAN RESISTANCE

watching more and more relentlessly and persecuting more and more ruthlessly recently, in an attempt to stamp out the "traitorous, anti-Soviet virus" of liberal ideas. He and a relative handful of like-minded intellectuals are responsible for the most remarkable new development in Soviet life—open protest against government repression.

A great deal has been written in the Western Press about the new "wave" of protest in Russia—but little is reported about the repression, the harshest since Stalin's death, that is its counterpart. Victor's fortunes as a protester are not typical—he has been luckier than many—but they do illustrate the position and prospects of Russians who challenge, however legally and humbly, the decisions of their government.

Brought up on a collective farm some 500 miles east of Moscow, the son of semi-literate peasants, Victor won the gold medal at school and was the natural leader in all Young Communist extra-curricular activities.

He went on to graduate from Leningrad University with an excellent academic record—good enough for him to be assigned to work in Moscow, the dream of all Soviet students, who dread assignment to the dismal, still-primitive Russian provinces. He was placed as a junior architect in a construction enterprise that builds apartment houses and stores—a job he still has.

In his student days, Victor was a firm believer in communism. With all its faults, the restrictiveness, the inefficiency, the incessant propaganda, he was convinced that the system was essentially superior to capitalism. He believed it was only a question of time before the Soviet Union, given peace, overcame its temporary, irritating defects.

Blighted Ideals. This was the typical attitude among students in major Soviet cities. Victor's next few years were also typical. He didn't change his mind about the essential rightness of communism.

He simply stopped thinking about politics and buried himself in private pursuits: his job and career, his reading, music and friends. To some extent, this was the natural development of young men everywhere after the idealism of student days. In the case of Victor and his friends, disillusionment about the promises of the Soviet government was also responsible.

But Victor would not have been pushed to the hazardous point of open protest were it not for the celebrated affair of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel.

In February 1966, these two Russian writers were convicted in Moscow of disseminating "slanderous inventions defamatory to the Soviet political and social system . . . with the purpose of subverting or weakening the Soviet regime." The proceedings were so crudely unfair that

the case became an instant *cause célèbre*.

Sinyavsky and Daniel were sentenced to labour colonies for seven and five years respectively.*

In violation of Soviet law, the trial was closed to Press and public, except for handpicked witnesses who were forbidden to take notes. Nevertheless, a partial transcript was smuggled from the court, and copies were soon circulating among intellectuals. Victor saw a copy a few weeks after the trial. "It was more than a shock," he told me. "It made me sick. I wasn't naive about how things are run in this country, but this case put everything in a new light. Everything we'd been hoping for, even the bit of progress since Stalin's death, seemed to be wiped out by that trial."

Brave Stand. Gloom descended on Victor and his friends. Then he did something that, under the circumstances, was extremely courageous—"or," he now says, "extremely stupid." He drafted a protest to Leonid Brezhnev, general secretary of the Communist Party, and Alexei Kosygin.

Victor's appeal, a short, moving statement, pointed out that "this episode has done far more damage to the reputation of the Soviet Union than any number of anti-Soviet novels, because novels are, after all,

* Last October, Daniel's wife and two other Russians were sentenced to exile, for terms varying from three to five years, for staging a protest in Red Square against the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

only fiction, but the trial is *fact*. And the fact is, these two writers were persecuted not for any misdeed but for their thoughts alone—a violation of the most basic law of civilized society."

Harmless as this kind of petition would seem in the West, in Moscow it was revolutionary. For Victor signed his name and gave his address on the letter, as did the 23 others who joined him in signing it. Without co-ordination, dozens, perhaps hundreds, of other similar petitions were dispatched to the highest Soviet authorities. This was the beginning of a previously inconceivable protest movement.

Voice of Liberty. Then something happened that, although never reported in the Western Press, was still more astonishing in Soviet terms. The single witness permitted to speak for the defence at the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial was Victor Dmitrievich Duvakin, a professor of Russian literature at Moscow University. Shortly after his testimony—a moving performance—he was dismissed from his post.

Duvakin was one of the most respected and best-liked lecturers in the university, and the students' reaction was immediate. Some 200 pushed their way into the office of the university's rector, and demanded a public explanation. The rector agreed, reluctantly, to a discussion of the affair.

The news raced through the university and intellectual circles

in the city. The auditorium seats some 1,500 people, but this evening more than twice that number packed the aisles and rails.

The meeting began in an atmosphere of electric expectation. The rector spoke first, then a high official from the Party ideological bureau, a grim-faced man. He warned that the Party would not tolerate "anarchism" or "pseudo-liberalism." He was shouted down—"get to the facts!" Booing drowned out his reply. The rest of the long meeting was given over to criticism and expressions of outrage, the depth of which astonished even the students. No aspect of the dictatorship escaped attack.

Violent Reaction. At first the official was shocked. Then his face grew scarlet with fury, and he mounted a counter-attack, calling Sinyavsky and Daniel "vicious, anti-Soviet renegades who defile our Motherland, the name of Communism, even Lenin, the leader of working mankind!" Then Victor rose. He answered that it was not Sinyavsky or Daniel who discredited everything Lenin stood for, but the men who rig trials and then lie to the world about it. "I challenge you now to compare what was actually said at the trial and what our Press said was said. I challenge you to reopen the case and give them an honest, public trial."

One morning that April, Victor was summoned for a "talk." Even Moscow children made black jokes

about the address designated for the meeting: headquarters of the secret police, the KGB. He arrived at the massive stone building at 6.30 that evening and was led into a standard Soviet office. "Sit down," said a lean, sharp-featured man. "I don't think we should waste time. Your buffoonery has gone far enough. Let's say it has stopped as of *now*."

The interviewer, a KGB major, never raised his voice. He behaved with a cool assurance that he had total power over Victor. "We know everything about your subversive activities," he said. "Only your fine record as a student has saved you from immediate punishment. But one single wrong step, one more conversation about Sinyavsky or Daniel, and you'll be an old man when you see Moscow again."

"I've done nothing wrong," Victor said.

The major held up a copy of the protest. "You not only signed this," he said, "you drafted it. In your room, with your friends. You were, in other words, the founder of this little anti-Soviet cell."

"There was no cell, nothing anti-Soviet," Victor answered. "What I've done is perfectly legal, and the time has come for people like you to understand that there are others in this country who aren't afraid."

"You are playing the fool again," the KGB officer said. "If it is necessary for us to produce evidence that you have done something illegal, the evidence will be produced—

currency speculation, violation of passport rules, leave it to us. I think you will tell your friends you now see the light and you were wrong. I know you will never sign another protest, pass another illegal book, conduct another 'seminar' about what's wrong with our Party's decisions. Do I make myself clear?"

Victor said nothing.

Silent Change. His activism ended that evening. He has not abandoned his ideals, but moved from "active" to "underground" protest. These words are in quotes because they mean something quite different in the Soviet context than in the Western one. For most Moscow intellectuals, being in the underground means simply reading prohibited books, listening to Western shortwave broadcasts and discussing political and intellectual developments with friends. In other words, it doesn't mean plots against the government; it is the mind that is underground. One can talk, but not write; think, but not act.

For several months after his first warning, KGB agents trailed Victor—conspicuously, to enhance the intimidation. Now he is no longer followed every day, but he is extremely careful. The KGB watch on leading intellectuals was intensified drastically last summer, and it is now so thorough that some are afraid to use their telephones or

meet their friends in public places. The new crackdown on potential dissenters is the harshest in years.

Despite all this, Victor and virtually every other Russian protester remain firmly Marxist. "The Revolution was fought to free people in every way," Victor told me recently, lowering his voice and glancing at the surrounding tables in the café where we met. "To free their minds as well as their bodies and their labour. And that's precisely what we want: democracy as well as socialism.

"I'm not a hero," Victor said. "To protest more than once, you have to be prepared to sacrifice everything, and I'm not ready for that, not yet. But if the protests have taught us anything, it's that making Russia a free country is going to take decades, maybe centuries. I've stopped fooling myself. I've had my fling in politics and I want to live a normal life."

"What are you going to do now?" I asked him.

"What everyone does. What the Russian intelligentsia has been doing for about two centuries. I'll wait."

Then he added: "You haven't learnt to wait, you never had to learn it. If you don't like something, you shout, you demonstrate. But I've learnt. Do you know what it's like to feel impotent?"

A NEW wine listed in an Australian winemaker's catalogue bears the impressive name "Château Downunda."

—*Financial Times*

How imagination and perseverance brought joy to a dying New Zealand fisherman

A Bright, Clear Morning at Seatoun

By JOHN CORDET BENZEMANN

THE NURSE wheeled me into a cubicle of a ward in the Wellington Public Hospital. I had had polio and could move only my right hand and foot a little without pain. After I had settled down I took stock of my fellow patient. No movement came from his bed, no noise—all I could see was a human form well tucked up.

When the nurse came back, she whispered that his name was Sutherland and that he had tuberculosis of the spine. He could not move without pain. "And he's a difficult customer," she added. Since the day he entered the hospital six months previously, he had spoken to no one but his wife. Nurses and patients who had tried to be friendly had been rewarded with a grunt.

I was in pain, too, but I desperately wanted the companionship of other people, and so tried three or

four times that first day to strike up an acquaintance with him. An irritable stirring was the only response.

Breaking through Sutherland's wall soon became an obsession with me. I knew that discussions which took our minds off our woes would help us both. But though I tried a great variety of topics, I got not a word from the other bed.

Then Sutherland's wife, on one of her regular visits, stopped by my bed. By chance, she mentioned that he had been a keen fisherman.

Next morning I called Sutherland by name and mentioned that his wife had told me that he liked fishing. I heard a sigh and the whispered words, "Yes, fishing." A breakthrough.

"Where did you fish?" I said.

"Seatoun," he murmured.

For several minutes, we talked

about fishing. But when I tried to change the subject, Sutherland withdrew into himself again.

I was about to give up all hope of making friends with this infuriating man when, suddenly, I had a wild idea.

"I'm tied down like you, so how about both of us going fishing in our imagination?" I suggested. "The game will take our minds off our troubles."

"Ah, we're not children," he said.

"I can see the yellow sunshine on Melrose Hill from here," I said. "This means a bright, clear morning at Seatoun. A sparkle of the waves running in. The sea-gulls in the shallows pecking for cockles, flying up and dropping them to break on the stones. The small fish, jumping, show silver, and now and then a big one stirs the surface.

"Where do you fish at Seatoun?" I asked. "Barrett's Reef?"

"Barrett's on southerlies, Somes Island on northerlies, and Baring Head on easterlies. No use to fish on westerlies, no use at all."

"Have you a boat?" I asked.

He muttered awhile to himself and then murmured, "A lovely boat—a 12-foot clinker, and a little shed to keep it in."

"Good," I said. "We'll get it out and go for a trial run."

But Sutherland gave a deep sigh and that was the end of fishing and conversation for the day.

The next morning when I suggested that the day was fine and

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southerly, Sutherland perked up and reckoned we should try Barrett's Reef. But this trip and the next two or three were flops, because every now and then Sutherland would burst out, "I can't do it, I'm ill," or, "It's a damn-fool idea."

Happy Vision. Then suddenly he seemed to grasp the game, and we had good trips for about a fortnight.

We always had trouble getting the boat in and out of the shed. We would pull together, and sometimes when I said "Heave" he would grunt with it. He was the captain and navigator. He chose the spot and studied the weather. He had a large stone on a painter for anchoring at the reef, a kedge for Somes Island, and life-jackets and lunch. "My wife cuts a good lunch," he would say, "and she's put some in for you, too."

One day we decided to paint the boat. Grunting, we hauled it out. We looked at the planks and discussed shape, timbers and types. You can spend much time and talk messing with a boat. "What colour shall we paint it inside?" I asked.

"Yellow," he said. "Good colour if you get into trouble. Easy to see. Paint's on the top shelf at the back."

"I'll stir it up and start at the bow," I said.

"Here," he said, "don't use that big brush. Use this little one, gets in the cracks better."

And so we'd go on in our imagination until breakfast. Sutherland seemed more inclined to talk early

in the morning, and then only for about an hour. But we had some lovely trips.

One morning we decided to go out on the outside of the reef. Sutherland was sure the weather was just right and he had a new line he wanted to try. We pulled out, both rowing, taking the inner passage. The Kaikoura Mountains were clear, a good sign, and Sutherland was thrilled with the boat.

"A real picture she is since we painted her. She seems to know it—rides better, too."

We paid out the line at a good spot, argued about hooks, and warned each other about tangles.

Final Catch. Suddenly Sutherland called out, "I've got a big one. He's the biggest I ever hooked!" He grunted, puffed and wheezed, and then said, "Look at that fish. Ain't he a beaut? Look at the colours—all blue and pink like a rainbow." He gave a deep sigh of satisfaction, and said quietly to himself several times, "Best fish I ever caught." Then, as sometimes happened, he fell silent.

I carried on for a time and then I must have slept, because when the nurse came to prepare me for breakfast she had to awaken me. When

Sutherland's turn came the nurse could not arouse him, and she called the doctor. On examination the doctor pronounced him dead—had been for about two hours, he believed. He must have died just after he caught his big fish.

Later that day Mrs. Sutherland came in. I offered my condolences, and she told me something of her husband's last year.

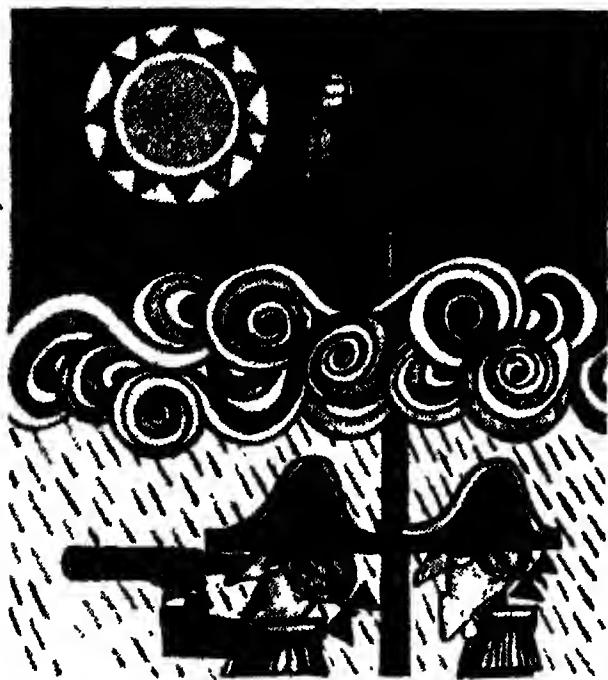
"We had bought a small week-end cottage by the sea," she said, "and we put a down-payment on a boat. He was terribly upset about going to hospital before he had a chance to try out his boat.

"Recently, though, he was in much better spirits. The last time I saw him, he talked about what he would do on his first day out of hospital. He was looking forward to trying a fishing spot on Barrett's Reef that he hadn't heard about before. Was it you who told him about it?"

I have been on many fishing trips in my life. Some of my best memories are of summer days when the wind and line and bait were right. But the fishing trips I remember with the most satisfaction were the ones when I didn't catch a thing.

Wedding Ring

PSYCHOLOGY students from the local university who questioned teenage German schoolchildren on their ambitions reported the current pattern of female ambitions as follows: 1. Get a husband. 2. Get a house in which to keep him. 3. Buy a car in which to escape the drudgeries of housework. 4. Find a job in order to escape from the house. —Iris Hartman, NANA-WNS



Humour in Uniform

OUR SERGEANT, the proud father of 12 children, has more than sufficient active duty to qualify for retirement. But every time the subject comes up he has a reason for deferment—usually financial. On a recent occasion, he put it a different way: "It's not that I've found a home in the Army, but an army in my home." — F. B.

AFTER a particularly tough fighter sweep over northern Italy during the war, planes were returning to base. One of them had been badly damaged and was so full of holes it resembled a flying colander. When he reached base, the pilot of the riddled plane called the flight commander on his radio and said that, since he had lost all his hydraulic fluid, he couldn't lower his wheels or flaps, and the engine was starting to leak oil.

The flight commander ordered him

to bale out. "Now, the best way," he added, "is to roll the plane over on its back and unfasten your harness."

There was a minute of silence and no action. Then over the radio came the pilot's voice, asking meekly, "What's the *next-best* way to bale out?"

— L. C.

IN PREPARATION for an official visit by the Duke of Gloucester a bright assortment of flags was being strung outside our H.Q.

A passing naval officer studied the array carefully, then anxiously asked the petty-officer in charge: "Do we really have smallpox on board?"

— J. G. DAVIDSON

SECRETARY of our Officer's Club in the Far East—and a stickler for Club rules—was an elderly major, who insisted on all members changing into long trousers by 6 p.m. On the stroke of six one evening, he roared at an Australian captain who was chatting at the bar, "It is eighteen hundred hours, and you are still wearing your shorts."

"Terribly sorry, sir," replied the Australian, who promptly unbuttoned his shorts, let them fall to the floor, then returned to his drink.

— LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. E. TAYLOR, RNR



HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

A CLASS of junior NCOs was listening to a particularly boring lecture by an unpopular sergeant. "A good sergeant," he droned, "can't be made; a good sergeant has to be born . . . Any questions?"

A weary voice from the back of the room asked, "In or out of wedlock?"

--FRANCIS PARKS

THERE were 82 young, nervous servicemen aboard the chartered civilian plane which was taking us to Vietnam. Throughout the flight the officers and stewardesses did their best to put us at ease, but as we approached the coast of Vietnam the tension mounted.

When our plane prepared to land, the pilot made one last effort and sent us into fits of laughter. Over the intercom he said, "Men, I'd like to thank you for allowing us to serve you during this flight. We are about to land at Saigon. The local time is 4.35 a.m., the temperature is 96 degrees and there is light to moderate ground fire."

L. K. C.

SAILING past Gibraltar in April 1943, the *Queen Mary* received a signal from the garrison, "What ship? What ship?" Her immediate reply was, "What rock? What rock?"

--PHILIP MACLAUGHLIN

RECENTLY our small daughter became friends with a little girl whose father is on the staff of the near-by Army Training School.

"She doesn't have a paddling pool or a dog or even a garden," said our daughter, "so I expect she will come here a lot."

But as the holidays went on, I

noticed that our daughter seemed to be spending most of her time up at the Army camp with her new friend. "If she doesn't have any of the things that you have here in the garden," I asked, "what do you do all day?"

Replied our daughter, "I know she doesn't have a paddling pool and a pet —everybody has those. She's got an assault course."

--MRS. J. R. S.



IN TROUBLE with his jet, a young pilot was forced to eject. Fearing that his parents would hear of the accident, he telephoned to reassure them. He explained to his father what had happened, that he was quite all right, but that the jet was a complete write-off.

There was a moment's silence at the other end of the phone; then his father asked, "Is the plane insured, or do I have to pay for it?"

--MRS. R. C. T.

OUR SUBMARINE was on a visit to New York, and all day long we escorted visitors round, explaining the workings of various controls. Such routine work made us feel like beasts of burden.

Sitting at the evening meal, we were relaxing at being sailors again when suddenly a boy's head poked through the galley hatch and an excited voice exclaimed, "Hey, Mum! They're feeding them!"

--D. C.

Editorial Department
The Rotarian
1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York 20, N.Y.

Measuring Up to the Metric System

By HARLAND MANCHESTER

EVER since the United States was founded, advocates of the metric system of weights and measures have been urging its adoption in place of the present unwieldy arrangement of feet, pounds, rods, quarts and bushels. Now legislation has finally been passed authorizing the Bureau of Standards to study the idea.

If the United States does indeed convert, she will be a latecomer on board the metric bandwagon. Most European countries have used the system of metres, grammes and litres for generations. In the last 20 years the countries of another 1,500 million people—about half the world's population—have gone metric. They include India, Japan, China, Egypt

and Israel; South Africa, Australia and New Zealand are following, so is Great Britain. This leaves Canada and the United States as the only big countries still clinging to the fading imperial system of feet and pounds, and now Canada too may prepare for conversion.

The British began planning their "metrication," as the conversion is called, in May 1965; they hope to have it completed by 1975. The change, which will alter the language and affect the thinking of 55 million people, was not dictated by the government—British industry asked for it. More than 55 per cent of all United Kingdom exports now go to countries using the metric system, and many big manufacturing

CONDENSED FROM THE ROTARIAN

MEASURING UP TO THE METRIC SYSTEM

firms have been forced to run duplicate plants using both the imperial and metric systems. Moreover, a confusing mixture of the two systems often appears in the same product.

For instance, when a British rolling mill gets an order for steel from the Continent, the customer may accept big parts in inches, but will specify that the nuts and bolts be in metric sizes. So the British company has to import bolts to fill the order. Result: reduced profits.

Scientists and educators have long championed the simplicity and efficiency of the metric system. Before its advent, measurement was based more on whim than on logic. The cubit used by carpenters in Noah's time was the length of a man's forearm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. Britain's imperial system is a jerry-built structure based on the units brought in by the Roman conquerors 2,000 years ago.

Legendary Start. King Henry I decreed the yard to be the distance from the point of his nose to the end of his hand. Purportedly the rod was defined as a combined length of the left feet of 16 men lined up to go to church; an acre as the amount of land a man could plough in a day; the inch, three barleycorns laid end to end.

Invention of the decimal point in 1585 by the Flemish mathematician, Simon Stevin, together with his proposal of a decimal system of measurement, laid the foundation for

the metric system. It was not until the French Revolution created an atmosphere of change more than 200 years later, however, that the plan was adopted. In 1791, 12 members of the French Academy of Sciences were appointed to frame a new decimal system based on the natural world. They defined the metre as one ten-millionth of the distance from the Equator to the Pole. Until recently, a platinum-iridium bar kept in an air-conditioned vault near Paris served as the world standard metre. Now the metre is based on the wavelength of orange-red light given off by the element Krypton 86, which can be measured with greater accuracy in scientific laboratories throughout the world.

Timesaver. In contrast to the foot-pound-quart system, which requires its users either to memorize dozens of conversion figures or to have a reference book handy, the metric system is a model of clarity. Indeed, metric countries save countless man-hours in calculations. Educators in the United States estimate that the system would save a student six months of figure drudgery.

British publishers are now converting thousands of science and engineering textbooks to metric terminology. After 1971, engineering students must answer examination questions in metric symbols in order to qualify professionally. The British press has already adopted the centigrade scale for weather reports and clinical thermometers bearing both

Fahrenheit and centigrade scales are now sold.

In autumn 1967, the building industry finished Britain's first metric house—a four-bedroom dwelling—in Colchester with windows, doors, joists and roof timbers manufactured to metric dimensions. The conversion is giving the building industry a golden opportunity to simplify its products. Up to now, for instance, windows have been produced in more than a hundred sizes, for no good reason. Under the new system, the number is being cut to 25 or less, thus reducing manufacturing and distribution costs.

Basic Changes. A pressing job in the British change-over is the conversion of millions of machines that weigh, measure or package goods, and handle coins. All the machines that make boxes and bottles will have to be redesigned. But the British take a dim view of the suggestion that eggs and oysters and flowers be sold in tens instead of by the traditional dozen or half-dozen.

Industry and science are far ahead of the retail trade in making the change, but, say the conversion specialists, the public must not be "schizophrenic." People must "think metric" on their jobs and come home and "shop metric" too.

In the United States, Congress's recent decision to open the doors to discussion follows a long history of

"metric controversy." Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and John Quincy Adams all proposed adopting a decimal system of weights and measures. Congressional and public apathy blocked their plans, but in 1866 Congress did pass a bill legalizing the use of the metric systems for those who wanted to sell goods by the litre, kilogram or metre. Americans are thus in the curious situation of having a legal metric system they don't use, while using a foot-pound system that has never been legalized.

In a poll conducted early in 1968 by *Industrial Research* magazine, 94 per cent of the 3,100 American scientists and engineers who responded favoured the change. But big firms are justifiably concerned with the expense of the change-over. The General Electric Company estimates that it would cost them \$200 million to go metric. A study made by the Stanford Research Institute estimates the total U.S. cost, spread over many years, at \$11,000 million. Metric adherents say that every year's delay in going metric will boost the cost by about seven per cent. "America's use of the English system is Russia's secret weapon," says Nobel Prize Winner Harold Urey.

Many experts agree the handwriting is on the wall—and for the United States it spells "metric."

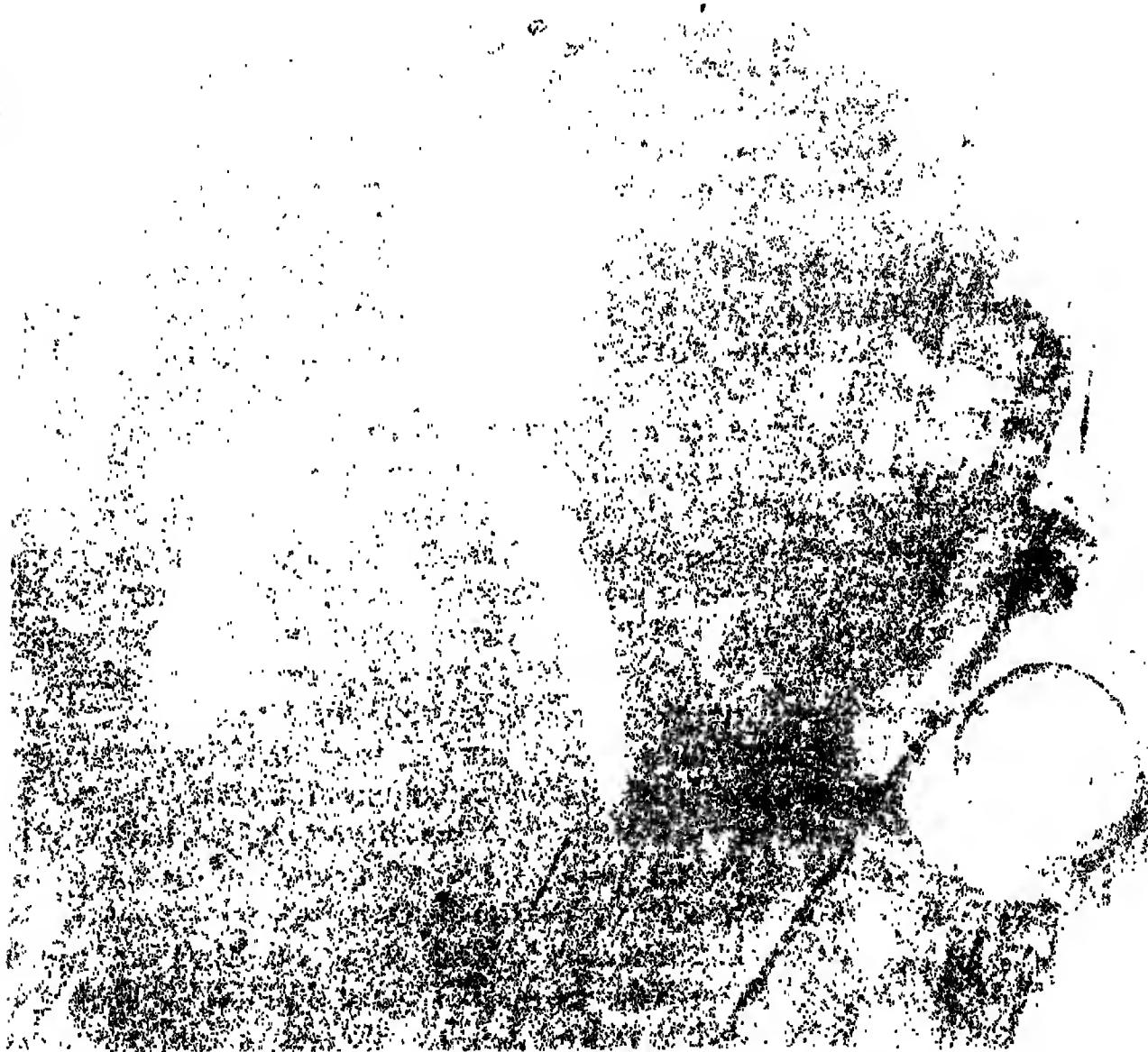
THE TROUBLE is, children feel they have to shock their elders, and each generation grows up into something harder to shock. —C. C.



By EILEEN AND ROBERT MASON POLLOCK

With his boater, cane and rakish charm, this irresistible entertainer is still idolized by millions

ROGER COLEMAN



POISING FOR photographers on his 79th birthday, Maurice Chevalier symbolically donned boxing gloves and explained, "Life is a combat. It's marvellous to have gone 79 rounds in such good form."

For the man with the silver hair, irrepressible grin and sunshine voice, the bout goes on with astonishing vigour. On September 12, in Paris, he paused only long enough to celebrate birthday number 80. Then he left on his one-man "farewell tour," which took him to Britain, across Europe, and to North and South America.

Was this long farewell really good-bye? "To my one-man tours, I think yes," he will tell you. "But I'll do television—and films, if the right one comes along."

Why, 15 years beyond the usual retirement milestone, does he continue working at a pace a man half his age would find gruelling? Certainly not for money. At the height of his Hollywood career his annual income was said to be over a million dollars. His luxurious home near Paris holds a king's ransom in paintings by Cézanne, Renoir, Utrillo and Vlaminck.

Nor does he need the glory. A show-business phenomenon, his career has spanned seven decades from France's gas-lit music halls to Hollywood's filmland. He has probably played to more live audiences than any other single entertainer.

Why then *does* he go on? Chevalier has often averred that to retire

is the beginning of death. "There are countries and people who have happened," he says, "and don't happen any more." So a good guess is that so long as he continues to "happen" and his health remains, he will never leave the arena.

Only once has his determination faltered. In 1922, a nervous breakdown brought him to the brink of suicide. To find the courage to face a Paris audience again, he forced himself to perform nightly in obscure country towns. At last he attempted his comeback and it was a major victory.

Underlying Chevalier's incredible energy is his insatiable desire for learning. With almost no formal schooling, he has spent a lifetime in self-education. When old friend Charles Boyer once suggested that a world of knowledge awaited him in books, Maurice began by reading Montaigne, Maupassant and Tolstoy; he then went on to build up a substantial library.

Reading stimulated an interest in writing. Chevalier began his "reflections" simply as an outlet for his active, perceptive mind, but a leading French publisher persuaded him to compile them into a book. It became an immediate best-seller, and new volumes followed.

Chevalier tries to learn from everyone. Guests at his numerous luncheon parties may range from Mendès-France to Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. A coffee-lover, he has bought a restaurant-size

EIGHTY YEARS YOUNG: MAURICE CHEVALIER

espresso machine and delights in his guests' enjoyment of the brew.

There's an ambivalence in his attitude towards growing old. On the one hand he will tell you, "Since you can do nothing about the march of years, you might as well not grieve about it." And on the other, "If you don't follow the tempo and be alert to the times, you don't stay on the road."

Ageless Charmer. Hermione Gingold, with whom Chevalier sang a duet in the film *Gigi*, remembers arriving on the set at 6 a.m., wearing slacks and no make-up, to find Maurice meticulously dressed, even to a *boutonnière*. "The government should buy up Maurice Chevalier," says Miss Gingold, "for an exhibit on how to age gracefully."

On another occasion, while visiting Phil Silvers backstage, Chevalier looked at the pretty showgirls and sighed, "Ah, if only I were 20 years older."

Silvers was puzzled. "Don't you mean 20 years *younger*?"

"No," replied Chevalier, who was then 73. "If I were 20 years older, these girls wouldn't bother me the way they do!"

Today he will inform you with a sly wink that he gave up "*amour*" years ago, but he still generates a lot of sex appeal. After seeing the adoration of females in his audiences today you can understand how he once inspired mobs of 15,000

women in London to tear at his clothes, shout his name and throw kisses in an era when Elvis Presley and the Beatles were still unborn.

Unlike many stars, Chevalier has never been aloof from the public. When he is at home in the village of Marnes-la-Coquette, he drives every morning into Paris, leaves his car and walks the streets of his native city.

He stops to chat with old residents he never knew but who "remember" him just the same. It's all part of the legendary Chevalier charm—involving *people*. Even from the stage he leans out to ask his audience dozens of times during a performance, "You see, ladies and gentlemen? You see?"

Already a top star in France, Chevalier went to Hollywood in 1928 with more hope than confidence. In his first film, *Innocents of Paris*, he sang a song which soared to popularity—*Louise*. Overnight the Frenchman with the pouting lower lip became an idol.

He left Hollywood intending to try a musical-stage innovation throughout Europe—a one-man show. But the Second World War intervened. When peace came, he decided to try out his solo show in France.

Friends warned him, "Ninety minutes on stage with only a piano to help you? You could fall flat on your face."

They were wrong. Chevalier soon attracted the attention of Billy

Wilder, who was about to shoot a romantic comedy, *Love in the Afternoon*, starring Gary Cooper and Audrey Hepburn.

"I want you to be Audrey's father," Wilder told him. "You're perfect for the part."

At a party later, a young starlet cooed that it was unfair to give a fatherly role to such a divinely handsome man. "I'm too old to play lovers," Chevalier said with a grin. "I'm glad they didn't make me her grandfather."

Dedicated Approach. Chevalier attacked his second Hollywood career with the same discipline that characterized the first. In Joshua Logan's film *Funny*, in his finest acting role, he narrowly missed an Academy Award nomination for his performance as Panisse.

Logan found him "a wonderful worker." Most actors are delighted when a scene is shot with little or no retake, but Chevalier told Logan, "I'm facile, so you're apt to like what I do first. But I want to improve. Don't let me settle for the surface. Make me dig, make me work harder."

With his enthusiasm for ever alive, Chevalier has retained the wonderment and spontaneity of a child. And he has a remarkably refreshing outlook on life which often shows up in his interviews with the

Press. When one newspaperman demanded if his teeth were really his own, Chevalier replied, smiling: "If you find a 78-year-old man who still has all his teeth, please give him my compliments."

In his long life Chevalier has gone through many grave times and emerged able to smile: 30 months in a German prisoner-of-war camp after being severely wounded in the First World War; his nervous breakdown in the early 1920s; passionate love affairs like the one with fellow-star Mistinguett which was shattered by conflicting careers; the failure in Hollywood of his first and only marriage.

Bitterest of all perhaps was the accusation against him during the Second World War of collaboration with the Nazis. Not until Paris was liberated could the charge be proved false.

All this is behind him. For Chevalier, yesterday is to learn from, today is to live in, tomorrow is to plan for. It's possibly the source of his glow—this unquenchable zest for living. Beside his bed is a photograph of his longtime friend Colette, famed author of *Gigi*, affectionately inscribed to him. Chevalier looks at the picture often; it's a constant reminder of her inspiring motto: "Look. Take in. Appreciate. And stop only to die."

Pet Peeve

CLASSIFIED advertisement in a local paper: "To the person who dumped a cat at the Campbell farm recently—Your kittens are ready!" *

Man, exerting too much pressure on nature,
may well provoke a disastrous revenge

Have We Reached the Limits of Pollution?

CONDENSED FROM TIME

IF RUSTRATION is rising over our increasingly dirty air, filthy streets and malodorous rivers. This man-made pollution, bad enough in itself, reflects something even worse: a dangerous illusion that technological man can build bigger and bigger industrial societies with little regard for the iron laws of nature. The whole industrialized world is getting polluted, and emerging nations are unlikely to slow their own development in the interest of clearer air and cleaner water.

Man has tended to ignore the fact that he is utterly dependent on the biosphere: a vast web of interacting processes and organisms in which

one part of the living environment feeds on another. The biosphere is no immutable feature of the earth. Roughly 400 million years ago, terrestrial life consisted of primitive organisms that consumed oxygen as fast as green plants manufactured it. Only by some primeval accident were the organisms buried in sedimentary rock, thus permitting the atmosphere to become enriched to a life-sustaining mix of 20 per cent oxygen, plus nitrogen, argon, carbon dioxide and water vapour. With miraculous precision, the mix was maintained by plants, animals and bacteria, which used and returned the gases at equal rates.

Primitive man did very little

damage to the environment. But today's technological man, master of the atom and soon of the moon, is so aware of his strength that he is unaware of his weakness—the fact that his pressure on nature may provoke revenge. Many scholars are now seriously concerned that human pollution may trigger some ecological disaster.

The fantastic effluence of affluence tends to overwhelm natural decay—the vital process that balances life in the natural world. All living things produce toxic wastes, including their own corpses. But whereas nature efficiently decays—and thus reuses—such wastes, man produces huge quantities of synthetic materials that almost totally resist natural decay. And, more and more, this waste is poisonous to man's fellow creatures, to say nothing of himself.

Chain Reaction. The impact of pollutants on nature can be vastly amplified by food chains, the serial process by which weak creatures are typically eaten by stronger ones, in ascending order. The most closely studied example is the effect of crop pesticides.

In the Canadian province of New Brunswick, for example, the application of only half a pound of DDT per acre of forest to control the spruce bud-worm has several times seriously damaged young salmon stock in the Miramichi River. Pesticides can contaminate the plankton of lakes and streams. Fish

eat the DDT-tainted plankton, and the pesticide becomes concentrated in their bodies; the original dose ultimately reaches multifold strength in fish-eating birds, which then often die or stop reproducing.

In the polluting sense, man is the dirtiest animal, and he must learn that he can no longer afford to vent smoke casually into the sky and sewage into rivers as he did in an earlier day, when vast reserves of pure air and water easily diluted the pollutants.

The earth is basically a closed system with a waste-disposal process that has limits. The winds that ventilate earth are only six miles high; toxic garbage can kill the tiny organisms that normally clean rivers. Today, industrial countries are straining the limits.

Enduring Matter. Today's "consumer" man actually consumes very little—he merely uses things. Though he burns, buries, grinds or flushes his wastes, the material survives in some form. And technology adds to its longevity. The tin can used to rust away; now comes the immortal aluminium can, which may outlast the Pyramids.

Human pollution is infinitely multiplied in big cities. New York City, for example, dumps 200 million gallons of raw sewage into the Hudson River daily.

Each square mile of Manhattan produces 375,000 pounds of waste a day to be incinerated. Thirty per cent of the residue drifts in the air as

fly ash until it settles on the citizens.

The sheer bulk of big cities slows the cleansing winds; at the same time, rising city heat helps to create thermal inversions (a layer of warmer air above cooler) that can trap pollutants for days—a crisis that in 1963 killed 400 New Yorkers. Cars complete the deadly picture. While chimneys belch sulphur dioxide, motor vehicles add tons of carbon monoxide (nearly 60 per cent of smog) and other lethal gases. Automobile-exhaust fumes, containing tetraethyl lead, affect human nerves, increasing irritability and decreasing normal brain function. In the automobile's 70-year history, man's lead content has risen alarmingly. Arctic glaciers now contain wind-blown lead.

The hope is that car manufacturers will soon design exhaust-free electric or steam motors. Another hope is that nuclear power will be used to generate electricity in place of smoggy "fossil fuels" (oil, coal). But nuclear plants emit pollution, too: not only radioactive wastes, which must be buried, but also extremely hot water that has to go somewhere and can become a serious threat to marine life.

Industry already devours water on a vast scale—600,000 gallons to make one ton of synthetic rubber, for example—and the resultant hot water releases the dissolved oxygen in rivers and lakes, killing the bacteria that degrade sewage. Meanwhile, the ever-mounting sewage is causing

other oxygen-robbing processes, and dangerously depleting the oxygen in river basins.

What cities badly need is a systems approach to pollution: a computer analysis of everything that a total environment is taking in and giving out, via air, land, water. Only then can cities make cost-benefit choices and balance the system. Equally vital are economic incentives, such as taxing specific pollutants so that factories stop using them. Since local governments may be loath to levy effluent charges, fearing loss of industry, the obvious need is regional co-operation to enforce scientific water use.

Available Resources. Government aid is urgently needed to help cities build all kinds of waste-treating facilities. Above all, man should strive to parallel natural decay by recycling—reusing as much waste as possible. Magnetic extractors in incinerators could save tons of metal and reduce incineration by ten per cent. The packaging industry could do a profound service by switching to materials that disappear—fast. The perfect container is the edible ice-cream cone.

To cut air pollution, a Japanese process can be used to convert fly ash into cinder blocks. Recovering waste at the source is almost always cheaper than clearing it later. Take sulphur, for example, which is in short supply round the world. Wasted sulphur dioxide belched from smokestacks could be trapped

READER'S DIGEST

in the stack and converted to sulphuric acid or even fertilizer.

There is no question that just as technology has polluted the land, it can also depollute it. The real question is whether enough people want to take action. The trouble with modern man is that he tends to yawn at the news that pesticides are

threatening remote penguins or pelicans. The false assumption that nature exists only to serve man is at the root of an ecological crisis—one that ranges from the lowly litterbug to the lunacy of nuclear proliferation. At this hour, man's only choice is to live in harmony with nature, not conquer it.

Ahoy, Mate!

MEN WHO are everlastingly wed to the witching waters of the world, but who incidentally have a wife based on land, may fathom the helmsman tactics in a marriage contract recently unearthed by an Edinburgh lawyer from an old deed box. Drawn up by a seafaring man, it envisages each mate's duties in a shipshape union :

Having read to her the Articles of War, I explained to her the conditions under which we were to sail in company on life's voyage, namely :

She is to obey signals without question when received.

She is to steer by my reckoning.

She is to stand by as a true consort in foul weather, battle or shipwreck.

She is to run under my guns if assailed by picaroons or privateers.

I am to keep her in due repair and see that she hath her allowance of coats of paint, streamers and bunting, as befits a saucy craft.

I am to take no other craft in tow, and if any be now attached to cut their hawsers.

I am to revictual her day to day.

Should she be blown on her beam ends by wind or misfortune, I am to stand by her and see her righted.

I am to set our course for the Great Harbour in the hope that moorings and ground to swing may be found for two well-built craft when laid up for eternity.

—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *Micah Clark* (Murray, London). Published by permission of the Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Estates

* * *

Voice of Experience

A YALE University president's advice to Novice Fawcett, president of Ohio State University : "Always be kind to your cleverest students. Some day one of them will return to your university as a good professor. And also be kind to your less bright students. Some day one of them will build you a two-million-dollar science laboratory."

—H. A. F.

By increasing our capacity to expect the best of others—to offer them our trust—we can enrich our own lives immeasurably

The Courage to Trust

ARDIS WHITMAN

HEN I was eight I went to the circus and marvelled at the trapeze artists, soaring impossibly through space, always catching the flying swing from each other. "Aren't they scared?" I asked my mother.

A man in the row ahead turned to answer. "They aren't scared, honey," he said gently. "They trust each other."

"He used to be on the high wires himself," someone whispered.

Whenever I think of trusting people, I remember those flying figures, a hairbreadth from death, each making a place of safety for the other. I am reminded that, for all their courage and training, their breath-taking performance could not have been carried out without the essential ingredient of trust.

So it is in ordinary life. An atmosphere of trust is as necessary as air or water to human life. We cannot be ourselves unless we can trust the people around us; how imprisoned we are behind our masks when we dare not disclose ourselves to others! And to be on guard all the time paralyses our psychic energy. Moreover, it takes trust to love and be loved. "Love is an act of faith," wrote Erich Fromm, "and whoever is of little faith is also of little love."

On the other hand, in the presence of those who believe in us, we feel safe and free. The psychologist Bonaro Overstreet put it this way: "We are not only our brother's keeper; in countless large and small ways we are our brother's *maker*." By our trust or distrust we shape him.

Trust is the willingness to gamble

on the basic fact of good intentions. Kathryn Lawes, wife of the former warden of Sing Sing Prison in New York State, used to go into the prison yard almost every day. When the men played games, her children often played with them, while she sat among the other prisoners and watched.

When people protested, she replied that she had no fear. "They are our friends," she used to say. "My children and I are never so safe as we are here in the prison."

Her trust in them was remarkably commemorated. When she died suddenly, word spread quickly through the prison and the men gathered as close to the gate as possible. The principal keeper looked at the silent men, then flung open the gates. All day long the men filed to the house where her body lay. There were no walls around them, yet not one prisoner broke the trust that had been placed in them. They all reported back to the prison yard.

All fine human relationships depend on trust. The teacher's battle is almost won the day she is able to persuade the delinquent child to believe that she intends him no harm. "One must be fond of people and trust them if one is not to make a mess of life," wrote the novelist E. M. Forster.

Why do human beings find it so difficult to trust each other? The main reason is that we are afraid. Watch two reserved people sitting side by side on a plane or a train,

each fearing to speak. "We are afraid," wrote Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman, "of being disparaged, rejected, unmasked."

How different the small encounters of everyday life for someone who trusts the world! Once I heard a man describe a woman he had known.

"She came to meet everyone," he said, "with both hands out. You felt as if she were saying, 'How I trust you! I feel wonderful just being with you!'" The man added, "You went away feeling as if you could do anything you tried to do."

Early Impressions. Memories often make us defensive. A business executive I know, for example, has few friends. His mother died when he was seven, and the well-meaning aunt who took him home with her told him that his mother had "gone away on a visit." He waited vainly for weeks for his mother to return. As a result of this well-intentioned betrayal, he grew up unable to trust anyone again.

To increase our capacity to trust one another, we first need faith in ourselves. "There's nothing I'm afraid of like scared people," wrote Robert Frost. And, in fact, he who feels inferior and inadequate cannot trust others.

But to believe in our own worth does not mean that we should see nothing wrong with ourselves. What we must trust about ourselves is simply what we must trust about others—that we, too, are seriously

THE COURAGE TO TRUST

trying to do what is right, however faultily!

Second, trust requires realism. "It's risky to trust people," an acquaintance of mine said bitterly. "You can be fooled." She was right, if to trust people means betting that they will never do anything wrong. Trust cannot be founded on illusion. For the insensitive will not overnight become sensitive; the gossip will not necessarily keep your secret. The world is not an innocent playground on which everyone wishes us well, and we must face this fact.

No, real trust is not *naïveté*. It is an unwavering acceptance of the other person as he is, and a sensitive

reaching out for the best in him.

Finally, trust requires a gamble—a gamble of love, time, money, sometimes even our lives, on someone else. Trust will not always win. But Count Camillo di Cavour, the great Italian statesman, has said, "The man who trusts other men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them."

No great human achievement has ever been accomplished without trust. Nor has man been able to achieve greatness without trust. "Trust men and they will be true to you," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Treat them greatly and they will show themselves great."

What Was That?

FROM the Washington Post: "In talking about student activism, he said he believed the majority of students want 'meaningful participation' in university decisions."

FROM a Toronto *Globe and Mail* report on medical care at Expo 67: "Some 1,600 people had to have particles removed from their eyes."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr., in *Saturday Review*

FROM a State of New Hampshire application form for a tax exemption: "Be sure an dread the law before filling out application."

* * *

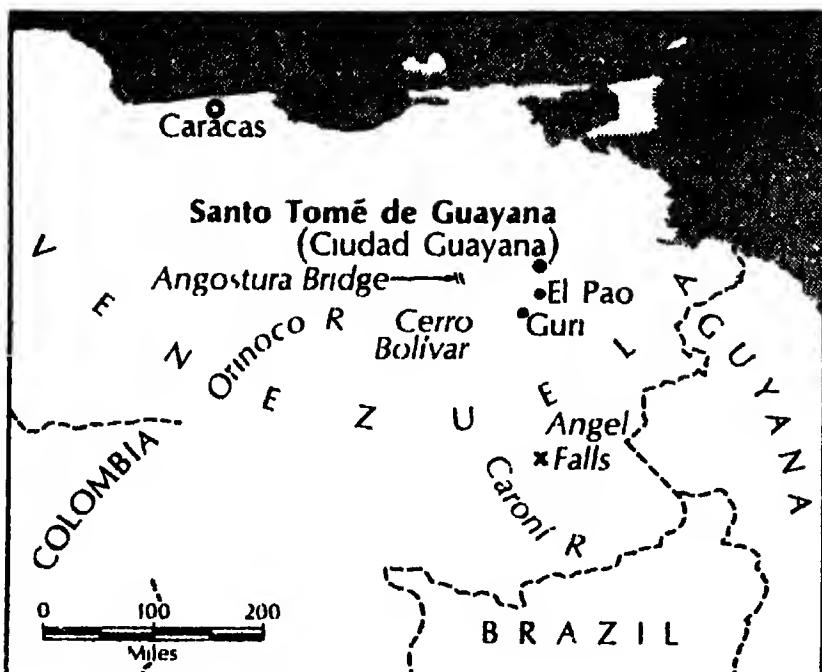
Smash Hit

WHILE waiting at the Post Office to collect a parcel which the postman had been unable to deliver, I couldn't help overhearing the complaints of the fellow in front of me. Obviously upset at the condition of his package, he pointed out in no uncertain terms how he felt about the handling it had received. When he mentioned that the contents were fragile, the clerk interrupted to note that the wrapping was not adequate. "What's more," the clerk added, "the package has not been stamped properly."

"What does that mean?" the customer demanded. "You used the wrong foot?"

—Gary Evans

In one of the most ambitious ventures ever undertaken, Venezuela is gambling on its future and building an industrial metropolis in the wilderness



Venezuela's New El Dorado

BY RONALD SCHILLER

ANDY CONNELLY, veteran air-freight pilot, rubbed his eyes in astonishment. The last time he'd flown over this part of eastern Venezuela—could it have been only four years ago?—it was all but uninhabited. Now, as he headed in from Panama, he looked down at the junction of the Orinoco and

Caroní rivers, and saw a giant industrial complex.

Office buildings, hotels and blocks of flats loomed through the overcast. Rows of pastel-coloured houses stretched as far as the eye could see. Along the river a train, hauling a hundred wagons, snaked towards a dock lined with ocean-going

CONDENSED FROM LATIN AMERICAN REPORT

VENEZUELA'S NEW EL DORADO

ships. In the distance, huge factory stacks spewed smoke into the sky.

What Connelly was looking at was Ciudad Guayana. The population of this amazing area has mushroomed almost overnight from 4,000 to 100,000. By 1975, it is expected to reach some 500,000; by 1980, perhaps a million. What's happening there is one of the most imaginative ventures man has ever undertaken. The Venezuelan government is gambling \$2,000 million on it.

It is hoped that from Guayana will come enough hydro-electric power, iron ore, steel, aluminium, lumber and wood pulp, manganese, sulphur, coal, nickel, chrome and other minerals to convert Venezuela into an industrial nation. By 1975, the territory is expected to provide 20 per cent of the nation's production and 146,000 new jobs.

Guayana's mineral wealth has long been known. Christopher Columbus described the area as an "earthly paradise," and, in 1596, Sir Walter Raleigh noted the presence of "rocks of a blue metallic colour, like unto the best steel ore." To the Spanish explorers it was "El Dorado," a land rich in gold and diamonds. Even today, in some river valleys after a heavy rain, motorists occasionally find precious stones embedded in their tyre treads. Yet for centuries piracy and tyranny, revolution and lethargy kept most of Guayana's wealth inviolate.

The land is theatrically beautiful. To the north lies the delta of the

Orinoco, a lush jungle. Eastward lie thickly forested mountains, rich in mahogany and other hardwood trees. To the west, for 600 miles to the Colombian border, stretch the *llanos*, the famous plains of Venezuela, where cattle and horses run wild. To the south stand the eerie *tepuis*, flat-topped mountains half a mile to a mile high, resembling the ramparts of a giant's fortress. The centre of the territory, where city, mines and industries are now located, is a rolling savanna criss-crossed with rivers and dotted with occasional oases of palms.

The first crack in Guayana's isolation came during the Second World War, when the American steel industry began a search for new sources of high-grade iron ore. Reports that aeroplane compasses spun erratically over certain portions of Venezuela indicated the presence of iron ore.

Riches Revealed. On investigation, Bethlehem Steel discovered a rich lode at El Pao in 1941. Six years later, U.S. Steel, through the Orinoco Mining Company, made a spectacular find at Cerro Bolívar. This seven-and-a-half-mile-long, 2,600-foot-high mountain is literally crusted over with 500 million tons of ore which is 60 per cent iron, making it one of the richest lodes in the world.

To get the ore out, the company spent \$250 million to build a railway to docks at Ciudad Guayana, 90 miles away, and dredged the

Orinoco River for the passage of 60,000-ton ore ships. Today, nearly 700 vessels a year make the 160-mile voyage inland. Although 17.5 million tons of ore rattle into ships' holds every year, there is still 50 years' supply in Cerro Bolívar—and half a dozen more mountains of iron are waiting.

Economic Backbone. The seemingly inexhaustible flood of iron offered the solution to a problem that had long worried Venezuela. For almost 50 years the country has lived on its petroleum reserves: oil provides 70 per cent of Venezuela's revenue, 90 per cent of its exports, and has raised its *per-capita* income to roughly \$800 a year, the highest in Latin America. However, unless new reserves are discovered, the oil will run out by 1988. Thus, in 1960, the government decided to use oil revenues to develop Guayana.

In charge of the programme is an autonomous organization, Corporación Venezolana de Guayana (CVG). Its accomplishments have been outstanding. CVG has completed Venezuela's first steel mill, which currently produces 750,000 tons a year, hopes ultimately to boost production to four million tons.

In partnership with Reynolds International Incorporated, CVG has built an aluminium-smelting plant which will produce 10,000 tons this year, and is expected to produce 100,000 tons annually by 1980. Crude oil and natural gas are

being piped in from adjoining territories to provide the nucleus of a petrochemical industry. Ground is about to be broken for large lumber and pulp and paper mills. Also planned are a \$40 million iron-ore-concentrating plant, a \$105 million sheet-steel mill, industrial-machinery factories, automobile and truck-assembly plants, and other industries.

To provide power for these enterprises, a \$45 million 370,000-kilowatt dam was flung across the wild Caroní River, and another dam is under construction at Guri, 60 miles upriver. Guri Dam will produce six million kilowatts of power in its final stage, more than twice the present power of the biggest American dam, the Grand Coulee, in Washington.

Meanwhile, a network of paved highways has been pushed through to connect the once inaccessible territory with the rest of Venezuela. With the opening, last year, of the Angostura Bridge across the Orinoco—the longest suspension span in Latin America—the 400-mile trip to the capital city of Caracas was reduced to less than ten hours.

To provide food for the rapidly growing population, CVG turned to the immensely fertile, but regularly flooded, Orinoco delta. A great system of levees is being thrown up that will bring into cultivation 500,000 acres of arable land.

The cost of the ambitious Guayana development programme is too

great for the Venezuelan government to bear alone. It is counting on private enterprise, both Venezuelan and foreign, to share the burden—and opportunity.

Foreign firms are guaranteed the same civil rights enjoyed by Venezuelans; their properties and profits are equally inviolate. Concerns already on the scene will, it is expected, be joined by others from Japan, Sweden, Germany and Italy, converting Guayana into a producer of goods and raw materials for the world.

Astonishing City. Showplace of this burgeoning empire is Santo Tomé de Guayana (to give Ciudad Guayana its official, if seldom used, name). The city was designed along the southern bank of the Orinoco, with a broad street linking the steel mill and other heavy industry at the western end with the existing community of San Félix, 15 miles to the east. Along this main street are ranged the residential, commercial and civic centres.

The planners took advantage of the natural beauty of the area by locating the cultural centre, which includes a college, museum, library and park, on a site overlooking the spectacular Caroni Falls.

Guayana's unprecedented demand for skilled labour of every type outstrips Venezuela's ability to provide it. Engineers and technicians have been brought in from all over the world. When 300 skilled

carpenters were needed at the Guri Dam, for example, they had to be imported from Italy and Germany. This situation is changing gradually, as Venezuelans acquire the necessary training and skills. When the steel mill opened six years ago, practically every skilled job was held by a foreigner. Today, only 22 of its 5,500 workers are non-Venezuelans.

Many have been lured to Guayana by the opportunity to make a fortune. Enzo Rambotti, who came from Italy owning "nothing but ten fingers," now owns a seven-storey office building, worth \$1 million, and is head of a syndicate planning a multi-million-rand steel-fabricating plant. Ramón Gómez, brought in to manage the Orinoco executives' club, now owns and runs a five-storey hotel, the largest in the city.

Some have been attracted by the climate. Guayana is a comfortable place to live, with no malaria, few endemic diseases, and a temperature that ranges between 70 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit all the year round.

The move has proved disappointing for some, however. An inevitable rush of unskilled immigrants, without jobs or funds, has produced squatters' shacks of scrap wood, corrugated tin and cardboard, across the neatly bulldozed markers set out by Ciudad Guayana's planners. Classrooms, teachers and doctors are scarce, and parts of the community have a raw, frontier atmosphere.

Nonetheless, everywhere in the territory there is an enthusiasm that

is almost tangible. Activity never seems to slow down. Planning and business conferences run into the early hours of the morning. Mills and factories work three shifts a day, seven days a week, as do the mines and major construction sites. Ore ships complete their loading and head down the river at 2 a.m., to be replaced immediately by other ships waiting their turn. Roads leading to

Caracas and the east are crowded with traffic 24 hours a day.

"We're in a race with time, and every person in Guayana knows it," a young engineer said to me. "Unless we can build sufficient industry to take the place of oil, our country is in danger and our children have no future."

Neither he nor his compatriots intend to let that happen.

Height of Delight

Two young women were discussing how tall they would like to be. "Five foot six would be perfect," said one.

"Yes," said her friend. "But if you were five foot three, you'd have three more inches of boys to choose from."

—C. M. C.

* * *

For Butter or Worse

LIKE most city couples smitten with a yen for country life, my wife and I were soon busier than we'd ever been when we moved to a 40-acre farm a few years ago. And she was even busier than I was, since she was there all day while I commuted to my job in the city. One week-end a visiting friend, observing her making butter with the little hand-operated churn we'd bought, about a half-hour job, suggested that she could ease the chore by getting an electric churn. There was a moment of silence and then I heard my wife's astounded response: "Good heavens—and lose the only excuse I have to sit down?"

—Ken Kraft

IN A RURAL school a teacher and her pupils recently spanned the long gap between "now" and "then" in agricultural history. The teacher brought an old-fashioned churn and two containers of cream to school one day and staged a butter-churning session. Of the 21 pupils present—all from farm homes—not one had ever seen butter churned before. As one small child watched the procedure with interest, she asked, "Will it be butter or margarine?"

—Leo Nusbaum





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Orbit into Fitness— Like an Astronaut

By CURTIS MITCHELL



America's spacemen have down-to-earth ways of keeping fit which can propel anyone into tip-top condition

EXERCISE not only increases your energy, your productivity and your ability to cope; it may add years to your life as well. Today almost everybody realizes this, but relatively few do much about it. Among those who do are the 50-odd men who comprise America's astronaut corps in training at Houston, Texas. They have found a "new approach" to exercise which, by making it voluntary, keeps it *enjoyable*.

Dr. Charles Berry, director of Medical Research and Operations at the Houston Manned Space Centre,

explains: "All that we doctors do is furnish the astronauts with a set of general guidelines—no *required* 20 press-ups a day or *required* two-mile run, for instance. What each man does, and how he does it, is up to him alone."

Early every morning, the astronauts can be seen jogging through Houston's suburbs; in their spare time they are riding bikes and horses, water-skiing, sailing, playing basketball, handball or squash.

Walter Schirra, with three space flights behind him, keeps fit with jog-trotting, gymnastics, tennis and

handball. James Lovell, co-holder of the world's space endurance record, runs daily. Neil Armstrong, commander of the first rendezvous-and-docking flight, does gymnastics, jogtrots from meeting to meeting, and *runs* up all stairs. Charles Conrad, head of an Apollo reserve crew, believes in hard swimming.

Astronauts aren't necessarily great athletes. Physically, they are similar in many ways to business executives. They make decisions all day, sit in long committee meetings, study papers, work at nights and weekends, travel almost constantly, live full lives as husbands and fathers. Yet, pressed as they are, they *make* time for exercise. Even without specific orders, "keep fit" is implicit in their job. They know that

Handball, the astronauts' favourite game, is like fives: a test of quick reflexes, played by hitting a small ball against a wall. A player scores by outwitting his opponent with an unreturnable shot.



maintenance of a healthy body demands physical activity.

Advising them in their do-it-yourself keep-fit project is air force sergeant Joe Garino. "Motivation is everything," says Garino. "And nowadays you can get plenty of it just by reading about people paralysed by strokes or killed by coronary attacks—which exercise helps to prevent." Here is the programme that he advises for astronauts, or for anyone who wants to keep fit.

1. Have a thorough physical examination once a year.

2. Set aside at least one, preferably two, exercise periods each day. "It's the same with everybody—astronauts or businessmen," Sergeant Garino says. "The hardest part of an exercise programme is for a man to get up from his chair for the first time." Make exercise a habit.

3. Starting gradually, work to build up your stamina. This, not speed or muscle, should be everyone's main aim in physical conditioning: the ability to endure strain without becoming exhausted.

4. One of the best exercises is running. Try walking 50 steps, running 50 steps, for half a mile three times a week. Then cut down the walking and increase the running distance as you can, slowly and steadily. "In two or three months," says Garino, "you'll be running like a schoolboy. I run two miles a day. Some of the astronauts run more."

5. Pick a sport that is fun, preferably one that is played with another

person in energetic competition, such as tennis, badminton, squash or handball. Play regularly.

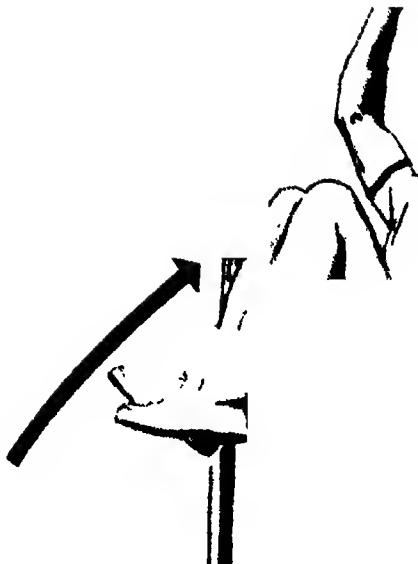
6. Relax regularly, too. One way is to take a quick walk whenever your daily work gets you down. Another way is to exercise briefly just before you go to bed; tired muscles will relax instead of tensing, and you will sleep better.

7. Balance exercise and diet. The astronauts — average weight 12 stone — detest dieting and eat heartily. But exercise helps to work off any extra food. "A man who has made a habit of keeping in condition knows when he's gaining weight," says Dr. Berry. "He just doesn't feel right."

The list contains no surprises. What is new, if anything, is its emphasis on the *variety of activities* that can contribute to fitness.*

Among new astronauts, as among many people, two muscular deficiencies predominate: weak backs and weak hands. Weak backs frequently cause low back pain. To cure this Sergeant Garino recommends two exercises.

* See "You Can Feel Fit at Any Age," Reader's Digest, April 1968.



First, the bent-knee sit-up. Lie on your back on the floor, with knees bent, arms extended in front of you. Raise the upper body to a sitting position; then lie down again. Do eight to ten sit-ups, three times the first week. For succeeding weeks, increase the number of sit-ups by five, and do the exercise with your hands clasped behind your head.

Second, the "frog hang." Find a bar from which you can hang by your hands. Grasp it and raise both knees as high as you can towards your chest. Hold the position for at least five seconds, and repeat until tired.

These exercises strengthen your abdominal and lower back muscles. They, in turn, act to straighten the front line of your body and lift the front of your pelvis. This lessens the curve in the lower spine, relieves pressure on the nerves entering the spinal column—and usually stops low back pain.

To build up strength in hands and





wrists — necessary to deal with the unbelievably tiring procedures of positioning nuts and bolts and making electrical connexions in space—astronaut Ed Aldrin used a special gimmick to train for the final space walk of the Gemini series. It was a weight (five pounds at first, increased to

twelve) tied to a six-foot sash cord which he rolled up on a piece of broomstick. Holding on to the broomstick with both hands, elbows locked, he would wind up the weight several times a day. Later, in space, he was able to stay outside his capsule and do some hand work for five and a half hours.

"He performed sensationaly," Garino says. "For the kind of grip that makes good astronauts—and good golfers, too—fix up a device

like Aldrin's. Or grip a soft rubber ball while you're reading or watching television."

Each astronaut has his own favourite escape when nerves get ragged and tension builds up. Several times during the month before the first U.S. orbital flight, John Glenn was scheduled to take off, and each time the flight was cancelled because of bad weather or other reasons. "When the pressure got too much," Garino recalls, "he'd simply go out and walk for miles along the beach." Two other astronauts turn to gardening when they feel the boiling point coming.

It seems, therefore, that a first-rate fitness programme for the average person may be no formal programme at all. Instead, several interlocking elements are involved:

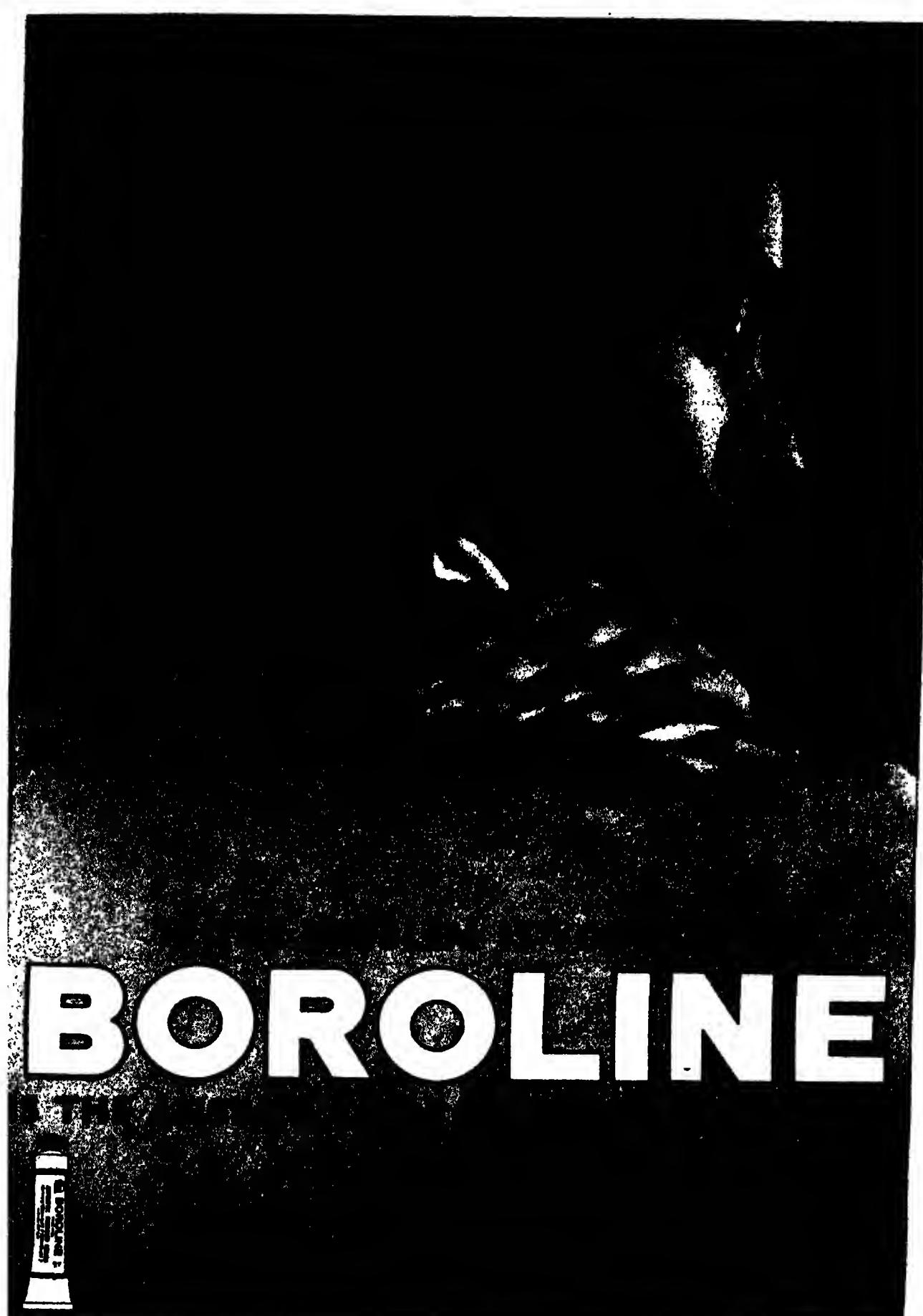
- Regular and spirited activity of a fairly strenuous nature.
- Free choice of the means by which one will get the job done.
- Relief of tension by relaxation and fun.
- The will power of a mind stimulated by its desire for excellence.

The human body, guided wisely, *will show results*. The astronauts have proved it.

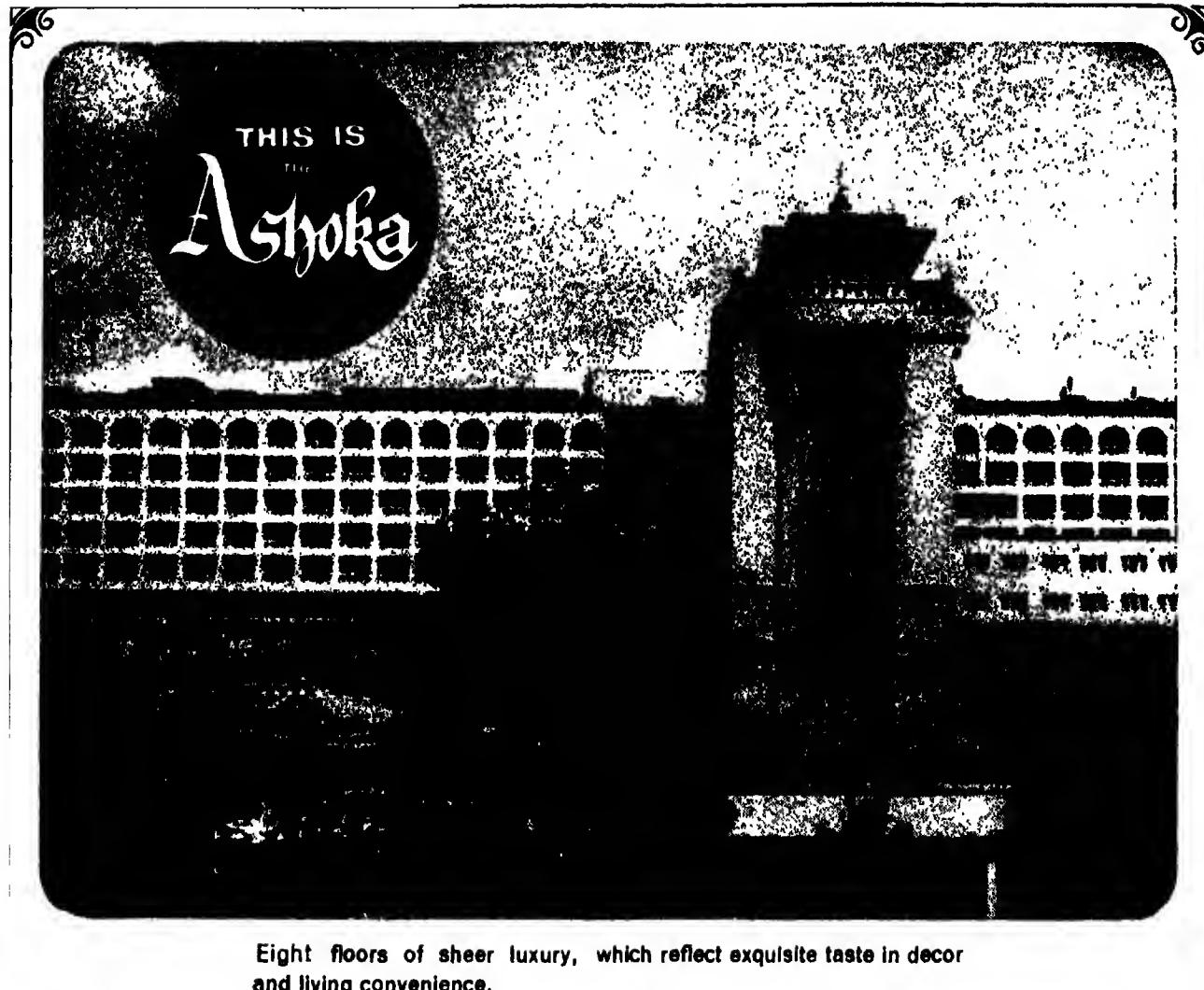
Reading Between the Lines

THE TOWN COUNCIL of Beauchamp in France appealed to residents for holiday accommodation for city schoolchildren. The poster read: "All women wanting children please contact the mayor who will endeavour to fulfil their desires as far as he is able."

—*Stuttgarter Zeitung, Germany*



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To the problems of one of the busiest courts
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of compassion, understanding and humour



By J. D. RATCLIFF

THREE IS no other court quite like it. Justice is dispensed so rapidly that a case may last no longer than 90 seconds, and on a busy day a hundred will be disposed of in a morning. Yet there seems to be time for warmth and understanding.

"It is justice from the heart," says one lawyer who has appeared there often, "with human rights placed above property rights." But perhaps the most striking thing about this court is its easy informality—without loss of dignity.

A man walks in forgetting to remove his hat. The judge glances up and says, "Take off that hat. You won't catch cold."

An elderly woman who has just won a non-payment-of-rent case starts walking out of the court murmuring, "Thank you, Jesus; thank you, Jesus . . ." The judge calls for

CONDENSED FROM CHRISTIAN HERALD

attention, and the woman turns. "And thank you, Judge," she adds. The judge smiles. "I only wanted equal time."

This busy Chicago court is presided over by Edith Sampson, the first Negro woman ever elected to the bench in the United States. A print dress and a string of pearls peep out from the neck of her black judicial gown. Edith Sampson hardly follows the judicial stereotype: she is more like an understanding grandmother settling disputes in a contentious family.

Varied Work. Chicago's municipal-court system is one of the world's biggest and busiest. Three million cases a year pass through an array of specialized courts handling everything from traffic violations to domestic relations. Judge Sampson currently presides over landlord-tenant cases.

About 75 per cent of the people who come before her are Negroes, and nearly all are poor. "This is their supreme court," says Judge Sampson. "Since they have no money for an appeal, they either get justice here or not at all."

Edith Sampson was born Edith Spurlock in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1901, one of eight children of a cleaning-shop employee. "I suppose we were poor, but we never knew it," she says.

"We had a *good* home. We wore second-hand clothes, and we all worked. To supplement family income, my mother made hat frames.

I worked in a fish market. We ate regularly, slept in clean beds, went to church."

Young Edith had the American Negro's usual childhood experience of being called "nigger," and being hurt by it. But thereafter, says Judge Sampson, "colour never bothered me very much. I know what I am, and a blonde I am not."

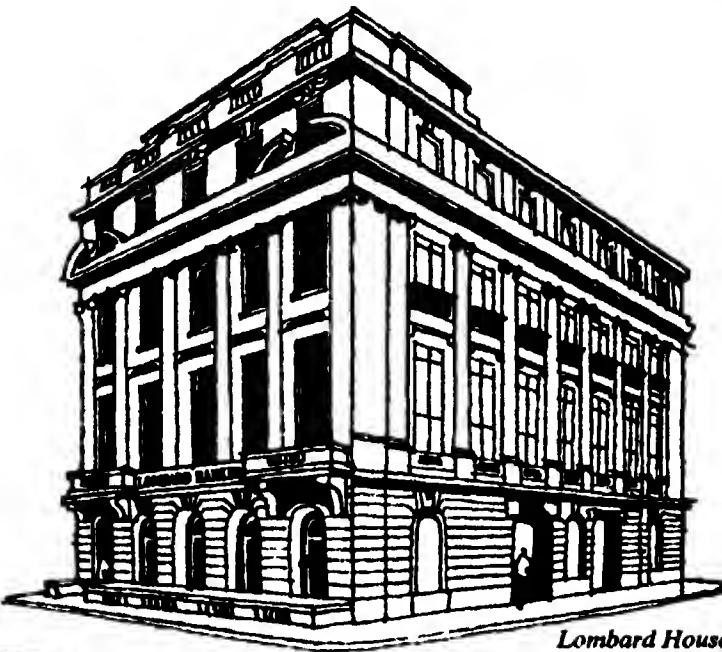
It took Edith Sampson many years to get through university and obtain two law degrees—since she did all of it via night school, meanwhile paying her way by working during the day. In Chicago, during her law-school days, she married (and later divorced) Rufus Sampson. Then her sister died and left Edith her entire estate—two children.

Afterwards, she married the late Joseph Clayton, a noted Negro criminal lawyer. She herself became well known as an attorney and, in 1949, was asked to go on a world tour for "America's Town Meeting of the Air," a popular radio programme. She did so—at her own expense. In every country, communist hecklers were on hand, asking barbed questions about Negroes in America.

"You ask, do we get fair treatment? My answer is no," replied Mrs. Sampson. "Just the same, I'd rather be a Negro in America than a citizen of any other country. In the past century we have made more progress than dark-skinned people anywhere else in the world."

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JUSTICE—EDITH SAMPSON STYLE

she made, President Truman appointed her a member of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations in 1950 and again in 1952. Taunted once by Russia's Andrei Vyshinsky, she replied, "We Negroes aren't interested in communism—we were slaves too long for that."

After several years as Assistant Corporation Counsel of Chicago, she was nominated by the Democratic Party in 1962 to run for an unexpired term as circuit-court judge. Elected overwhelmingly, she got a still larger vote when she ran for a full six-year term in 1964.

Judge Sampson, who has four honorary doctorates and has been the friend of four U.S. Presidents, is much too moderate to suit the radical fringe of young black activists. They call her a "handkerchief head," after the American Negro slave Mammy who traditionally wore a kerchief around her head. Unperturbed, she defends her position with vigour:

"There were two great revolutions in the eighteenth century. Out of one came a democratic republic; out of the other came a reign of terror. Why? The men who made the American revolution were pragmatic, practical. They weren't out to create Utopia overnight, and moved for the most part within the framework of English law and liberty. The French revolutionaries in contrast, thought they could make an instant paradise by ruthless application of an idealistic logic.

"We have a similar situation in America today. I for one prefer the pragmatic way. Don't tear down the old homestead until you have a clear idea of what you'll build in its place. Just because you are impatient with moving at only five miles an hour, it doesn't follow that accelerating to 150 will solve problems. There is a cruising range."

Youth Leader. Judge Sampson has an unending round of engagements. In 1965 she spoke to a group of young Negroes who were getting a new start via JOBS (Job Opportunities through Better Skills):

"In a bar on Saturday night, the losers attack you full-blast. Why are you beating your brains out trying to beat the system? How can you call yourself a man when you've sold out to the power structure? What's the percentage in being a garage mechanic or errand boy? The white man has beat us down for years, for centuries. So you get even by tearing his comfortable, tight little world to pieces. Why fight when the odds are so heavy?

"I'll tell you why. That is the way things *were*. They are not quite that way now. The doors have not been opened, but they have been unlocked. If we press against them, they will open. You students are about to walk through one of those unlocked doors. You might have sat in your rooms and sulked. You might have taken to the streets. You might have retreated to the bars to drown your frustrations. You did

it the hard way—and you I admire."

Judge Sampson's day begins promptly at 9.30 when she opens court in Chicago's glistening new Civic Centre. Before her passes an unending panorama of humour, pathos, drama.

Executing Rights. A woman about to be evicted steps forward. She carries a sickly baby on her arm and holds the hand of a toddler. The judge calls the lawyer for the landlord aside: "Do you know the street where this woman lives? It is in one of the most sensitive areas on the South Side. It could explode any moment. Moving this woman out on the street just might do it. I can't take the responsibility of setting off a conflagration for \$150 in back rent. Try and work out something with the welfare people."

Then to the woman: "That baby is sick. There's a clinic in your neighbourhood"—she gives the address. "I want you to go from this court to the clinic. Do you promise?" The woman nods: "Yes, ma'am."

A voluble young Negro preacher is next. It's a case of lease-breaking. "Are you one of these self-appointed leaders?" the judge asks. "You'd do better in the civil-rights movement. I was in it before you were born. I helped cultivate the ground you are walking on. Whether you like it or not, landlords have rights, too. You are going to have to honour your contract just as I would expect a landlord to. Good-bye."

A white man is next. He is two months behind in his rent. "I was injured on the job. I'm short of funds, and my first responsibility is to my family. I'll get a disability cheque in two weeks and can pay my rent then." The judge decides: "Stay in your flat until then. But when the cheque arrives, bring the money here. I want to *see* you pay the rent. Be back here in 15 days." The case has taken two minutes. "Satisfied?" she asks. Everyone smiles and the defendant nods.

And so it goes—10,000 cases a year in the ever-crowded courtroom. Endlessly patient, Judge Sampson keeps her court in session until the day's full docket of misery is disposed of. "These people," she says, "can't afford to lose more than a day's work. If I keep them waiting for several days, it can mean economic disaster."

Having lunch with Judge Sampson is a memorable experience. On the way to a restaurant, the traffic light changes while she is halfway across the street. In her husky voice, she calls to the big Irish traffic cop, "Get me across here safely, or I'll start a demonstration." The policeman recognizes her, grins and stops all traffic to escort the judge to safety.

On every street a dozen people greet her. An elderly man with a mop and pail wants to shake hands. A Negro girl smiles and waves. A white businessman asks: "How have you been, Judge?" At a central

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table in the restaurant, there is little time for eating because of a steady procession of people who want to say hallo: federal judges, lawyers whom she has given a hard time, cleaners and waiters.

Alone in a taxi later, I asked the driver if he knew Judge Sampson. He broke into laughter. "Of course I know her. I was in her court once for failure to support my ex-wife. She asked how much I had in my pocket. I had \$50, but I tried to take out only part of it. It all came out together, and she took it and handed it over to my ex-wife. Then she grinned.

"'Give him \$5 back,' she said. 'He'll need a drink after this.' Know her? I'll say I know her." He could hardly control his laughter.

In the light of present Negro unrest, how does Judge Sampson see the future? "I am optimistic. To be sure, America has a lot of unfinished business. The Negroes aren't the only ones involved—there are the Indians, the Puerto Ricans, people from Appalachia. We are certainly rich enough, and we should be big enough, to see that opportunity is the right of all. More understanding and more opportunity must be offered by one side. The other must realize that equal rights mean equal responsibility.

"We are beginning to move. We haven't reached cruising speed yet, but we are moving towards a better America at an ever-increasing pace. I only hope that neither side loses its head."

Dish Jockey

I WAS browsing in the household section of a department store when there was a crash and clatter that made all heads turn. An assistant high up on a ladder had knocked over a large display of "unbreakable" dishes. In a loud voice, the red-faced assistant announced: "Testing, testing . . ."

—P. L. S.

* * *

Hard to Swallow

AN India-born friend of mine, travelling by air, told the counter clerk when he ordered his ticket that he was a vegetarian. He was assured that this information would be fed into the computer.

At the airport he was informed that a special tray had been prepared for him in accordance with his diet restrictions. But on the plane, at lunch-time, the stewardess handed him a tray identical with those given the other passengers—with the following message from the computer: "The Pope now authorizes you to eat meat on Fridays."

—Uma Narasimhan

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Enchanted World of the Dolls' House

BY FLORA GILL JACOBS

Once the playthings of kings and noblemen, these astonishing toys still cast a spell in miniature

LAST YEAR in London a very small building without a foot of land was sold for 30,000 guineas. On today's inflated market, such a price for a piece of property may seem routine—until one learns that the small building which changed hands was a *dolls' house*.

Auctioned at Christie's, this miniature residence is Titania's Palace. Built in Dublin and opened by Queen Mary in 1922, the palace was the life work of Sir Nevile Wilkinson, soldier, artist and perfectionist, who spent four years painting the reredos in the tiny chapel and collected most of its miniature treasures.

The glorious result of his labours is a blend of classic mythology, exquisite handiwork, and whimsy (there are, for instance, cupboards

for spare wings in the fairy princesses' bedrooms).

Before the war, this unique work of art toured the world, raising £100,000 for charity from those who viewed it. Today it is owned by a syndicate of three, headed by Lord Keyes.

"We are happy to have secured its British ownership," says Lord Keyes, "and we intend to continue the tradition of exhibiting Titania's Palace all over the world."

Cognoscenti like Lord Keyes have taken dolls' houses seriously for at least four centuries. In 1558, the Duke of Bavaria, Albrecht V, ordered a fine dolls' house to be built for his small daughter. But the little girl was destined never to play with it. The patrician toy proved to be so magnificent that the Duke



COURTESY LORD KEVET

One of the bathrooms in Titania's Palace. Built in Dublin, the Palace represents the life work of Sir Nevile Wilkinson

had it placed in his art collection instead.

Although the Duke's dolls' house perished in a fire in 1674, other splendid examples nearly as old may be seen in museums all over the world. Each is a charming lesson in the arts, architecture, furnishings and customs of its era. Only some of these long-ago toys were made for children. Most were the luxurious playthings of adults. Dolls' house history is jammed with royal personages bestowing sumptuous dolls' houses upon their favourites and upon themselves.

Sometimes they even built their own. In the eighteenth century, after a visit to the Court of Brunswick where Princess Augusta Dorothea had spent much of a long widowhood reproducing in

miniature the court life around her, Frederick, Prince of Wales and the father of George III, took up his own saw and hammer. As Horace Walpole wrote in 1750, "The Prince is building baby houses at Kew."

The great Dutch dolls' houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were all made for adults. "After all," says Karl Gröber, a German toy historian, "the grave, worthy Dutch burghers who spent their good money on these costly

creations were themselves but big children."

At the Central Museum in Utrecht, there is a miniature 15-room mansion furnished in such splendour in 1690 that a full-sized burglar went to the trouble of robbing it in 1831. Though he made off with the drawing-room chandelier, a pair of silver fire-irons, a tortoise-shell inlaid cabinet, an amber chest inlaid with gold and ivory, and a plate chest full of spoons and forks, the absence of these treasures is not noticeable in the opulently-furnished rooms.

The Dutch were great art collectors, and in this diminutive house, as in the full-sized one it imitated, there is the customary art chamber. Ornately-framed oil paintings cover the traditional white-washed walls,



This dolls' house, made for Ann Sharp in the eighteenth century, is on show at Strangers' Hall, Norwich. Above: View of the nursery. Top left: Part of the kitchen. Bottom left: "Lady Jemima Johnson," one of the dolls

while infinitesimal gold coins and pieces of Chinese porcelain reflect the Dutch taste for miniature art.

Germany is known as the home of the dolls' house, and museums there display fine specimens dating back as far as 1600. One of the grandest, at the Germanisches National Museum in Nuremberg, with the date 1639 painted on a central dormer, has panelled walls, tiled stoves and decorated ceilings. Its kitchen, lined with pewter plates, copper skillets and a battery of other utensils, is so highly detailed that "Nuremberg Kitchens" were made as separate toys to instruct girls in cooking.

Architecturally, too, dolls' houses

are valuable educational toys. Compare one of these tall, narrow, forbidding Bavarian houses with the low, marble, Italian dolls' house to be seen in the Davia Bargellini Museum of Industrial Art in Bologna. Built around 1700, this little *palazzino* has chequer-board marble floors, Palladian arches and gilded ornamentation. On the ceilings are frescoes of playful angels, bottles of wine stand on the table, a blackbird sits in a cage in the entrance hall.

Noted architects built many of Britain's Queen Anne and Georgian doll mansions. Known as baby houses, these facsimiles of the stately homes of England had the family coat-of-arms on the pediment and

statues on the parapets. One house was so perfect architecturally that it was presented by Queen Anne to her god-daughter Ann Sharp, the Archbishop of York's child. Appropriately enough, the Monarch is represented in the house; her portrait, painted on the back of an ancient playing card, hangs above the drawing-room fireplace.

Dolls' houses are usually altered by succeeding generations, but Ann Sharp's, with a few minor additions, has been preserved just as its small owner left it. Even the names of her dolls survive, written on faded slips of paper and pinned to their costumes. They include such personages as "my Lord Rochett," "Sarah Gill, ye child's maid," and "Lady

Jemima Johnson," all dressed in the fashions of the day.

The elegant furnishings in this nine-room town house include rare pieces of silver such as a tiny snuffers-and-tray, bearing the date-mark 1686, in my lady's bedroom. There are several bleeding cups, grim tokens of primitive surgery. In the kitchen, a plum-pudding has been boiling for several centuries, while a sucking-pig roasts on the spit. This spit is itself a period piece, operated by a small, short-legged dog placed inside a revolving wheel set into the wall. When he ran, the spit turned.

Perhaps the most famous dolls' house in the world is the one at Windsor Castle, presented in 1924 to



© RESERVE

The magnificent library in Queen Mary's world-famous dolls' house at Windsor Castle, revealing the perfect detail of the portrait of Elizabeth I, the tiny books and dispatch boxes

Queen Mary—a dolls' house collector of long standing—by her loyal subjects. One of Britain's foremost architects, Sir Edwin Lutyens, who designed the city of New Delhi, drew up the blueprints. Authors such as Kipling and Galsworthy wrote special manuscripts in their own handwriting, which were bound in minuscule leather volumes for its library. Famous artists did oil paintings and water colours (770 of these), and there is a collection of music by British composers.

The house itself is palatial; there are suites for the King and Queen, even a strong-room for the Crown Jewels. Doulton, Minton and Wedgwood made the china, Dunhill the smoking accessories, and Rolls-Royce one of the limousines in the garage. There are 18 jars of marmalade in the well-stocked store-room and a thrush's nest—with eggs—in the garden.

But perhaps the most extraordinary feature is the wine cellar. This is so authentically stocked with bottles of wine that, when the house was first on view to the public, temperance advocates protested.

Art critics have had occasion to deal with dolls' houses. A New York dealer, setting up a modern art show in the late 1940s, discovered to his dismay that the original

of Marcel Duchamp's celebrated "Nude Descending a Staircase" was 3,000 miles away on the West Coast. A resourceful man, he remembered that the artist had made a copy for a gallery in a dolls' house. He borrowed the miniature nude and hung it alongside the full-sized paintings.

Dolls'-house enthusiasts are known in growing numbers all over the world. For them the tiny houses with their tinier furniture cast a spell—one that traditionally causes fathers to monopolize their sons' toy trains and mothers to spend hours running-up pocket-sized curtains.

What is this subtle appeal? Historian A. C. Benson, writing about the Queen's Dolls' House, refers to the "great beauty in smallness." Other authorities speak of "the mystique of the miniature."

But Phyllis McGinley puts it perfectly in a poem she wrote about a mother who came across her child's dolls' house in the attic:

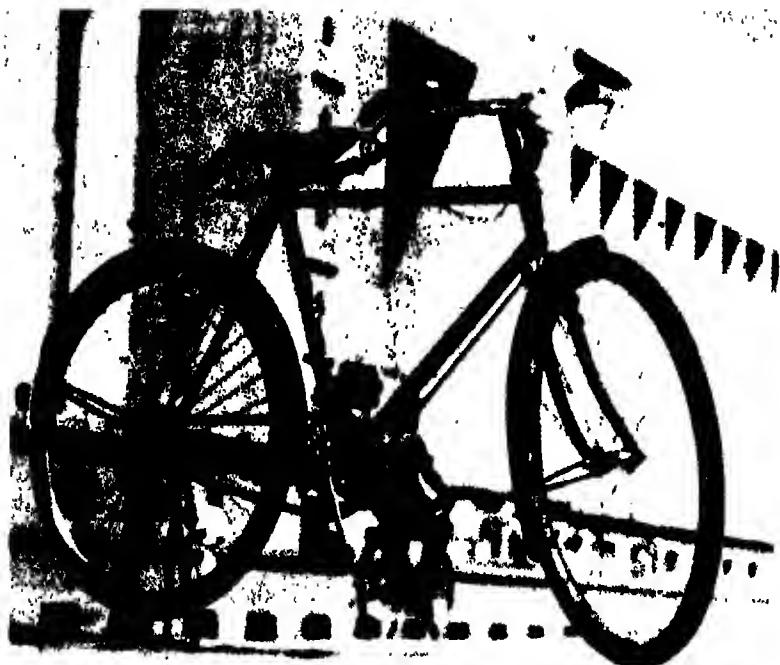
"Over this house, most tranquil
and complete . . .
She was sole mistress. Through
the panes she was able
to peer at her world reduced to the
size of dream . . ."

For those to whom the modern world often seems worth reducing, Phyllis McGinley's words, and dolls' houses, cannot be surpassed.

Sun Worship

THE VICAR of a city church was asked about his congregation's attendance during the holiday season. "Up and down," he replied. "Up in the mountains and down at the sea."

—P. C. A.



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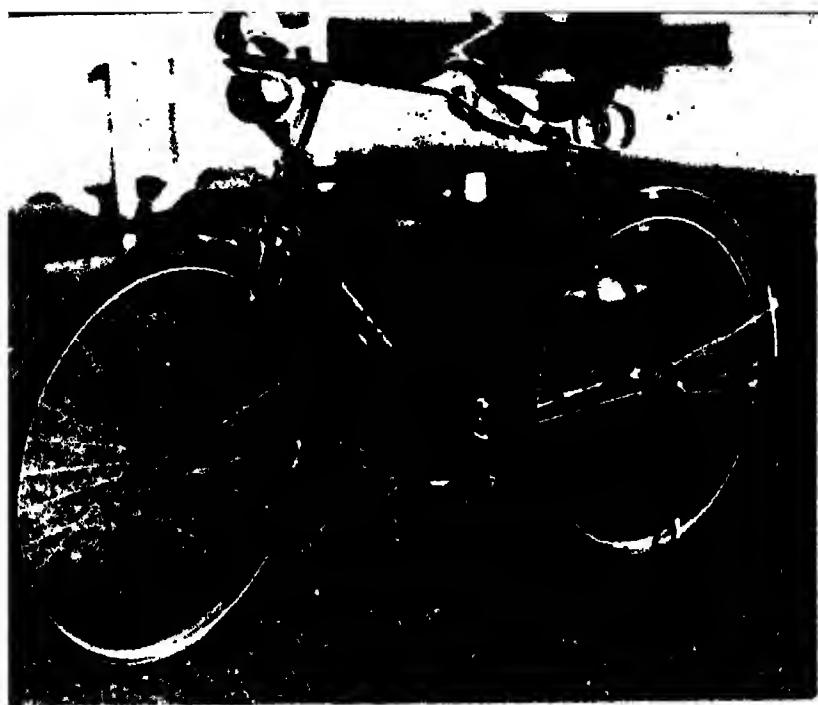
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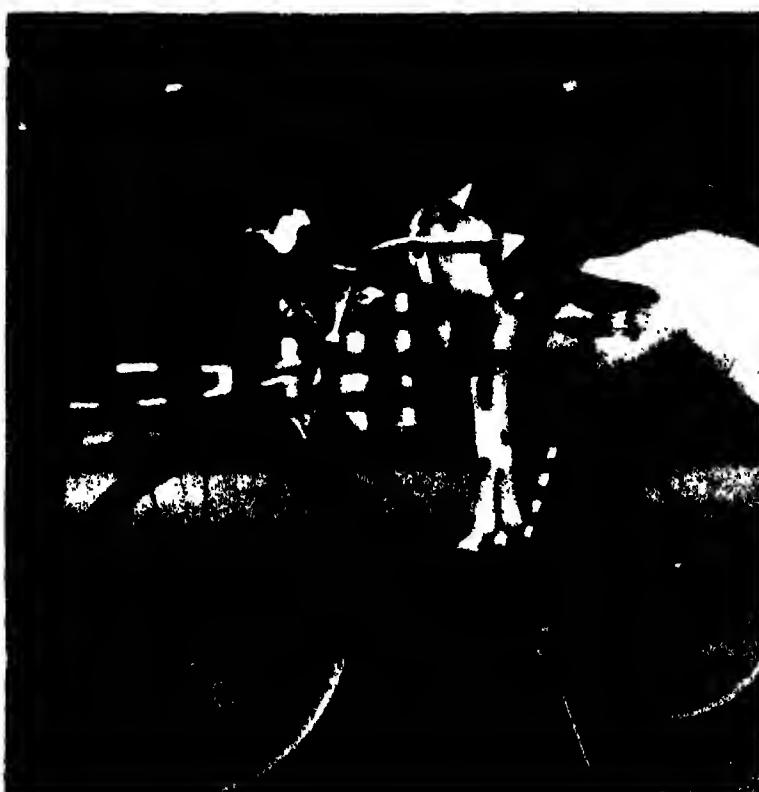
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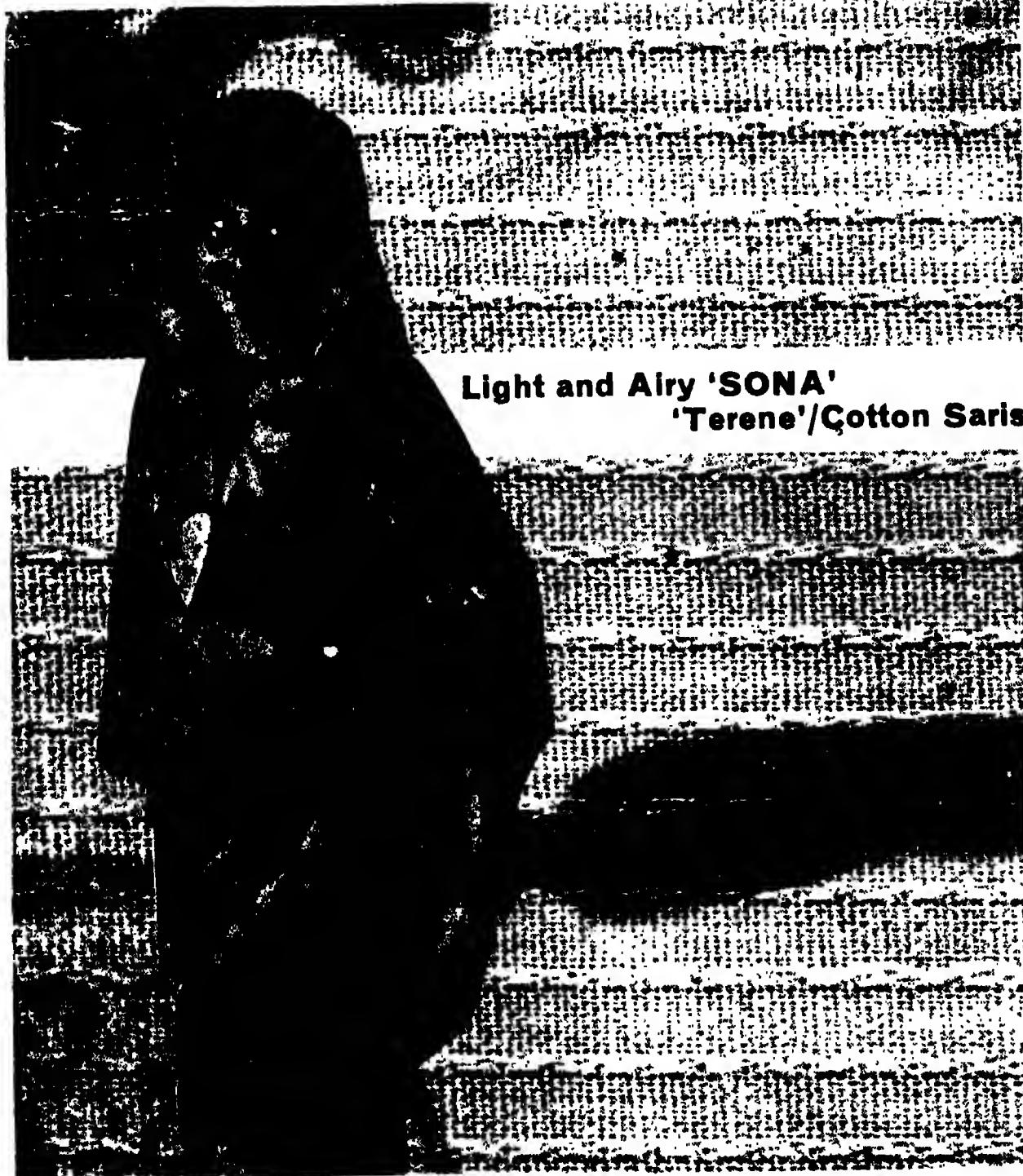
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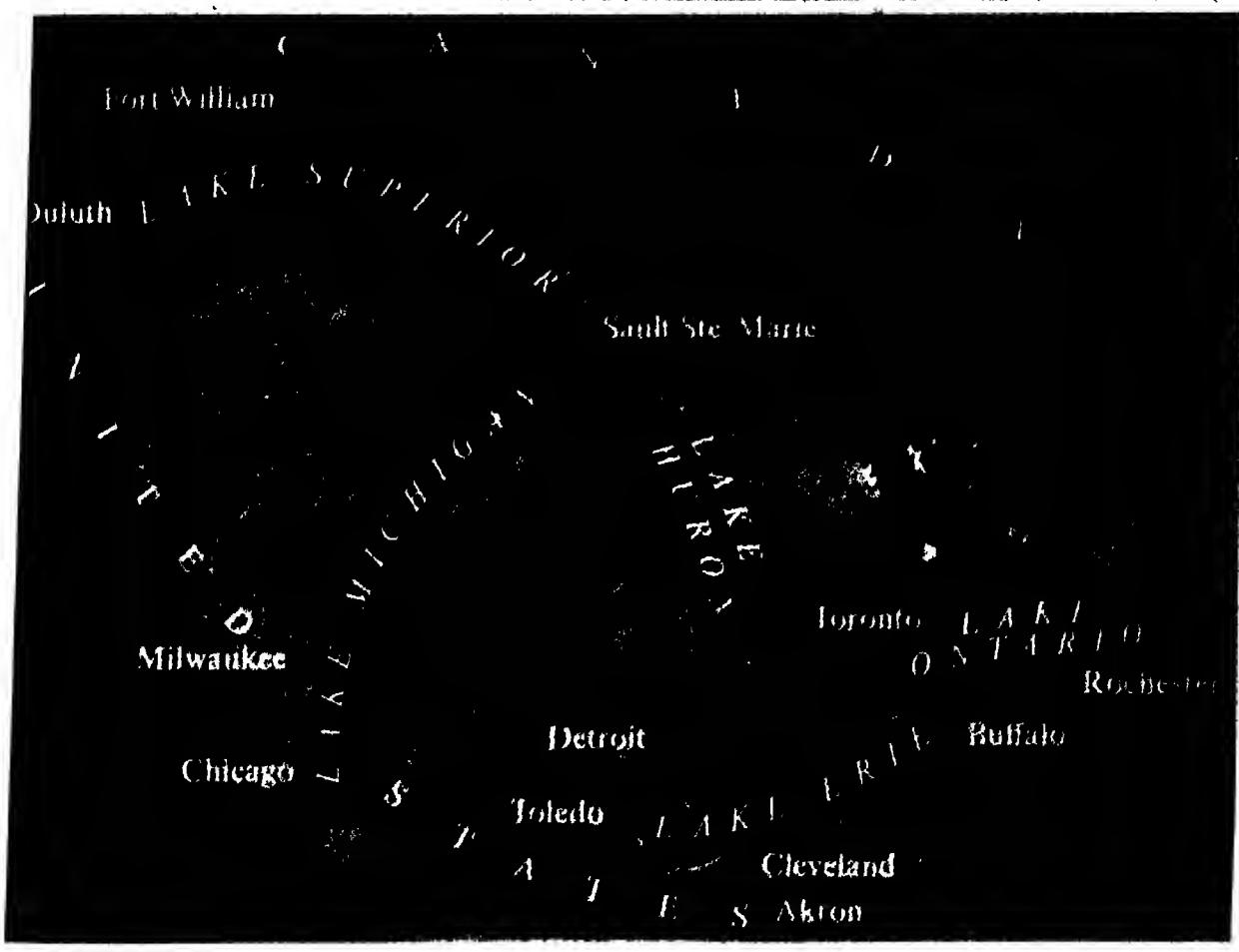
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America's Glorious Great Lakes

Make a voyage of discovery through this country's amazing, vast fresh-water seas

By NOEL MOSTERT

THE Great Lakes are the immemorial surprise of middle America, its finest colour; they are the greatest natural wonder of the whole continent, and yet, I am convinced, the most undervalued and unsung.

My own first introduction to them came some 15 years ago from the spectacular stretch of Canadian Pacific track that runs along the north shore of Lake Superior. The train comes drumming down from the bushland plateau, doubling and turning in the cuttings, and suddenly the emerald water heaves below, spreading from the white

empty sands to a horizon as vast and open as the sea. That far horizon has always struck me as being the truest measure of North America's breadth; it is hard to grasp that a land should contain several fresh-water seas so big that a ship can steam out of sight of the shore for a day or more, or even founder in giant waves, as happens from time to time.

Water Galore. These changing, changeless lakes, flung upon the map, almost dead centre, spill eastward and southward across America's Middle West. Ontario, the only Canadian province that fringes the lakes, sprawls along their northern coasts, and eight U.S. states—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota—crowd their lower shores. More than 40 per cent of America's total dollar income from farming, mining and manufacturing is earned around their basins; 80 per cent of Canada's industry is settled there—so that in a most literal sense it is indeed the breathing, pulsing, coursing heart of the continent.

This is the largest group of lakes in the world and the biggest body of fresh water, covering 96,000 square miles in surface, draining a 300,000-square-mile area, and flowing to the sea at a rate of 240,000 cubic feet per second—more than the Seine, Thames and Danube combined.

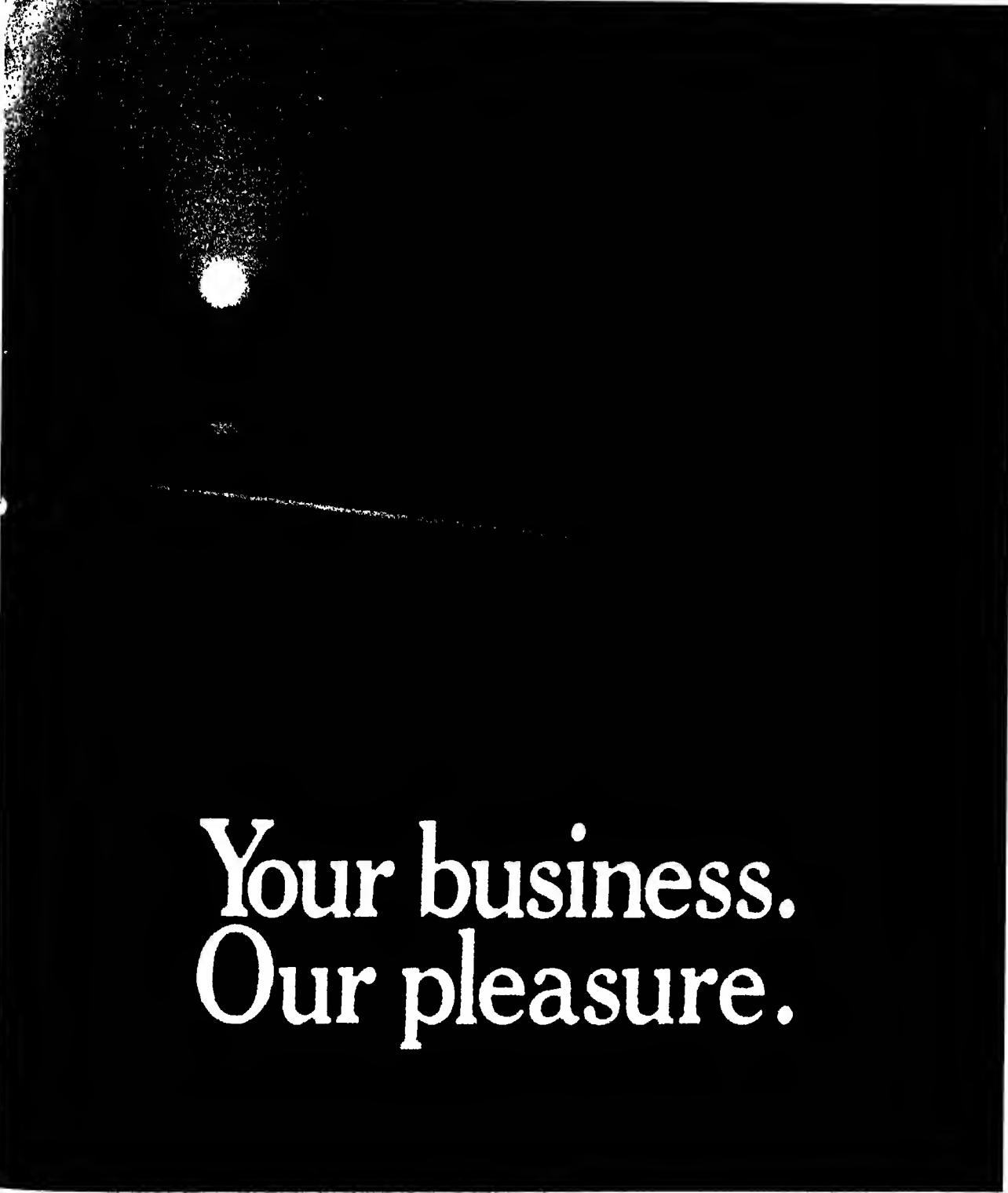
The lakes were the greatest single

asset with which America endowed its pioneer man. Their spacious waters were a natural highway for the exploring French and, two centuries later, for the main westward rush of settlement. And when ore was discovered on Superior's shores, in the mid- to late nineteenth century, the cheap transportation provided by the lakes became the lever of continental prosperity and boom. It established the American iron and steel industries, and made America the industrial giant of the world.

Let us approach the lakes the best way: along the course of history, up from Montreal along the Saint Lawrence and its Seaway. We book on a big Swedish freighter that is on its way to the lakes to pick up grain and general cargo for Australia.

Under way, we slide out of Montreal harbour and nose through the deepening twilight into the first lock of the Seaway at Saint Lambert. Suddenly a siren wails, bells ring, booms descend, the lock gates start swinging shut, lights flash red, and a drawbridge behind us descends while another in front rises, the heavy road and rail traffic shifting imperturbably and without pause from one to the other. There is a roar of water, the ship rises, and in minutes we have been lifted high enough to sail on.

The Seaway is 110 miles long and has seven locks. Through our first night and the following day, these lift us steadily higher, into Lake Ontario. Ontario is the smallest of



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the Great Lakes, 193 miles long east to west, but it is deep, with a maximum sounding of 778 feet. While the other lakes have distinct personalities, Ontario's is more elusive. The Niagara escarpment with its sheer thunderous drop has been an effective barrier between this and the other lakes, and the Saint Lawrence sluicing out of its eastern end draws Ontario's attention seaward. Its commerce has always been in that direction—or south, to New York. Its mood is sedate. Here no vulgar echoes of the westward push, the immigrant scramble; that essential pioneering familiarity of the upper lakes is missing.

On the bridge, the pilot tells us that the lake sailor speaks a different nautical language. The lakeman came originally from the farm, and he brought with him a homely terminology. He goes steamboating, as he describes his calling; he calls the rail his fence, the bow the front end. When a propeller loses a blade he says the boat has "thrown her bucket." After the Seaway brought in the ocean ships, pilotage was introduced and enforced, and the lakeman has grudgingly come to recognize that the Great Lakes are no longer his private preserve.

In the morning we enter the Welland Canal, whose 27 miles and eight locks will lift us over the Niagara Falls escarpment to Lake Erie. We drift down the canal, past orchards and towns. We sail between backyards. Then past the back porch

of a small farmhouse. Some sort of domestic celebration, a table out on the grass, the men in chairs talking. I raise my glass and they nod. A woman comes out with a pie dish and offers it round; she raises it and smiles, and we know that she is sorry she can't offer it to us across the gap of water.

Next morning we break out past the last lock into Lake Erie. The ship suddenly begins to sway. Doors bang, the air pours cold and strong through the porthole. We are at sea.

Dangerous Seas. Though Superior is the worst storm lake, with waves as high as 35 feet, Erie is the one that is most talked about: a killer of small craft. It has a reputation for treacherous flash storms. The shallowest of the lakes, it can be pale and as smooth as glass—then a few hours later be insensately churning under a fugitive sky. Its shores are low-lying, its beaches often narrow, and except for the gritty imprints pawed by industry, it is succulently pastoral..

All day we push south-west. By evening the air is much colder, and a rainstorm washes away the profile of Cleveland, Ohio, as we pass in through the breakwater and tie up there. A group of officials wait on the sodden dock, all solemnly patient in their wet clothes, motionless as pavement pigeons in a downpour. This is our first American port, and they are here to clear the ship. One man goes down into the holds to look for beetles, a serious

matter here in the heart of the continent's farmlands; no vigilance is too small to protect against some unknown blight.

We never really see the city; in the morning it remains hidden in dark mist, and the foghorn on the breakwater sounds steadily. The cargo winches are busy, and the ship lists to starboard as the cranes work the port side, probing and nodding over the hatches like weird skeletal giraffes feeding; crates of beer and canned fish swing upwards.

At dusk we pass the Detroit River lighthouse, situated at the junction of river and lake. Detroit lies beside us now, an immense suffusion of light on the mist, with glowing red patches from the torches of the industrial plants at River Rouge. The night rattles and growls with the sleepless discontent of industry on the near-by shore.

Visual Splendour. The unity between metropolis and water at Detroit forms an extraordinary junction. The other cities stand back, seem to bend their gaze inland towards the plains. But not Detroit. Nowhere else does human traffic converge so spectacularly with such pace and purpose and pride—the silver streamliners and fast freights, the multicoloured cars and trucks and buses, the lake and ocean ships on the water, the air liners like a constant shower of glinting splinters above as they descend and ascend over the city.

In the next day and night we run

the 206-mile north-south length of Lake Huron, the second-largest of the lakes. Its deepest sounding is 750 feet, and its shores are sparsely populated.

Except for one or two large cities, it still is wild country. You can smell the north here; the wind has the resinous taste of pine, and stings from having blown a long way across cold water.

Strong Impressions. A spirit is in the air; one of the Swedes is sorting the charts, and the names marked on them run like an incantation to the presence that suddenly seems manifest about us—Manitowoc, Manitowaning, Manitou North and Manitoulin. We take our sense of awe below with us, where we slowly and thoughtfully eat the rich meal and listen as the pilot, a Canadian, talks solemnly about ghosts and storm and wreck.

We enter Saint Mary's River at the upper end of Huron at twilight. The river is wide and still. On either side of it the forest comes down to the water, a stony shore; the country behind rises to low, hunched mountains.

The overwhelming impression is of absolute silence. Not even Huron itself seemed so wide, so empty, soundless, as these woods pressing thickly to the very edge of the water. A gull, solitary as fear, the only movement in this primeval desolation, rises beside the rail and then wheels and soars high and catches that final light on its wing,

floats for a moment, then vanishes.

Our destination now is Fort William, Ontario, at the top of Lake Superior. Superior is 360 miles long, the largest fresh-water lake in the world. It is also the deepest of the Great Lakes—with the deepest sounding at 1,302 feet, its bottom lies well below sea-level—and it holds almost half the water of the entire system.

There is an antique stillness on Superior, a feeling of immense brooding age. Round-humped mountains skirting the shores look like burial mounds of the gods, their surfaces rubbed to a hard polish by glaciers through aeons of cold sleep. It is even in the very look of the water, a serene surface overlaid upon inscrutable depths.

Out through these ancestral mists move the long lake barges bearing prairie grain and Minnesota ore. If there is a distinctive sound that man has brought to this region, then surely it is the harsh clangor of shunting freight cars, which re-echoes night and day in the ports where the trains crawl in with their mile-long loads of golden seed or tinted nuggets.

We slowly steam up to Fort William. The town wears the look of any city; paved streets and urban

architecture. Yet the gleaming tracks and lines of car, fringing the wilderness, strike me as being among the most remarkable things we have experienced so far; one feels that one has indeed come to some junction of the continent between past and present, between frontier and factory.

Last Lap. Forty-eight hours later we pass through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan. Michigan, the only one of the lakes entirely within the United States, is the lake that built Chicago. It is the main route of the ocean-going ships. Its shores are green and tangled in the north, and white with dunes to the east.

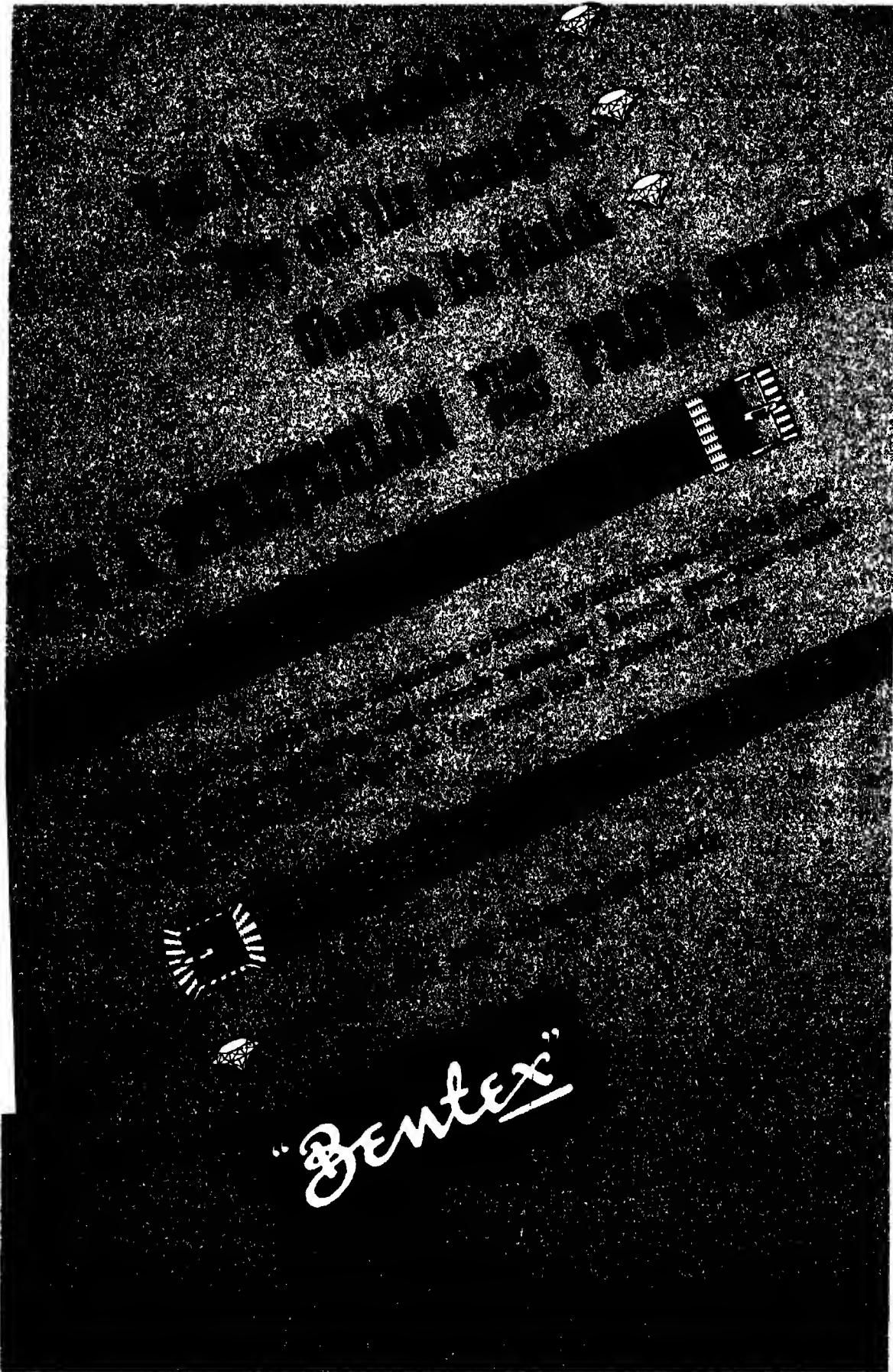
Now the whole lake has gone glassy, and the sky black. There are distant rumbles, and suddenly the wind comes. In no time the ship begins to lift and roll. The bulkheads creak; the curtains swing; lightning illuminates the whole ship. From that windless dusk to this black rage. A steward comes in to secure the porthole.

"Tomorrow Chicago," he says, as if to convince himself as well as me. It still doesn't seem true. He should have said Cherbourg or Southampton. Chicago? I lie and listen to the water.

Spicy Story

ALONG with green chillies, red chillies, tamales, tacos, enchiladas and other hot dishes, a little adobe restaurant near the U.S.-Mexican border offers an alternative: "The Coward's Plate."

—Greta Busch





When you're after the facts,
there's nothing like a woman

MY WIFE'S MAGIC MEMORY

BY PETER BARRETT

ATHE FEATS of a modern computer are nothing compared with the calculating machine we have at our house. It's my wife's Magic Memory, and it's so quick and infallible, it's frightening. Take the day our refrigerator broke down.

"When was it delivered?" I asked my wife. "It might still be guaranteed."

For a moment nothing happened; then I saw a glimmer in her eye.

"I remember the morning well," she began. "The milkman came into the kitchen and slipped on some butter and dropped a bottle of milk.

He had four bottles that day, so it must have been a Tuesday. I was still cleaning up the mess when the front doorbell rang, and it was a man selling sets of encyclopaedias at a special low price for April.

"But we didn't buy a set till the following year, which was 1958, and I remember *that* because it was the year you bought me a sewing machine for a surprise. So it was a Tuesday in April 1957. But which Tuesday?"

I held my breath.

"Oh, yes!" she said, brightening. "*That* Tuesday. It was the sixteenth. I'd bought some beef and

the darned thing took ages to cook. You'd brought Ted home for supper, and while the two of you waited I kept peeping at the meat—and looking at our beautiful new refrigerator."

So there it was, with all the ends tied up. I pity any lawyer who ever puts my wife in the witness box and tries to shake her on some insignificant point of long ago. She will clobber him.

Rapid Recall. I have stood beside her in awe as she tried to select a dress to wear out to dinner, discovering all over again that in some mysterious way the wearing of a dress is an event for a woman.

"Why not the red silk one?" I'll say.

"Sally and June saw me in that at the Bates's just before Christmas, so that's out," she'll say instantly.

"Well, how about the brocade?"

It seems that Nadine saw her in the brocade twice last year and, under the rules of dressmannship, a third exposure is out of the question. Dress after dress is ticked off against a mental list, until a little light flickers on in the back of her head.

"Only Ann has seen my chiffon," she'll say triumphantly.

"I suppose you remember what she wore that time?" I'll challenge.

"Of course. A gold-lamé sheath

with two strands of baroque pearls and . . ."

But I've fled to my wardrobe to pluck off the hanger the first suit my hand touches, secure in the knowledge that no man will remember whether or not he ever saw it before.

What really amazes me, though, is the way she spots old films on television. The other night I'd turned one on, and she came into the room during the credits.

"We've seen that," she said flatly.

By now I'm conditioned to her rattling off plots of ten-year-old films. She knows that the girl on the couch whom Cary Grant visits on Christmas Eve is a cripple and has kept it from him, etc. But how do you recognize a film from the credits?

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"From the theme music. Doesn't it ring any bells? You've not only heard it before, we've *danced* to it."

I should have given up then. But I persevered. "When?"

"It was at a dance when we were in the other house. In May. I remember it because that was the last time we had Mrs. Arbuckle as a baby sitter. She was the one who ate all the grapes, and we found the pips behind the radiator. We all wore fancy dress and you . . ."

My hands went up in surrender.

LETTER to the editor of an Italian food-trade journal: "I don't understand why there are so many holes in Swiss cheese, when Gorgonzola and Roquefort need ventilating much more."

—Rudolf Burger

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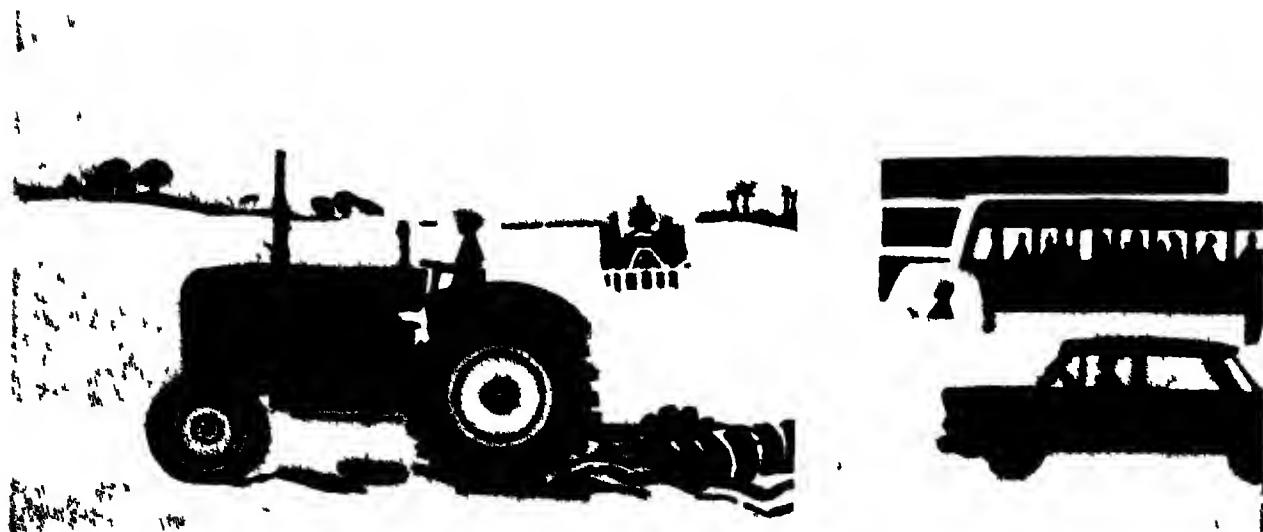
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The World's Best-Loved Opera

BY ALICE-LEONE MOATS

Though critics scorned the first performance, its freshness and gaiety, its pathos and passion have won a special place in the hearts of theatre-goers

IT WAS THE world première of *La Bohème* that night of February 1, 1896, at Turin's Teatro Regio. The opera's 37-year-old composer, Giacomo Puccini, stood nervously in the wings. Three years earlier, in the same theatre, his *Manon Lescaut* had opened to immense acclaim. Now, the terrifying moment had come when he would find out whether or not he could stay at the top of the musical ladder. He took five curtain calls at the end, but he felt keenly that the applause lacked warmth and he sensed disaster in the air.

The next morning proved him right: the critics tore the new



METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSOCIATION, INC.

work to pieces. Their attitude was summed up by Carlo Bersezio of *La Stampa*: "*La Bohème* does not leave any great impression on the soul of the listener, just as it will leave no great mark on the history of our lyric theatre." But the conductor, a 28-year-old named Arturo Toscanini, felt differently. "Absurd!" he said. "It's a beautiful opera and will make audiences all over the world weep."

Joyous Reception. Toscanini was right. Less than three months later, in Palermo, Sicily, 3,000 spectators went wild over the opera. Within four years, *La Bohème* was acclaimed in Buenos Aires, Milan, London, Berlin, Vienna, Paris and New York. Since then, it has achieved a success unsurpassed by any other opera—probably performed more often than any other serious stage work. It has been performed over 1,430 times at the Opéra Comique in Paris alone and is staged an average of 100 times a year in Italy. Said Gianandrea Gavazzeni, director of Milan's La Scala until early 1968: "To pull in the crowds, we have only to post the notice of *Bohème* outside the theatre."

La Bohème has captured the world's heart and imagination for many of the same reasons that Frenchman Henri Murger's novel, *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, cast a spell on Puccini when he first read it in 1893. "I sing episodes of sentiment that speak to the heart," he

told a friend. "In Murger's book there is everything I need and love: freshness, youth, passion, gaiety, tears wept in silence, love that gives joy and suffering. Above all, there is poetry—divine poetry."

The opera is a simple story of four young bohemians—Rodolfo, a poet, Marcello, a painter, Colline, a philosopher, and Schaunard, a musician—who live in poverty in Paris, always building castles in the air, but seldom with enough money for food. Rodolfo falls in love with his neighbour Mimi, a fragile, gentle seamstress who comes knocking at the door of his garret room on Christmas Eve to ask for a light for her candle.

Marcello carries on a stormy love affair with the luxury-loving Musetta, who keeps running off with rich men but always returns to her painter whom she loves in spite of herself. Rodolfo discovers that Mimi has tuberculosis and, although he adores her, he gives her up to a wealthy viscount who is better able to look after her. But a few months later Mimi abandons her protector and returns to the garret. There she dies, despite the frantic efforts of Rodolfo and his friends to save her.

Shocking Content. That an opera should be about bohemians and working girls was presumably what aroused the scorn of the critics in Turin. They would have liked epic characters drawn from history or legend and were shocked by the

realism of *La Bohème*. None of them could assert that Puccini lacked talent, but they bitterly attacked him for misusing that talent.

Music was in Puccini's blood. He was the fifth in an unbroken line of musicians, all of whom held the post of cathedral organist in the Tuscan city of Lucca. Giacomo, named after the founder of the dynasty, was born on December 22, 1858, and started his musical training as soon as he could stand. His father used to place coins on the organ keys so that the boy, in trying to pick them up, would produce sounds.

Later, studies at the Pacini Institute in Lucca were directed towards fitting him for the family post, but he never became more than a passable organist. At 18, he walked 14 miles to Pisa to hear Verdi's *Aida*, his first opera. That day, the course of his life was changed: in his words, "a musical window suddenly opened."

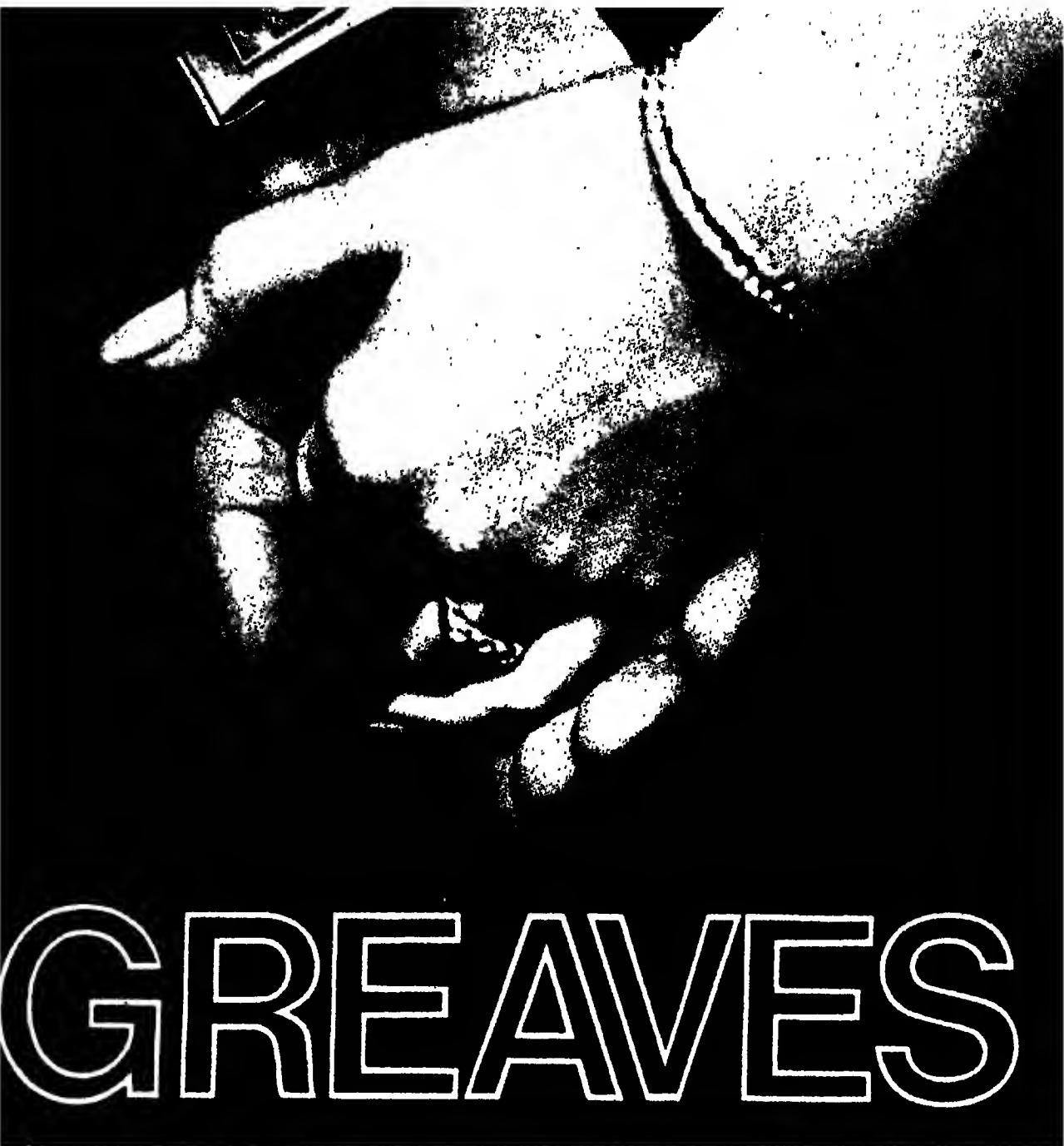
He went to Milan, then the mecca of all aspiring operatic composers, and enrolled at the Royal Conservatory of Music. His first opera, *Le Villi*, completed in 1884, brought him to the attention of Giulio Ricordi, one of the great powers in the musical world at that time. Ricordi, head of the firm that published the works of Verdi, Donizetti and other leading contemporary opera composers, was exactly the right person to guide the unstable beginner, who swung between moods of deep dejection and high

spirits and tried to hide his natural timidity under a cloak of arrogance.

"Sor Giulio," as Puccini respectfully addressed the older man throughout the 28 years of their collaboration and friendship, took the place of a father, encouraging or scolding his protégé as the occasion demanded. When Puccini's second opera failed, Ricordi insisted upon continuing a 300-lire monthly allowance to the young composer and made himself responsible for reimbursing the firm in case of another failure. He didn't have to make good on that guarantee: the next opera, *Manon Lescaut*, was an instantaneous hit, followed by *La Bohème*.

Brilliant Quartet. To create the libretto, Ricordi provided a "luxury team" of writers to adapt Murger's book: Luigi Illica, author of more than 80 librettos, and Giuseppe Giocosa, a gifted poet and established dramatist. Illica wrote the outline of the libretto and worked out the dramatic situations, while the verse was Giocosa's domain. Ricordi himself formed part of the team—adding a verse here and there, or pointing out a weakness in the dramatic structure. But, above all, he had the firmness and tact required to keep the others in line.

At times, Ricordi must have felt like Ben Hur driving a team of fractious horses. The highly exacting Puccini nearly drove the two writers mad with his unceasing demands for revisions and his insistence that



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they follow what he called the fixed laws of the theatre: "It must interest, surprise, touch or move to laughter--for action is what counts on the stage." Once, when Giacosa threatened to resign, Ricordi sat down at the piano and played the music of the first act. Giacosa returned meekly to his writing-table, saying, "Now I understand the reasons for Puccini's tyranny over verses and accents."

Illica gives us a vivid picture of the tempestuous story conferences: "Giulio Ricordi, who was supposed to preside, always left his presidential chair and descended into the arena to become one of the most obstinate and vigorous belligerents in that uproar of voices expressing different views and conceptions. After each session Puccini had to rush off to his manicurist: he had bitten his fingernails down to the quick."

Puccini composed the music in less than a year—but it took three years to finish the opera. The libretto was written from beginning to end three times, and certain sections were rewritten four times. The four men argued every step of the way, but, once they had finished, the quarrels and dissensions were forgotten in the satisfaction of a job well done.

Although *Bohème* is one of the few operas that could be performed as a play, without the music its characters lack depth. Puccini's genius has developed each character into a full portrait. There is even a

calculated choice of instruments for the characterization of the protagonists: strings for Rodolfo and Mimi; woodwinds for Musetta. Small scenic details such as the flicker of flames in the garret's stove, or the ray of sun that suddenly falls on the face of the dying Mimi, are also given musical depiction.

Haunting Melody. Puccini put *finis* to the score on December 10, 1895, at his favourite refuge, Torre del Lago, a tiny village on Lake Massaciuccoli. Ordinarily, he forgot his work while indulging his passion for shooting and stalking water birds, but a niece remembers an afternoon on the lake when he suddenly called to the boatman, "Row back as fast as you can!" Reaching the dock, he ran into the house, where he sat down at the piano, red-cotton scarf still round his neck and heavy hunting boots on his feet, and began to pick out a tune. This was the theme that later became Musetta's waltz in *Bohème*.

Puccini usually composed at night, beginning at about ten o'clock and often going on until dawn. Sitting down at the piano with his hat on, steel-rimmed spectacles on the end of his nose, and a pencil between his teeth, he would work oblivious to the noise of the artists and writers who had gathered around him at Torre del Lago. It was only when they stopped chattering that he'd ask, "What's wrong? Have you all gone to sleep?"

In warm weather, fishermen and

READER'S DIGEST

boatmen passing the villa in the early morning would stop to listen to the melodies coming through the open windows. Sometimes, unknown to the composer, they picked up a tune, and many of the *Bohème* arias were first hummed on the dusty streets of Torre del Lago.

Singers too have always been attracted to *Bohème's* arias. Every great soprano of the past 70 years—Nellie Melba, Lina Cavalieri, Licia Albanese, Maria Callas to mention only a few—has sung Mimi. Tenors Enrico Caruso, John McCormack, Beniamino Gigli and Jan Peerce have been among the most widely acclaimed Rodolfo's. The performers always seem to be infected by the happy-go-lucky spirit of the bohemians, and there's been more horseplay in *Bohème* than in any other opera.

Caruso was the worst offender. When he, Geraldine Farrar and Antonio Scotti starred at New York's Metropolitan, he tickled Farrar during the death-bed scene. He also used to fill Colline's hat with flour. Once, when Scotti tried to put on his coat in the last act, the sleeves had been sewn up.

Financial Success. Estimates say Puccini earned more money than any other grand-opera composer, and that at least a third of his fortune came from *La Bohème* royalties. The success of the opera, like that of a smash-hit film today,

was instantly reflected in the most diverse fields. Rodolfo's broad-brimmed black hat became the badge of the artist; shops were full of engravings, sets of dishes and postcards of scenes from the opera. But for Puccini the opera always remained an intensely personal work. He told a friend that, on completing the scene of Mimi's death, he was seized by such emotion that, "standing in the middle of the study, alone in the silence of the night, I began to weep. It was as though I had seen my own child die." On another occasion, he confessed: "I put my whole soul and infinite love into *Bohème*, and I loved its creatures incredibly."

The conductor who was the first to proclaim his faith in *La Bohème*, Arturo Toscanini, over the years conducted many Puccini operas. In the last winter of his life, the composer watched his old friend lead a rehearsal at La Scala. "Never had my music been played with such feeling, such poignancy," he said later. "Before my mind passed in review all my life, with its joys, its sorrows, its illusions, its triumphs. When Toscanini came to me, I shook his hand with such emotion that he must have felt how deep was my gratitude."

Puccini died on November 29, 1924. But the world is still moved to tears and laughter by *La Bohème*, the opera that is for ever young.

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It's "None for the Road" in Scandinavia

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ON THE outskirts of Stockholm a year ago, a drunken driver careered through busy streets at over 60 miles an hour, finally crashing into a parked vehicle. As he pulled himself from the wreck, a crowd of infuriated pedestrians bore down on him. He ran into a cellar and barricaded himself in until the police rescued him from the mob. Today he is serving a long prison sentence.

Throughout Europe, drunken driving has become a cause for increasing concern. Despite laws for its suppression in nearly every country, it is estimated that drunken drivers still kill or permanently disable over 150,000 people a year. Many accidents are caused, not by habitual drunkards, but by drivers

who have drunk only a *little* too much.

They handle the wheel steadily enough—until something unexpected happens. Then their reflexes may be a tenth of a second too slow. Travelling at 50 miles an hour, that's all it takes to kill someone.

If the laws are largely ineffective, what can be done to defeat the menace of drunken driving? First of all, the world must decide on standard criteria. The experts must agree just when an individual is too drunk to sit behind a wheel. Britain and Austria, for example, maintain the danger point is reached when a person has 80 milligrams of alcohol in 100 millilitres of blood; Belgium puts it at 150 milligrams;

Norway at 50; West Germany at 130; Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and East Germany at 30.

Variable Effects. What creates such disagreement is the fact that not all people are affected in the same way by the same amount of alcohol. But long years of research have proved that virtually everybody suffers *some* impairment of driving ability once the alcohol content of the blood surpasses 50 milligrams—roughly equivalent to a half-bottle of wine. And the higher one goes *above* that figure, the more dangerous one becomes.

Professor Leonard Goldberg, who heads the Karolinska Institute's Department of Alcohol Research in Stockholm, maintains that there is no precise point at which everybody's ability to drive is impaired—that it is a matter of personal tolerance, of habit, of metabolism.

"The only sensible thing to do," he says, "is to pick the lowest common denominator at which most people are generally affected. In Sweden and Norway, after years of research, we have fixed the figure at 50 milligrams. In Norway a short jail sentence is the normal sanction at that level; in Sweden it is a fine, a jail sentence being imposed only at 150 milligrams."

Achieving international agreement on what constitutes a dangerous alcohol content is complicated by other factors. One is age. The amount of alcohol that makes a 17-year-old boy stagger may have

little effect on a man of 45. The state of one's health is a factor, too.

So is the speed with which you drink. Four strong drinks taken within half an hour have a greater effect than if taken over a four-hour period. And wine, sipped slowly with a large meal, has appreciably less effect than the same amount unaccompanied by food.

In Finland Professor Antti Alha has demonstrated that drunkenness can be measured in *time* phases: For the first two hours after drinking there is increasing inebriation; thereafter, control of reflexes and muscles begins to reassert itself. This usually occurs faster than the reduction of alcohol content in the blood. Since the results of clinical tests depend on the individual tolerance of alcohol, Finnish legislation has not set an incriminating limit on the alcohol content of the blood.

Stern Laws. In the face of so many variables, is there any way of coping with drunken driving? Yes, there is. The Scandinavian countries have long relied on an effective method: strong legal weapons, plus public education. Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland have proceeded on the theory that severity of punishment is one of the best answers to the irresponsibility of untimely drinking.

In Finland, which has had drunken-driving laws since 1927, a person does not have to be involved in an accident before he is arrested. A policeman's mere suspicion

can subject a driver to immediate clinical examination. He is ordered to breathe into a breathalyser, and if this betrays the presence of alcohol, he is summarily taken to a medical laboratory for a blood or urine test. The results of these tests can be used as evidence in court. Refusal to submit to the test is regarded as tantamount to a confession of guilt.

Should he be found to have driven in a state of intoxication, the judges have no choice but to revoke his licence and sentence him to prison with hard labour—for somewhere between three weeks and three years, depending on the seriousness of his condition and on the danger to which he has subjected others. The average sentence is three to six months.

In Helsinki I visited a hard-labour prison maintained exclusively for drunken drivers. There were 380 inmates at the time, constructing a new landing strip at a near-by airport. I found two university professors among the labourers, and a young minister who had been drinking at a wedding.

The head warden allowed me to talk with several prisoners. The professors and the minister, as well as many others, conceded that the law was a good thing and that they had been wrong in violating it.

Judging by the number of prison inmates, one might doubt the effectiveness of Finland's harsh law. On the other hand, it is clear

that if such penalties have not wholly stopped drunken driving they have certainly diminished its incidence. In both 1963 and 1964 Finland had 141 fatal accidents attributable to drunken driving. Yet in those two years the number of vehicles on the road increased by 18.5 per cent.

Norway, with an equally stringent law, shows a similar record. In 1965, with 820,273 cars registered, 3,060 motorists were found guilty of driving while under the influence of drink. But in 1966, though the number of vehicles rose by 49,388, the number of convictions for drunkenness dropped to 2,678.

These figures support the contention that drunken-driving laws must have teeth if they are to be effective. "Only one thing makes drunken drivers," says the Helsinki prison's head warden. "Plain, stubborn stupidity. It is stupid to drink and drive. Once a man realizes this—and we try very hard to make him realize it while he is here—he rarely makes the same mistake twice."

Safe Check. Foreigners are astonished to find a strange machine, the Alcolex, in Finnish restaurants and bars. You drop a coin into a slot, turn the dials to your weight, the kind of drink and the number, then press a button. An indicator shows the presumable alcohol content of your blood; another tells how many hours you had better wait before driving.

"When we first installed these

machines," one restaurant owner said, "people regarded them as a joke. But today you see men and women who have had a drink or two consult the Alcolex seriously."

Scandinavian insurance companies, too, have stern measures. They will not compensate a drunken driver for damages he may sustain. And while they do pay the claims of his victims, they sue the drunken man for recovery of such payments.

Denmark and Sweden have a unique law. An innkeeper is subject to arrest and conviction if one of his customers causes a serious accident from drunkenness after leaving the inn. So Danish and Swedish innkeepers have become cautious, proving an added restraint on drivers.

In Sweden it isn't only the drunken driver who is subject to conviction, but any sober passenger who may ride with him. The sober man is expected to stop the drunken driver, or report him to the police.

Countries now turning to new drunken-driving laws cannot expect overnight changes. As one expert says, "Effective control of drunken driving is possible only when a great wave of social consciousness co-operates with the law. People in general, not only the police, must come to regard drunken driving as an evil incompatible with modern society."

Young Swedes are introduced to

"Social consciousness" at secondary-school level, where they are lectured on the perils of drunken driving by police officials. As a result, when they grow up, it becomes an accepted part of life not to drink and drive.

Now, as anti-drink-and-drive legislation spreads throughout Europe, party-going motorists have resorted to various ways of saving themselves from arrest. In Germany, the Netherlands and several other countries there has been a proliferation of organizations that offer chauffeurs to people who plan to drink. In Britain, some people ride horses to country pubs and clubs.

One London host, entertaining 40 businessmen at a dinner, set a precedent of his own. At the conclusion of the meal he asked his guests to take breathalyser tests. Practically all showed the effects of the wine they had drunk. The host was prepared. He had a chartered bus at the door to drive his guests home.

Stockholm's Professor Goldberg sums it up: "We must recognize that no matter what we do, people *will* drive and people *will* drink. Our job is to find some acceptable way of keeping the two acts apart."

If measures already proved effective in Scandinavia seem too harsh, one can only ask: Is it wiser to continue killing or disabling 150,000 people every year?

MEN are like dogs: The ones who aren't on a lead are often the most attached.

—Paul Leautaud in *Les Nouvelles Litteraires*, France





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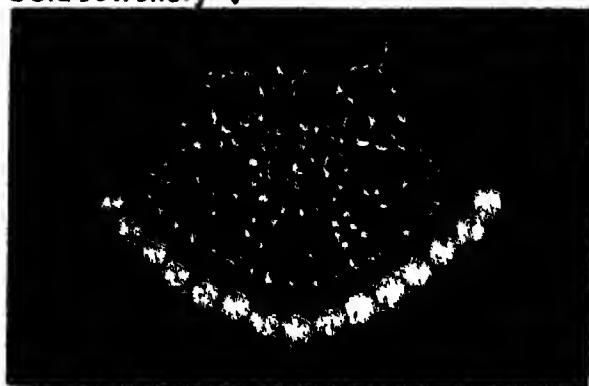
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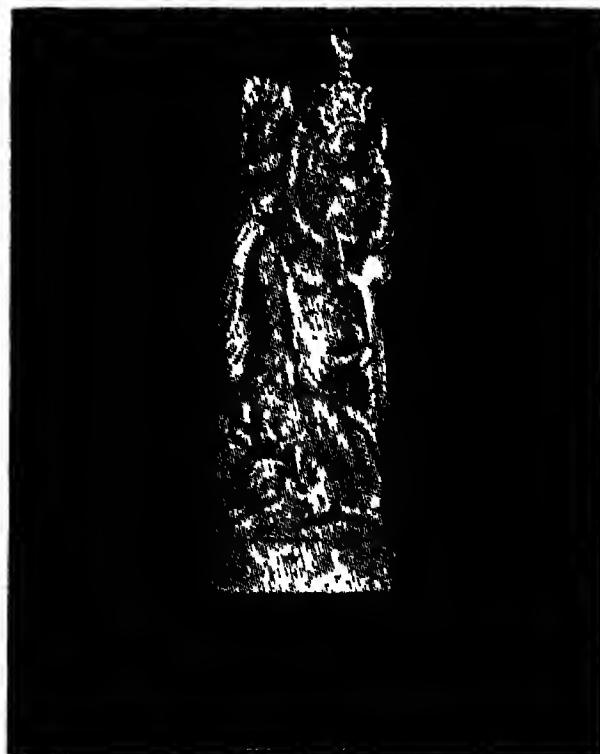
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Producing food in abundance, the United States has helped to alleviate hunger in many nations. Yet an alarming number of its own people still suffer the miseries of malnutrition

THE HUNGRY AMERICANS

BY CARL ROWAN AND DAVID MAZIE

BESIDE a dreary log cabin in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, children frolic in a garden cluttered with empty evaporated-milk tins. One child has deep ugly sores on her legs; another's eyes are dull, his arms spindly. Two of the children have left school; two others lag far behind their classes.

The cabin is home to Mrs. Venita Coleman and her ten children, aged one to seventeen. It has also been home to hunger—brutal hunger, which is responsible for many miseries that the Colemans bear.

The Colemans are evidence of a serious blight in America, where an official report, *Hunger U.S.A.*, has

estimated that at least ten million people—one in every twenty—are underfed or malnourished. Hunger is the grim companion of thousands of the mountain poor of Appalachia and of the rural poor of the South. It also exists among the uneducated, the uncaring, those too aged or too ill to procure and prepare a proper diet for themselves.

In Minneapolis, ten elderly people were discovered surviving on a diet of milk, biscuits and tinned soup. On an Arizona Red Indian reservation, doctors have found children suffering from kwashiorkor, the same protein-deficiency disease that afflicts many children in war-ravaged Biafra. In Washington, 70

per cent of the babies brought into the clinic at a children's hospital suffer from malnutrition.

This hunger is all the more cruel because it seems so unnecessary. Without harvesting another ear of corn, another pound of potatoes or another slice of pork, America could provide each of its 200 million inhabitants with a decent diet. The food is there. So are the basic welfare and food-assistance programmes—notably food stamps and surplus commodities—designed to supply enough food to everyone.

On many levels, in many areas, indifference, ignorance, neglect, politics and bureaucracy have crippled these programmes and impeded the development of better ones. Congress and the U.S. Department of Agriculture have spent thousands of millions to halt the overproduction of food, but only a fraction as much to ease the pains of undereating.

Some local authorities have worried more about garbage removal than about children who dig into dustbins for their dinner. Some of the uneducated poor have clung to old eating habits instead of adopting newer, more nutritious foods. A diet-happy public has preferred to think of hunger as something afflicting India rather than their own country.

America's food-assistance programmes reach only about 6 million of its 27 million poor people. These programmes often do not give

enough food to those they *do* reach. The fact is that they were never intended to provide a family's full food supply, only to supplement a diet. To see some of the difficulties in closing the nutrition gap, let us look at a family of four whom we will call the Robinsons. Peter Robinson is a coal miner, unemployed because most of the mines in his area have closed down.

Meagre Aid. Under the surplus-commodities programme, Robinson receives, for every member of his family, a 23-pound package each month. These aren't like bags of groceries from the supermarket. The contents are excess products bought up by the U.S. Department of Agriculture under farm price-support programmes, and sent to states which have agreed to distribute them. Thus, neither nutritional value nor the dietary need of the poor constitutes the major consideration in determining what commodities are distributed. They may be flour, beans, corn meal, rice, lard, peanut butter, tinned meat, but rarely fresh items such as eggs, citrus fruits or green vegetables.

The Robinsons have other troubles. Their shack has no pantry, no shelves, no refrigeration. Rats and insects may get to the food before they do. Moreover, Mrs. Robinson knows too little about nutrition or cooking to make the most out of what she has.

Until the 1960s, "commodities" were the only government food

assistance available. One of the first things John Kennedy did as President was to start the food-stamp programme, which today reaches more than 1,000 counties.

Food stamps help the poor man to stretch his grocery dollar. He pays in an amount corresponding roughly to what he would normally spend on food. In return, he receives coupons—on average, \$10 worth of stamps for \$6 paid in, the bonus being determined on the basis of family size and income. The coupons, or stamps, are used like money in participating stores. Sounds marvellous—except that the scheme doesn't work very smoothly.

Let's suppose that officials in the county where the Robinsons live decided to offer food stamps. The surplus-commodity programme would then have to be dropped; no county can have both, except in an emergency declared by the Secretary of Agriculture.

Always in Need. Whether from welfare or other income, Robinson must save to have the cash when Stamp Day arrives. That's not always easy: rent, clothing and medicine usually get taken care of first, food being considered the most flexible part of a budget. And even if Robinson's wife economizes by buying cheap, starchy items like beans and corn meal—just what the stamp programme is trying to avoid—the stamps never seem to be enough.

It is not surprising, then, that for

children of poor families the best meal of the day often comes through federal/state/local programmes that provide approximately 20 million children with school lunches. But this programme, too, falls short of its potential. Of the estimated six million poverty-level children at school, only one-third receive lunches free or at reduced prices. The rest pay the full charge or go without lunch.

The federal programmes are now expanding, and new ones have been started. Welfare agencies, churches and private charities also help get food to the needy. But millions are still beyond reach of these programmes.

No one knows exactly how many American children go to bed hungry, or how many families exist on meagre diets while waiting for the next book of food stamps or box of surplus food. One of the ironies of hunger in America—and one of the real difficulties in combating it—is that more accurate statistics are available on the number of Americans who ate out last night than on the number who didn't eat at all.

Medical Opinion. The toll of malnutrition must also be measured in terms of its cost to society. After a fact-finding trip into rural Mississippi, a group of doctors reported to a Senate sub-committee: "Children we saw were visibly and predictably losing their health, their energy, their spirits. They suffer from hunger and disease; and, directly or

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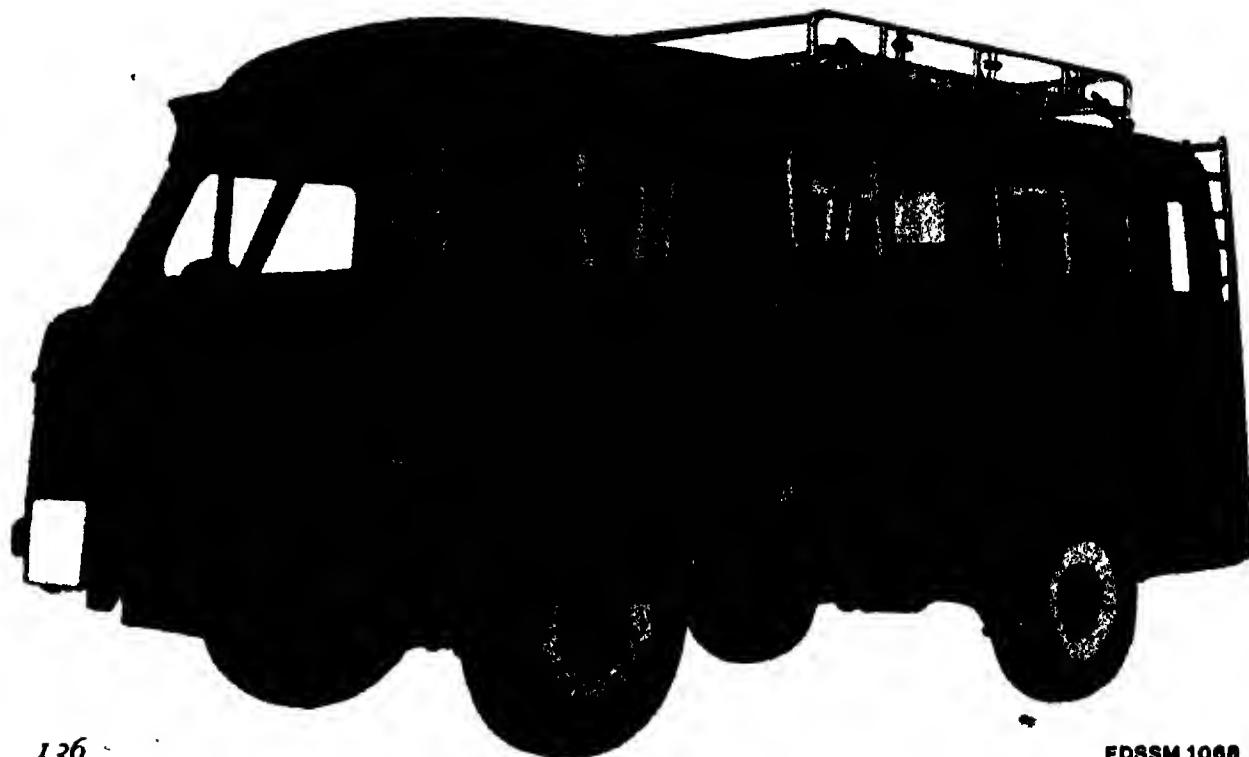
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THE HUNGRY AMERICANS

indirectly, they are dying from them."

Doctors are convinced that malnutrition affects the growth and development of the brain as well as the body. If a child receives insufficient protein during the critical period from birth to the age of four—when the brain reaches 90 per cent of its full growth—his ability to learn and to think is permanently affected. The implications are clear. Hunger, together with the basic condition of poverty which it normally reflects, can rob its victims of their potential contributions to society, can make them wards of welfare, psychological and social cripples—angry, frustrated, alienated.

What can be done to abolish this scandal of modern America? Here is a five-point programme of urgent action.

- Tighten federal supervision of food programmes while working

for improved state and local administration.

- Make the food-stamp programme the heart of the anti-hunger campaign.

- Encourage private industry to provide new high-protein foods for the domestic market.

- Improve nutrition education. Malnutrition is often caused not by lack of food but by ignorance of how best to use the food available.

- Strengthen and expand the school-lunch programme to make free or low-price meals available to the four million children of the poor who do not receive them now.

A nation that helped to rebuild war-ravaged Europe, helped to alleviate a grim famine in India and is working to put a man on the moon can surely defeat hunger and malnutrition among its own citizens.

If compassion alone does not dictate this, logic should. •

Women's Ways

WOMAN in a phone box talking to her husband: "O.K., dear, I'll meet you there at six o'clock sharp, and try not to be on time, won't you?"

—Don Flowers

A YOUNG bride was describing her new stove to me: "And I like those glass doors—you can look through and watch your dinner burn."

—Margaret Malone

RETURNING to his office after lunch, the executive found this memo on his desk: "Your wife rang. She wanted to remind you of something which she couldn't remember but thought you would."

—Herb Caen



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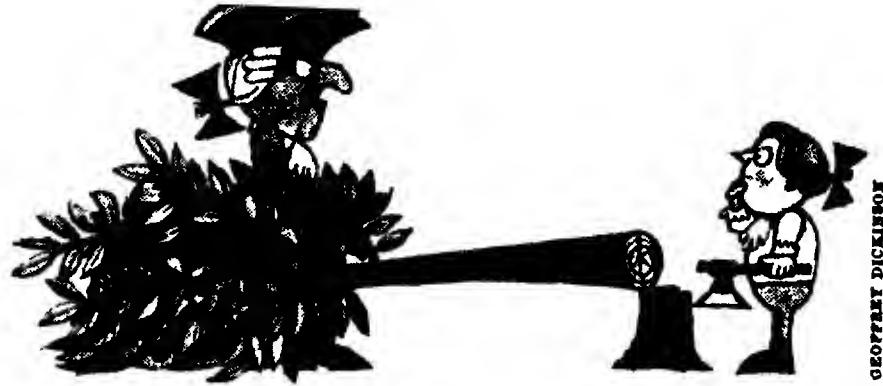
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MYSTERY QUIZ

BY CHARLIE RICE



You're not supposed to know the answers to the following questions; just sum up each situation and make a guess. Then check your score on the next page—and see what it reveals about your personality.

1. What did Nero do when Rome burned?

- a He fiddled.
- b He fled to his summer palace outside the city.
- c He opened a Fire Relief Fund afterwards and demanded contributions.

2. Lemmings are small rodents that inhabit Sweden and Norway. What is the truth about them?

- a Each year, lemmings march to the sea in search of food and commit deliberate mass suicide by drowning.
- b Some years, migrating on a straight-line course, lemmings march to the sea, swim on out and drown.
- c Lemmings are strictly city rodents and never march anywhere.

3. George Washington is supposed to have cut down a cherry tree and said to his father, "I cannot tell a lie—I did it." What do you think?

- a Basically true.
- b Possibly true.
- c Not credible.

4. What is your judgement about the tale that Lady Godiva rode naked through the streets of Coventry to protest against her cruel husband's tax on the populace?

- a Probably true.
- b Highly unlikely.
- c Absolute nonsense.

5. In the *Titanic* disaster, what was the orchestra playing when the ship went down?

- a "Nearer, My God, to Thee."
- b "Autumn."
- c Dance music.

6. How many of each animal did Noah take aboard the Ark?

- a One pair of each animal.
- b Seven pairs of some animals, one pair of others.
- c Very few animals at all, since the Ark was a small craft by present-day standards.

7. William Tell, King Arthur of Camelot and Rip Van Winkle are all well-known characters. How many really existed?

- a All three.
- b Only Arthur.
- c None of them.

Answers to HIT OR MYTH?

1. "c" is correct—though Nero started the fire himself and enjoyed watching the flames. He did not fiddle—the violin wasn't invented until 1,500 years later. (He may have played the bagpipes, at which he was pretty good.)

2. "b" is correct. In years when the lemming population is high, lemmings migrate in search of food. Most of them drown while swimming out in search of another shore.

3. "b" is the safe answer. Washington's father, Augustine, like other colonial plantation owners, probably experimented with plant breeding. It is at least possible that little George ruined a promising cherry tree, and confessed.

4. "b" is the wise answer. It is known that Lady Godiva's husband, "the Grand Old Earl of the Mercians," was beloved by his people, so it is difficult to imagine him levying a cruel tax. Some historians hold that an error of translation gave rise to the legend, and that "rode bare" should have been translated "rode bareback."

5. "c" is possible, but "b" is most likely correct. Walter Lord, in researching his book *A Night to Remember*, interviewed all living survivors; none recalled "Nearer, My God, to

Thee." Some claimed that the band was playing "light" music. But one crew member clearly recalled that, as the boat deck went under, the band was playing the Episcopal hymn "Autumn."

6. "b" is correct. According to *Genesis* the Lord commanded Noah to take seven pairs of each "clean" animal and one pair of those "not clean."

7. "b" is correct. Recent excavations at Cadbury Hill in Somerset indicate that King Arthur actually existed, though not necessarily as the romantic royal figure we have read about. The Swiss admit that William Tell is a myth. And Rip Van Winkle is pure fiction.

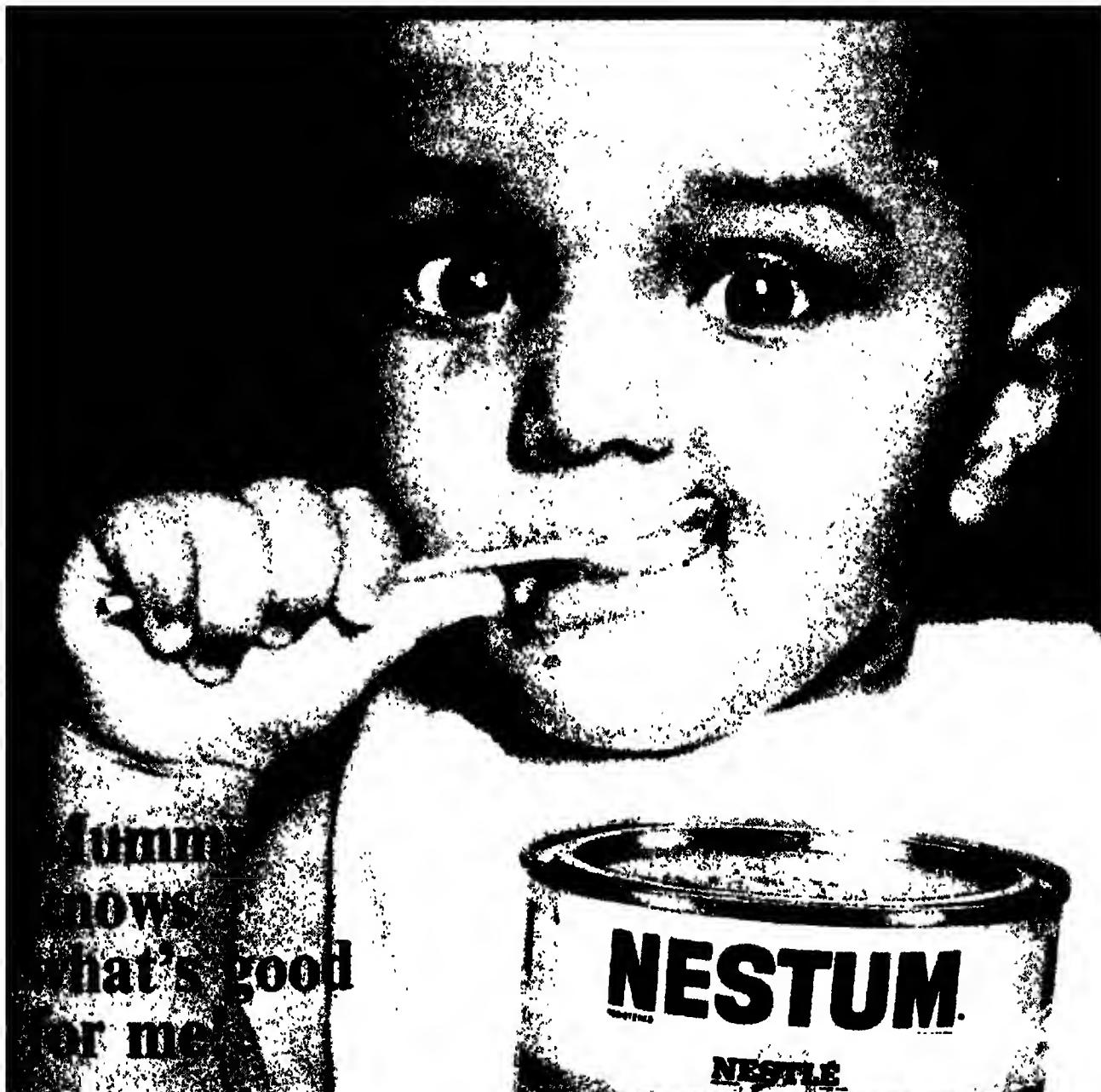
SCORING

Five correct answers mean that you are a good guesser. Six correct: you are unusually level-headed. Seven correct: you are really *wise*. But whether or not your answers were correct, here are a few guesses about your personality that may surprise you:

If you answered five questions "a," you are a romantic. If you answered seven "a," you are an *incurable* romantic, always eager to believe anything that makes a good story.

If you answered five questions "b," you are a person who weighs up things rather carefully. If you answered six or seven "b," you are unusually level-headed.

If you answered five questions "c," you tend to be a doubter. If you answered six or seven "c," you are a real sceptic; you doubt everything on principle!



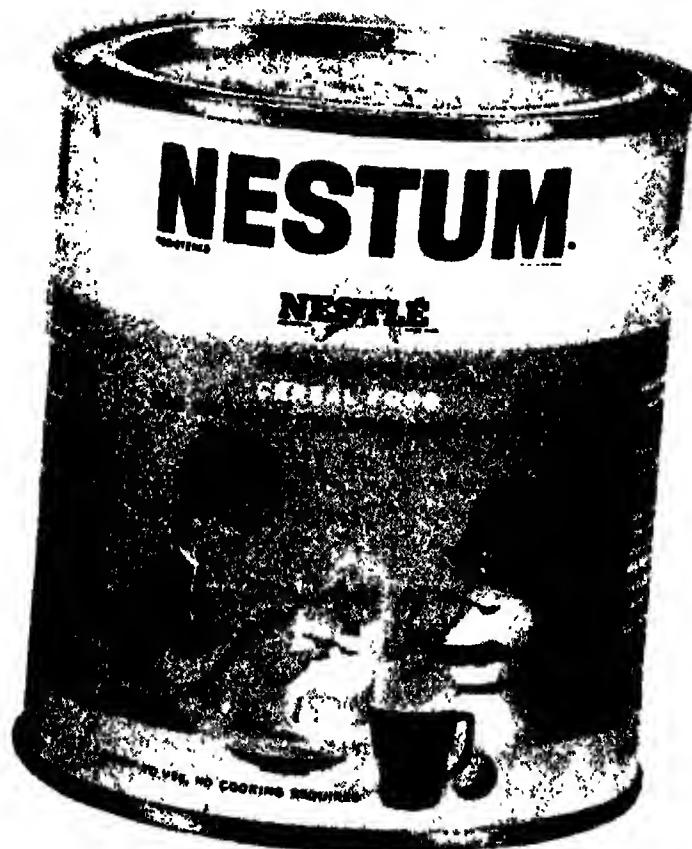
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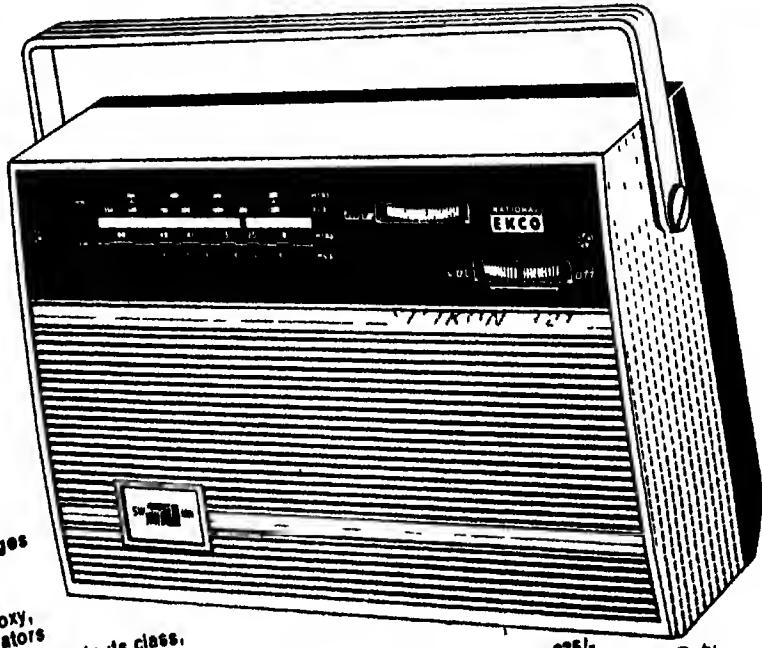
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Hurricanes, earthquakes, epidemics are all part of his day. Wherever disaster strikes, he's the man who creates order out of chaos



Steve Tripp, International Troubleshooter

By IRWIN Ross

A CABLE reporting an epidemic of bubonic plague in central Java reached the desk of Stephen Tripp last February 21. Tripp is the U.S. Government's Disaster Relief Co-ordinator for all foreign countries.

Crises are nothing new to him—his working days and nights are filled with bulletins about floods, typhoons, earthquakes and pestilence. But when Tripp saw the phrase "bubonic plague," his attention was riveted. Bubonic plague is spread by fleas which first infect rats and then humans, resulting in death within two weeks in 25 to 50 per cent of untreated cases.

Now dozens of Javanese were

dying from it, and four cases of the highly contagious pneumonic form of the disease were found. Untreated victims of pneumonic plague rarely recover.

If the epidemic reached Java's port cities, the country faced economic paralysis, for foreign ships would refuse to dock through fear of contamination.

The Indonesian authorities had begun to fight the epidemic, but their resources were limited. Could the United States help?

By February 27—just six days after the initial cable—a fully equipped seven-man medical team was at work in ten remote mountain villages of Java. All houses within

200 yards of each reported case of the plague were dusted with DDT, as were the roads and all road haulage lorries which left the area. A massive rat-killing operation was mounted, and 42,693 people were vaccinated—82 per cent of those living in the affected area.

By the end of March, the epidemic had ended. There had been only 40 fatalities.

Aiding the victims of disaster abroad is an American tradition which dates back to 1812, when the U.S. Congress appropriated 50,000 dollars to assist the survivors of an earthquake in Venezuela. Until four years ago, however, there was no permanent set-up to co-ordinate American foreign-relief efforts.

Working in Unison. In 1963, when an earthquake struck Skopje, Yugoslavia, the American military in Europe rushed supplies to the scene without adequate assessment of what was needed. Other countries did the same, with inevitable waste and duplication.

To avoid repetition of this sort of chaos, the U.S. State Department's Agency for International Development (AID)—which handles all foreign economic assistance—set up the Disaster Relief Co-ordinator's office in January 1964, and named Tripp, a veteran AID official, as head man. His mission: the relief of human suffering in all countries, whatever their political colouration.

In his first four years on the job, Tripp dealt with 215 disasters in 78

countries, which claimed the lives of over 75,000 people.

Tripp, now 57, is thin, impeccably groomed and impressively unflappable. As the phone rings and cables pile up in front of him, he never loses his poise or good humour. Now called "Mr. Catastrophe" by some of his friends, he has learnt to live with a job that never ends.

"We maintain 'a seven-day-a-week, 24-hour-a-day alert,'" he says. "Inevitably, there are one or more frustrating hold-ups with each disaster, and this requires an avalanche of phone calls, a flood of cables, and rapid-fire changes in plans and schedules."

Tripp's command post is a four-room suite of offices a short walk from the White House; his staff numbers six. In his operations room, a tele-typewriter rattles out intermittent bulletins about hurricanes, typhoons, earthquakes and tidal waves throughout the world. Posted on racks along one wall of the room are large cards listing the disasters which Tripp and his staff are currently working on, together with the action taken.

At the end of July, for example, they were concerned with floods in East Pakistan, Ghana and Iraq, a measles epidemic in the Malagasy Republic, homeless refugees in Jordan, an outbreak of polio in Turkey, an earthquake and drought in Peru, a volcanic eruption in Costa Rica, the desperate need for

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READER'S DIGEST

food and medicines resulting from the Nigerian-Biafran civil war.

When Tripp receives information on a fresh disaster, he immediately sends out a Disaster Alert to some 100 individuals in government and private agencies. The amount and kind of U.S. aid furnished depends initially on the judgement of the ambassador to the country involved.

Where only modest relief is needed, the ambassador is permitted to contribute up to \$25,000 on his own authority. He may use part of it for relief supplies from U.S. military facilities. When larger spending is required, he appeals to Tripp. Tripp operates through a network of contacts in the military services, the U.S. Public Health Service, medical-supply houses, pharmaceutical manufacturers, and private charitable organizations.

Singular Problems. Most of the disasters erupt suddenly and require rapid assistance. After the Arab-Israeli war in June 1967, for example, the sudden flood of Jordanian refugees led to a request by Jordan for 10,000 tents. Tents were in short supply in the United States, and it took Tripp's assistant three anxious days on the telephone to find, hundreds of miles away in Missouri, a supply big enough for shipment.

A major logistical exercise then had to be worked out. It took 30

trailers to move the 600 tons of canvas from Missouri to New York. Ten DC-8 cargo flights were then made to the Middle East. Eventually, the tents housed 50,000 homeless Jordanians.

Similar swift action was necessary last August and early September, when a series of terrible earthquakes devastated 750 to 800 square miles of eastern Persia.

U.S. Ambassador Armin Meyer immediately turned over \$25,000 worth of emergency medical supplies to improvised relief teams. Tripp also galvanized the U.S. Geological Survey into action, and a research geologist was flown to Persia to analyse the cause of the disaster. The Tripp office summoned help from the American Red Cross, CARE, and Catholic and Protestant church agencies. Cash, dried milk, children's warm underwear, serum albumin and other medical supplies were contributed in a programme of effective aid in which 31 nations took part.

"Steve Tripp does a superb job," says AID Administrator William Gaud. "He's fast, he's sensitive, and he knows how to get things moving." Samuel Krakow, of the American National Red Cross, states flatly that "Steve is the guy on whom everybody depends in this field. He has brought order out of chaos in international relief."

SLOGAN on a button at a Sydney poetry reading given by Robert Graves: "I Dig Graves."

—Sun News-Pictorial, Melbourne

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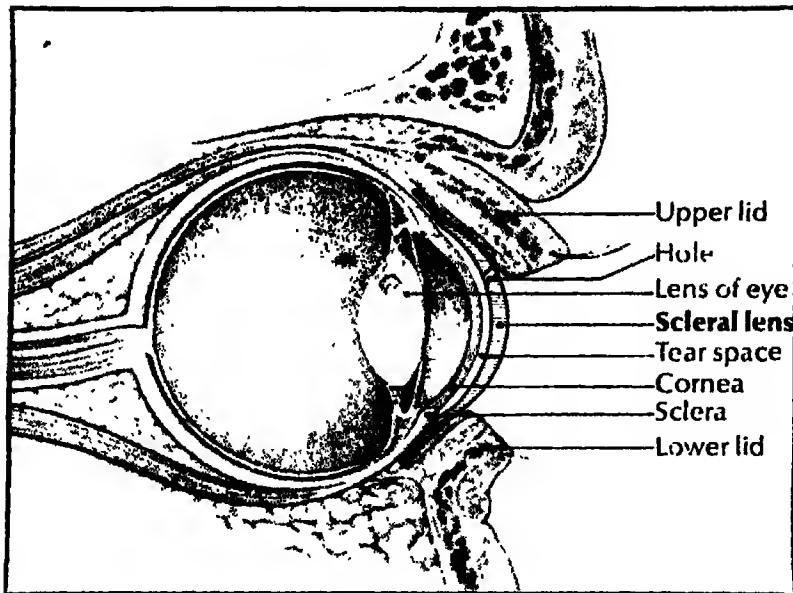
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A Contact Lens for “Blind” Eyes



For certain kinds of sight problems, scleral contact lenses are the outstanding choice

By STANLEY ENGLEBARDT

EARLY in her pregnancy, Linda Resko's mother caught German measles. Linda was subsequently born in perfect health—pink, chubby and squalling—except for one small defect: the lenses of her eyes were clouded. Doctors call this condition *Rubella cataracts*, and

it is not uncommon in babies of mothers infected with German measles during pregnancy. Although some light filters through the clouded eyes, about all the child can see is a multicoloured blur. This means virtual blindness.

But when Linda was eight

months old, her cataracts were surgically removed, and a month later she was fitted with corrective lenses. These were not conventional spectacles, which an infant would quickly rip away. They were plastic ovals, called scleral contact lenses, which Mrs. Resko slips under Linda's eyelids each morning. Fitting over the entire visible portion of the eyeball, they hug the "sclera" (or white of an eye) like a glove, while vaulting slightly over the cornea (the transparent covering over the coloured iris and pupil). They mean the start of a normal life for Linda.

New Vision. Scleral lenses help numbers of children and adults with defective vision due to damage of the lens or cornea. If both eyes are affected, these people may be legally blind: their sight is so poor that they are unable to read without the aid of a magnifying glass, drive a car, or hold down any job that calls for normal vision. Many such people suffer from what optician Maurice Poster calls the "therapeutic gap."

Even the most powerful eyeglasses provide only minimal help, because lenses cannot be ground to match the peculiar irregularities of a damaged cornea. Also corneal lenses—the more familiar type of "contacts"—either won't stay in place, cause trouble in handling, or for other reasons simply cannot be worn.

The most dramatic gains achieved

with scleral lenses are, undoubtedly, in this group of "blind" men and women.

"There are no words to describe the experience of watching someone see clearly for the first time," says Dr. Poster. "One minute, wearing eyeglasses, he can read only the top, largest letter on an eye chart; the next, with scleral lenses in place, he can read quickly through a bottom line."

One elderly man, legally blind ever since his eyes were damaged by mustard gas in the First World War, was fitted with scleral lenses on a brilliant spring morning not long ago. He walked to a window and stood for several minutes, looking out. When he turned, his cheeks were wet with tears. "I never knew it could be so beautiful," he said.

In theory, there is nothing new about contact lenses, of either the scleral or the corneal variety. As far back as 1887 S. A. Müller, glass blower of Wiesbaden, Germany, and Dr. Eugen Fick, of Zürich, Switzerland, working independently of each other, made the world's first contact lenses. One of these was a scleral lens used for keratoconus, a condition characterized by a bulging cornea. But not until the introduction of impact-resistant plastics in the 1930s did the idea become practical.

The early sclerals had a flaw. An auxiliary fluid had to be used in the corneal vault, between lens and eye, to replace the flow of tears—shut



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A CONTACT LENS FOR "BLIND" EYES

off by the tight-fitting scleral shell. But this artificial fluid could not deliver the ever-fresh supply of oxygen the cornea requires. After a few hours of wearing the lens, the eye would be "suffocating"—an irritating condition to say the least, and one that can be extremely painful. Today's scleral lens, however, solves the problem. Constructed to float on the thin layer of natural tears, it has a tiny hole drilled at one edge of the corneal vault which allows the back-and-forth transfer of oxygen and carbon dioxide. Further, this made possible a "minimal clearance" scleral lens, fitted much closer to the cornea. And it offers certain advantages.

Recently, I watched Dr. Leonard Flom, an ophthalmologist on the faculty of Yale Medical School, prepare a scleral-lens mould for one of his patients, Monsignor Francis McGuire. The cornea and lens of the monsignor's left eye had been pierced by a tree branch when he was 15 years old. Although vision in the right eye was normal, the best eyeglasses could bring the injured eye to only a weak 20/200. As often happens in such cases, the brain rejected the blurred image and used only the one from the good eye. When Monsignor McGuire consulted Dr. Flom he hadn't seen out of his left eye in 43 years.

Examination revealed that the unused eye might be useful again if fitted with a scleral lens. Why scleral, rather than the smaller,

easier-to-fit corneal variety? Dr. Flom flashed a light into the eye. "See those ridges and bulges on the cornea? They're caused by the old injury. A corneal contact lens has a perfectly smooth, rounded interior surface, which literally floats on a thin layer of tears. It has a tendency to move about. The tears themselves serve as a secondary lens, and in an eye with irregularities, there will be places where the tear layer is thin and others where it is thick. So when the corneal lens moves, it changes the focus of images. A scleral lens, on the other hand, is moulded to the contours of the eye, and held in place by the eyelids. It stays right where it's supposed to be, so the field of vision and the focus of images remain constant at all times."

Simple Task. Preparation of a mould is fast and painless. As I watched, Monsignor McGuire was instructed to lie on a table and fix his eyes on a mark on the ceiling above. A few drops of anaesthetic deadened the sensitivity of the eye. Then Dr. Flom slipped a small perforated plastic cup, with a funnel on top, under the eyelids.

"The materials and techniques are similar to those used by a dentist in making mouth impressions," the doctor explained. With a syringe, he fed a cream-like substance through the funnel into the cup. In a minute the material had gelled to a rubbery consistency. Then the cup was gently removed, and with it came a detailed negative mould of the eye. To

get a positive mould—an exact duplicate of the front of the eyeball—the doctor poured plaster of paris into the negative mould. After the plaster hardened, he peeled away the negative. What remained was a plaster "bust" of the eye, faithfully reproducing its shape and curves.

This mould was mailed, with detailed instructions on the optic correction needed, to a lens-manufacturing laboratory, where a technician began the long process of building the lens. First, he mounted the model in a steel die and covered it with a sheet of strong but pliable plastic which was then heated.

Precision Work. When the plastic was soft enough, pressure was applied to mould it into a clear shell. Finally the shell was put through a seemingly endless series of grindings, polishings and measurements until the thick mound of plastic over the corneal area was turned into a precision corrective lens. When Monsignor McGuire was fitted with the lens, the vision in the eye that hadn't looked out on the world for over four decades was 20/20.

What about inserting and removing a scleral lens? "Most patients can master the technique in a matter of days," says Dr. Flom. "And for many it's even easier than handling a corneal lens—simply because they have more to hold on to. This is particularly true for parents of children who aren't old enough to handle the lenses themselves, and

for elderly people with dexterity problems."

George Sauer, who plays for the New York Jets of the American Football League, doesn't fit either of these categories, yet a scleral lens has helped make a dramatic change in his life. Three years ago his football career looked gloomy—he couldn't seem to hold on to the ball. As he moved down the left side of the field from his position, he could see the ball coming, but he lacked the depth perception to know exactly where it was. An examination revealed why: vision in Sauer's right eye was only 20/200.

His optician suggested a scleral lens. A corneal lens could have corrected the deficiency, but it is less likely to stay in place under the jarring impact of professional football. ("From a practical standpoint," the optician explains, "scleral lenses are *the* choice for people involved in contact activities.") During the 1967-68 season, using both corneal and scleral lenses, Sauer became the American Football League leading pass receiver.

Almost obscured by its striking restoration of near-perfect vision, however, is the effect of the scleral lens as an aid to healing. Dr. Louis Girard, professor of ophthalmology at Baylor University College of Medicine, calls it "one of the most exciting developments in ophthalmology."

A few years ago a young woman was brought to the Baylor clinic

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with an eye severely burned by strong alkali. "Management of chemical burns has always been a dilemma," Dr. Girard explains. "Even with prompt medical attention this type of injury often progresses to blindness." In this case he virtually sealed off the eye with a flush-fitting scleral shell. This protected the burned area from irritation by the eyelid, and minimized the irritation caused by air. Medication was administered through the tiny hole in the shell. Results were astonishing: in two and a half weeks the burn was half healed, and two months later all signs of injury were gone.

An even more astonishing recovery was experienced by a man who had suffered ten years with a corneal ulcer. His pain was so intense that he demanded the immediate

removal of his eye. Instead, Dr. Girard fitted him with a clear scleral shell. Inside of six hours the pain was gone; a year later the ulcer was healed. Apparently the scleral shell not only protects the cornea from lid movement, it also promotes tears, which seem to provide nutrition to the diseased area. It also raises the temperature of the eye's surface, acting like a warm compress.

Beyond this, ophthalmologists still are not sure how scleral lenses produce their therapeutic effect. Says a prominent eye specialist, "A better understanding of how the sclerals function within the eye should encourage more doctors to prescribe them for a wider range of problems. We needed the last ten years of experience to reach this point. I think we'll see far greater gains in the next decade."

Grace and Favour

SIR REDMOND BARRY, a distinguished Australian judge in colonial Victoria, was renowned for his gracious manners.

Once, when walking along a Melbourne street with a friend, a tattered, unshaven man passed and raised his dirty old hat to the judge. Sir Redmond lifted his own handsome top hat and elaborately returned the greeting. His friend was surprised at this great courtesy and said so.

"Sir," said Sir Redmond, "would you have me outdone in politeness by a beggar?" —*Fair Go, Spinner*, edited by William Wannan (Angus & Robertson, London)

* * *

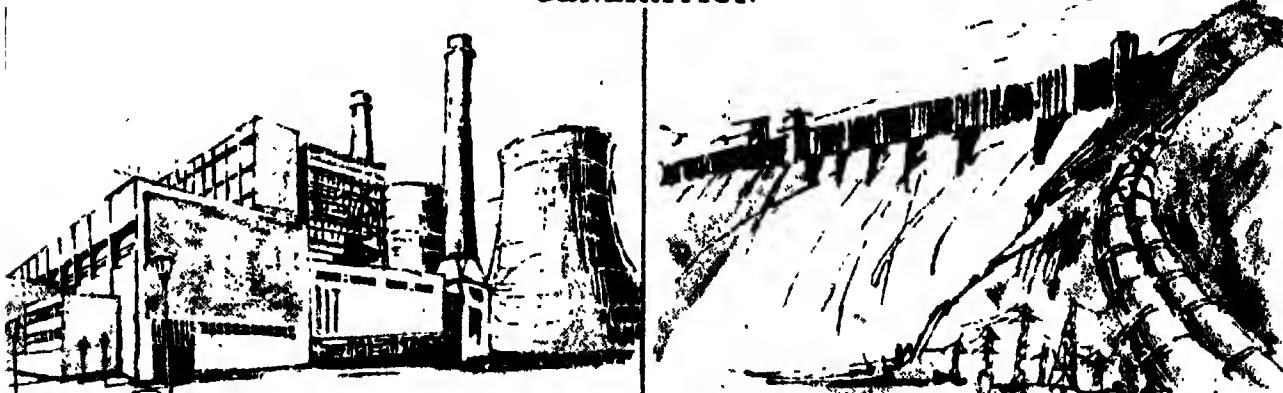
Generation Gap

A GOOD-LOOKING young man taking a holiday on the Côte d'Azur mistakenly entered the hotel room of an elderly lady, and stammered in confusion: "I beg your pardon, Madam. I must be in the wrong room."

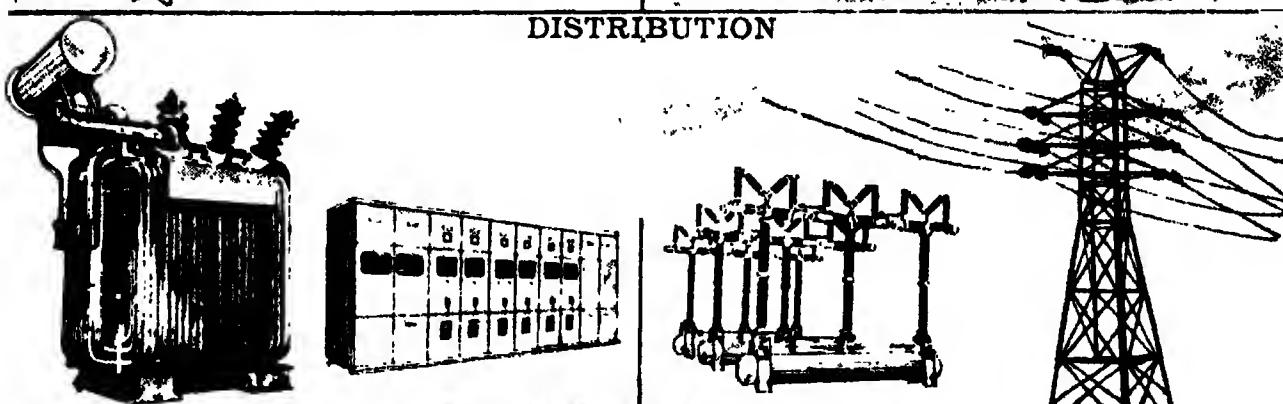
"Not necessarily, young man," answered the lady. "But you are 40 years too late." —*Die Zeit*, Hamburg

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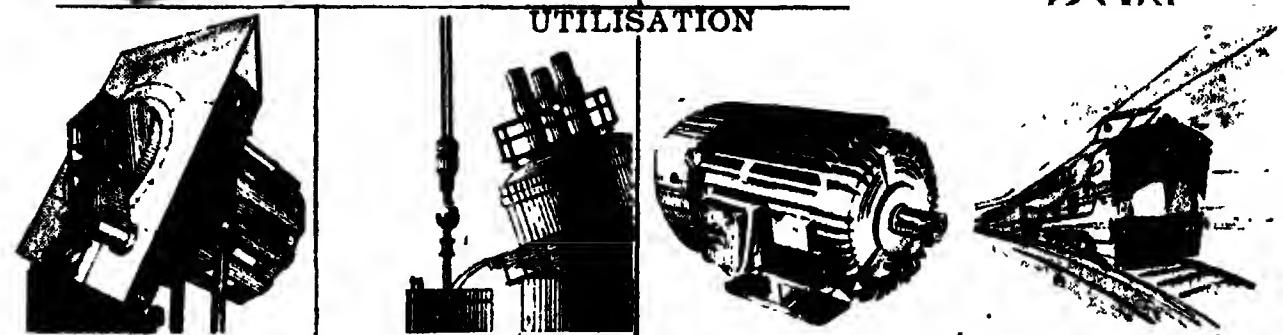
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Good-Bye, Childhood

That bewitching time of dreams
and fantasy can vanish in a moment—but
the joys of reality weave a new spell

BY JOAN MILLS

I CAN tell you the month (October) and the year (1935), and I am very sure of the day. It was the one on which I learned poignancy and regret, and something new about happiness.

I was nine: fat, freckled, viewing life astigmatically through thumb-printed spectacles. I had grown just old enough to care that on me hair ribbons draggled, dresses assumed odd shapes, socks crawled down at the heel.

Yearning for patent-leather pumps with silver buckles, I wore instead blunt, brown lace-ups. I hated them. It is the scuffed toes of those plain, practical shoes that I see now, kicking up a rustle of October

leaves as, in customary solitude, I walked home from school.

What with the fat and the freckles, it was my habit to beguile away the commuting time with make-believe. The lesser players in my imaginary extravaganzas varied. If Tarzan didn't suit my mood ("Me Jane"), if I didn't feel like oven-roasting a wicked witch, then I would conjure up a pride of golden lions, tame them, and let them follow me.

But I was the star—magnificent, omnipotent, gowned in gossamer and gilt. Seeing me plod earnestly by, you would not have guessed that you had glimpsed a spy in splendidly effective disguise, or that, by

flapping my arms, I could soar like a lark. Nor would I have told you. It was a private, wonderful world I made, in which nothing was impossible. Especially me.

So. There was the day, brilliant with autumn, and I, unseeing, passing through it as usual, lost in my make-believe. But at the turn into my street, when I slowed to admire my patent-leather pumps, they were brown lace-ups. Alarmed, I looked at my gossamer gown, and saw bulges and buttons.

Broken Spell. Never had fantasy so failed me. I stopped to consider the unease I felt. Try as I would—and I desperately did—I could not summon the certainty that I was gowned in gossamer, and capable of flight. No lions padded softly in my footsteps.

In a flood of frightened understanding, I discovered that I had outgrown my magical world. I knew that from that moment I would see it only from a distance, as grown-ups do. The realization brought me almost to tears. For the first time, I felt that most poignant of adult emotions—regret at the irrevocable passing of a part of one's life.

It surprises me now that I recognized all this so precisely. But I did—and I felt the weight of the occasion. "I must remember this," I thought. Rubbing my stomach, where the sorrow seemed to sit, I looked around to fix memory with details of the day.

Only then did I notice how fine a day it was. Before me, trees were letting go of leaves, quietly, one by one. The ground beneath, the path ahead, were layered in autumn's cheerful litter. The circle of the sun made me blink, so yellow-white it was in a sky of perfect clarity. I grew dizzy with looking upward, trying to see through the blue translucence to something I had heard about—infinity.

Nearer to earth (under my nose, in fact), invisible motes of leaf smoke flavoured the air. I put out my tongue and tasted them. I sniffed apples—the season's first falls beneath a neighbour's tree—and the ranker odour of frost-nipped chrysanthemums. A breeze blew lightly, and scattering leaves crackled like paper.

Mistrustful as I am of others' total recall, I hear, see, smell, taste, feel exactly how it was to be me, in that place, at that time, more than 30 years ago. It is out of a child's well-remembered awareness that I report what happened next.

Moment of Truth. The real world impacted on me. In fragments, I had realized it before: the fragility of flowers, the raucousness of crows, the scuttling of baby crabs had all, at one time or another, enchanted me. Tucked into a comfortable hollow of tree roots, I had relished the softness of moss under my hand and the green shade sheltering me.

But not until that day had my

every sense been so thoroughly broached. It seemed that I shared with a foraging squirrel the eager lightness with which it leaped down from its tree; that the lift of air on which a leaf drifted supported me; that silence was alive with sound. I saw that the street on which I lived was dazzling.

A strange happiness flowed into me. It settled upon the confused ache that lingered in my middle. I felt sorrow, loss—and love for everything beautiful in the world.

I ran home, raked up a hasty pile of leaves, and burrowed into it to think. Leaves make lovely child-nests—weightless, warm and comforting. The light within is dimly, pleasantly mysterious. There are faint, friendly noises. (Leaves drying? Insects exploring?) The smell is good—earthy, clean.

A child curled under leaves itches a little, but children enjoy a slight itch. I nestled in. The darkness and the shelter soothed me, and for a while I did not think of anything.

When I was ready, I thought. Wistfully, I thought about being very young (which seemed a long time ago), and growing up (to which I tentatively resigned myself). I considered how nice it was to hide among leaves. Then, cautiously, I thought about the curiously beautiful day outside. Had it changed?

I poked a tiny peephole in my nest. It was only a scrap of lucid sky that I saw, but it reassured me. "How lucky I am," I thought, "to

be me in the world at this moment!"

That's all I remember, but I'm glad I remember it well. One door had shut gently behind me, but another had opened to show that reality can be as magical as dreams and wishes.

It was solace to be nine and know that. It is solace to be 42 and remember it. I have never got over wishful thinking—have you?—but I've never got over marvelling at life, either.

Unspoken Wonder. Few of us can fully communicate our moments of being surprised by this world's sudden joy, but surely we all share them. That sharing went out from me to my youngest son one day when I believe I saw him make his own bittersweet approach to growing up.

Towards dusk on a raw winter day, Chris trotted past the corner of the house, hailing forward a brave band of imaginary companions. "To the fort, men!" he called, and he tunneled into a snowbank, happy as a mole in summer soil.

I stayed at the kitchen window for the pleasure of watching our last and littlest, enjoying what a funny little fellow he is, marvelling that he could be so blithe about the cold.

A flush of pink upon the snow diverted me; rare glory was spreading across the sky. I tapped on the window and signalled Chris to look.

He popped with a shout from his

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look-out and ran to the top of the bank where the view was grandest. There he slowly circled, seeing it all, his upturned face radiant. Beyond and above him, the whole sky blazed.

Then that roaring, boisterous boy-child of mine sweetly amazed me. He stretched forth his arms, as if in them he could embrace the universe. It was a moving gesture, generations old, of absolute appreciation.

Thus the ancients worshipped the sun; thus my son stood until the last flare had faded.

He lowered his arms, and then himself, and sat in the snow. Chin in hand, he remained, contemplating the early dark.

Chris came quietly to supper, wearing an inward look. I wanted to ask: Was this the day reality happened?

I said nothing. When I filled his plate, I patted him casually and left him to his thoughts. Poignancy, regret and happiness—if that's what he felt—go together with growing. And growing up is something we must do alone.

Ways of the World

AN ATTRACTIVE feature of Tibetan life is the habit of seeing off one's friends. When anyone goes away, his friends put up a tent along his route a few miles out of town and they wait for him there with a meal to speed him on his way.

—Heinrich Harrer, *Seven Years in Tibet*

SCHOOLBOYS on the tiny western Pacific islet of Ou in the Ryukyus must walk on water to get to school. They do it on stilts. Looking like juvenile circus performers, they balance themselves on long wooden poles and wade across the 1,500-foot-wide channel that separates their village from the school. This happens whenever ebb tide makes the channel too shallow for their school boat, or when the water is too deep to wade on foot.

One advantage the Ou students have over other schoolchildren is extra, unexpected holidays. There is no school when the weather is bad and the water is rough.

—*Pacific Stars and Stripes*

IN TEHRAN, a 17-year-old Iranian girl miscalculated the length of her miniskirt and was expelled from a mathematics examination. When she sat down the skirt revealed the notes she had inscribed on her thigh.

—AP

A CANADIAN chemical firm is marketing a body spray for deer hunters. The product, called G-66 Deer Lure, makes a man smell like an apple—or, rather, like an apple orchard. A deer is able to pick up the scent two miles away.

—*Sports Illustrated*

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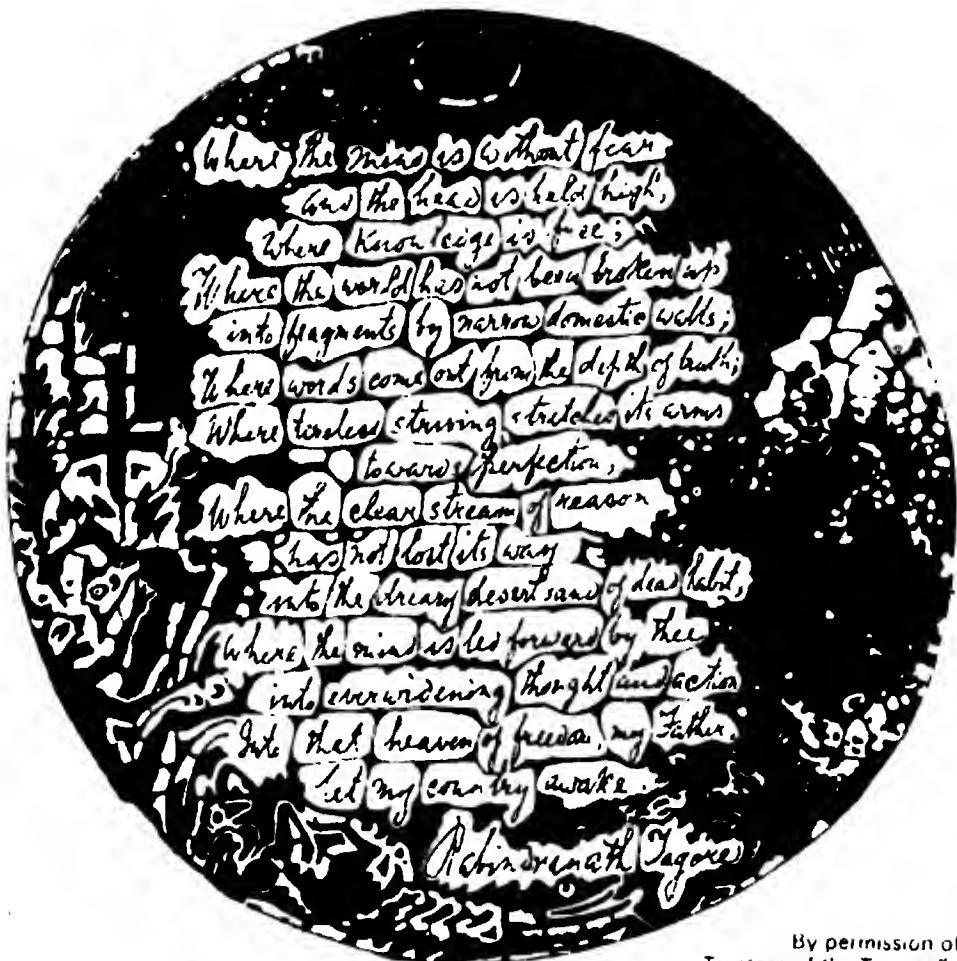
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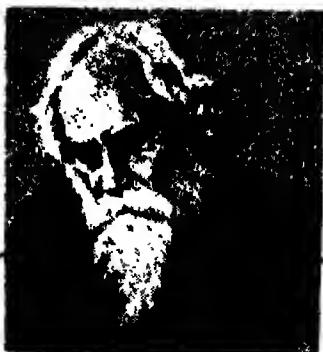
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fun is an anonymous phone call

Those Abusive Telephone Calls

BY JOE ALEX MORRIS

A SMALL, blonde receptionist at a New York television studio answered her desk telephone shortly after 4 p.m. "Hallo, Miss Harkle," a low-pitched male voice said. "I think you have very sexy legs, and I'd like to take you out some night soon."

The girl, 20 years old, pretty, and not unaccustomed to compliments, instinctively pulled down her short skirt. "Who is calling?" she asked. "Oh, never mind my name," the man replied. Then he began making obscene suggestions—and she hung up.

Four times in the next six days the man called back to elaborate on

his suggestions. Frightened, she reported the calls to her boss, who in turn called the telephone company to demand that it put an end to the harassment.

This was more easily said than done. The caller might have been phoning from almost anywhere. In fact, he was calling from a one-room apartment in the Bronx. His name was Arthur. He was a gawky, shy young man who satisfied an infantile type of sexuality by making obscene calls to women, often picking names at random from the telephone book. He worked part-time for a recording company, and had noticed Miss Harkle and the name

on her desk when he made occasional deliveries to the television studio.

Arthur knew that it was very difficult to trace a telephone call through the tangle of automatic relay switches in a telephone-exchange—the job can take as long as 30 minutes. But he didn't intend to be caught, so he never talked for more than a few minutes. He had also read that harassing calls were increasing in the United States, with nearly 800,000 reported last year.

Black-Listed. He didn't know that telephone companies have an electronic gadget, called a Tone set, designed especially to root out tormentors like himself. The day after Miss Harkle's boss complained to the company, a technician attached a six-by-ten-by-four-inch black box to the receptionist's phone. "The next time this guy calls," he said, "just press this small switch on the top. We'll do the rest." Later, a policewoman arrived and arranged, with Miss Harkle's permission, to listen in on her telephone calls from another room.

Arthur's next call came through that afternoon at 4.02. The girl answered, and pressed the Tone Set switch. Immediately, in the telephone exchange, an alarm bell sounded and a signal light went on. At the same time, the black box began sending over the line a tone pitched so high—20,000 cycles—that it cannot be heard by the human ear. In addition, the Tone Set "locked

in" the call; that is, it made it impossible for Arthur to disconnect even by hanging-up.

As soon as the alarm bell sounded, a switchboard operator at the exchange put on earphones connected to a small electronic probe which enabled him to hear the 20,000-cycle tone coming over the line. One minute later, at 4.03, he had traced the call through several banks of relay switches to a trunk-line leading to the Jerome exchange in the Bronx.

He notified the Jerome exchange, and an operator there put on earphones and made a similar trace—which produced the caller's telephone number. The Jerome operator then looked up the corresponding name and address in his subscriber listings and relayed the information to the police.

At 4.09 p.m., instructions were telephoned to a Bronx police station. At 4.16 p.m., a police officer knocked on Arthur's door and accused him of making obscene calls. But Arthur had hung up the telephone two minutes earlier, and now confidently denied any guilt. "Just pick up your telephone," the officer said. "The party you called is still on the line."

Reluctantly, Arthur complied. When both the receptionist and the policewoman spoke to him, saying that they recognized his voice and would testify as to what he had said, the young man wilted and admitted his offence. He was arrested, fined

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THOSE ABUSIVE TELEPHONE CALLS

50 dollars, and given a suspended jail sentence that required him to report regularly to a probation officer.

Arthur's case is by no means unique. A growing number of offenders are discovering that the telephone companies have radically improved their ability to trace "annoyance calls." (The term covers anything from a teenager insulting his teacher to a psychotic threatening murder.) Indeed, thanks to the development of several remarkable electronic gadgets, the really persistent annoyance caller is now almost always caught.

In addition to the Tone Set, there are three principal devices. The first is called a Trap Circuit. This device is based on equipment normally used in many exchanges to locate a line on which trouble is occurring. Consider the following case:

Gloria M., a high-school girl who had won a beauty contest, was the victim of repeated abusive calls. A technician attached a test device to her line where it entered the telephone exchange, creating interference—too slight to be noticed by anyone using the phone, but strong enough to switch on a "trouble recorder" whenever the phone was used.

The recorder printed on a card the time and date, the number of the girl's phone, and the number of the caller's phone if it was on the same exchange. (If the latter was

not on the same exchange, the machine identified the exchange from which the call came, so that similar tracing arrangements could be made there.)

Meanwhile, the girl was instructed to keep a record of the exact time of every annoyance call. She received five abusive calls in the next four days. Her record was then matched with the cards printed by the trouble recorder.

Comparison showed that these particular five calls all came from the same number. A telephone official looked up the number and found that it belonged to a woman whose daughter had failed to win the beauty contest.

The second, Line Identification, was developed by the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. By dialling the digit 4, this device enables the victim of an annoyance call to lock in the caller's telephone line so it remains connected to the exchange, even after the annoyer has hung up. This is how it works:

Fixed Connexion. Mrs. Frederick B. received a series of calls over several weeks from a man who talked obscenely, threatened to burn her house and harm her daughter. She complained to the telephone company. Technicians then attached to her line in the local exchange a small black box which contained a highly sophisticated switching apparatus.

The next time the annoyer called, Mrs. B. promptly dialled the digit 4

before the caller had time to hang up. This activated the Line Identification box, which locked in the caller's telephone line but released Mrs. B.'s telephone for normal use. In effect, the annoyer's line went dead; he could not make or receive calls. Mrs. B. then used her own telephone to call the company, which swiftly traced the locked-in line to a specific number before releasing it.

The calling number was identified as belonging to Mrs. B.'s cousin, a man who held a grudge against her because he believed he had been cheated in the division of a family inheritance. Mrs. B. then made a formal complaint to the police, who later arrested her cousin at his home. Under close questioning, he admitted making the calls. He was fined 50 dollars.

Matching Calls. The third device is a Pen Register. If the victim believes he knows who is responsible (or if the trap device has indicated a past suspect), the telephone company may decide to gather more positive legal proof with a Pen Register, a device that writes on moving tape.

This shallow, three-foot-long box is attached to the *suspect's* telephone line in the exchange office. Every time the suspect makes a call, the

device records—in short, straight lines of varying height that represent numbers—the telephone number called, the time and the date.

Again, here's how it works: A man who runs a small optical shop recently reported to his local phone company that his business was being ruined by someone who called him as many as 200 times a day, saying nothing, but monopolizing the telephone and disrupting his work. This type of annoyance call not uncommonly comes from a business competitor. In this case, the optician suspected a former partner who had set up his own shop.

A Pen Register was placed on the suspect's line in his local exchange office, and the optician was told to keep an exact time record of each future annoyance call. After a few days, the optician's records were compared with the Pen Register record of calls made over the suspect's telephone. They matched. The former partner's wife admitted making the calls, and was fined 250 dollars.

However, this is just the beginning of the solution. On the way is still more sophisticated electronic equipment, which will automatically identify and lock-in the annoyance caller's telephone line no matter what exchanges are involved.

Discussing the advantages of various complicated bilge pumps, a group of week-end yachtsmen asked the opinion of an old sailor. "By far the best bilge pump I ever saw," he replied, "was a frightened man with a bucket."

—Roger Burnett

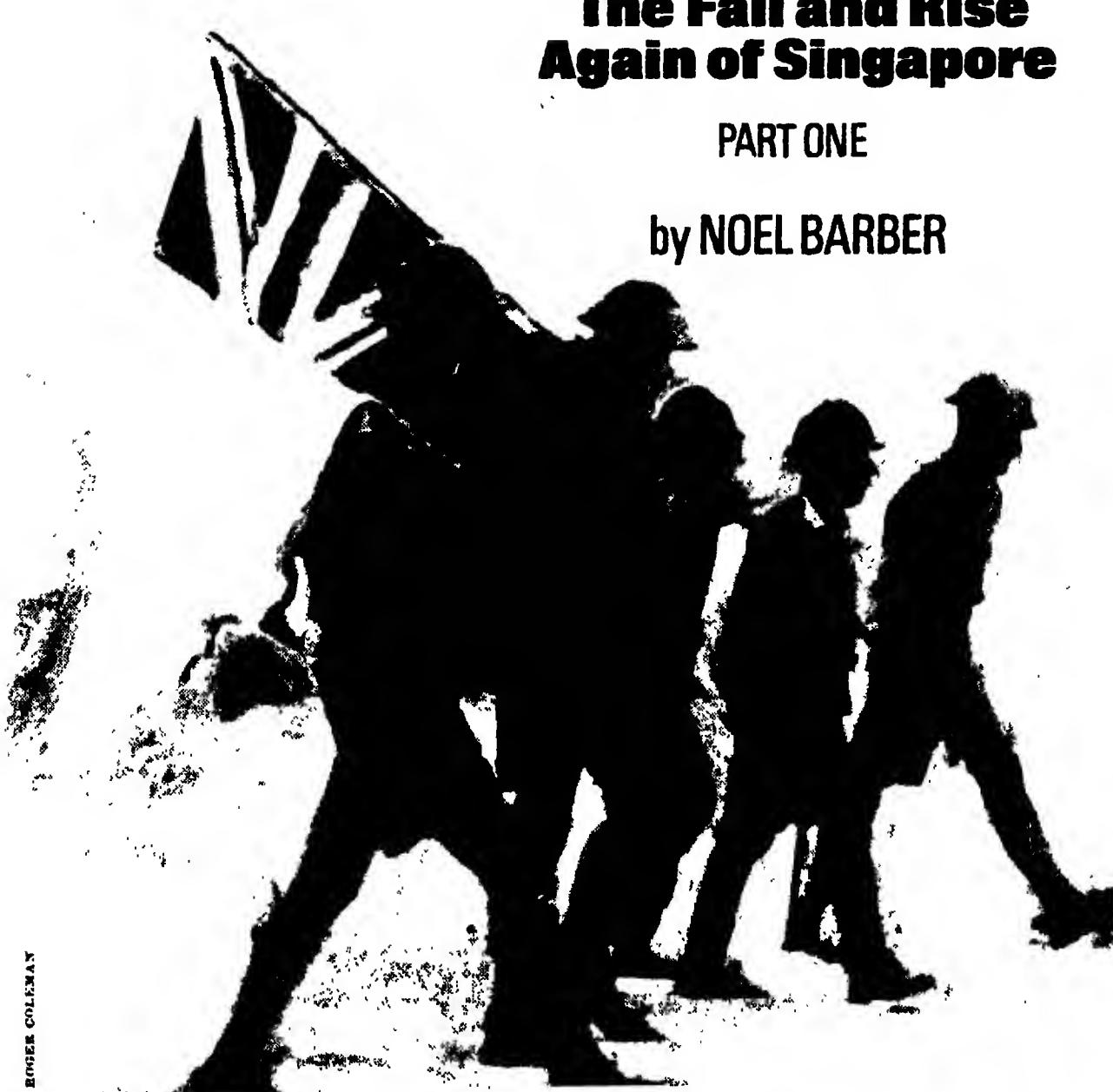
BOOK OF THE MONTH

**THE FALL AND RISE
AGAIN OF SINGAPORE**

**The Fall and Rise
Again of Singapore**

PART ONE

by NOEL BARBER



ROGER COLEMAN

SINISTER TWILIGHT

In 1941, Singapore, proud outpost of Empire, seemed invincible. The war in Europe was far away; nothing disturbed the colony's happy-go-lucky atmosphere of cricket matches and cocktail parties. But the Japanese menace existed—"in a sinister twilight," as Churchill wrote. And as the year drew to an end the menace became stark reality. Singapore was besieged. Within weeks it faced the humiliation of defeat.

Noel Barber's new book re-creates superbly—through the eyes of the inhabitants—those balmy days of peace and the shock, confusion, tragedy and brutal horror which replaced them. And it documents the emergence of another Singapore, not the old European gateway to the East, but the new Asian gateway to the West

THERE was no place in the world quite like Singapore in the last unruffled days of its colonial existence. Diamond-shaped, measuring 26 miles across, 14 from north to south, it was an island of extravagant contrasts. The sea was everywhere, and in the city itself, on the south shore, every street seemed to lead to the water's edge, to ships shimmering on the horizon, freighters and passenger liners, sampans and junks. Or if the streets did not lead to the sea, they led to Singapore River, twisting through the heart of the metropolis, on which sampans were packed so close that one could see agile Chinese boatmen using them as

stepping-stones, hopping across the water without wetting a foot. Down by the docks there was the potent smell of the tropics, compounded of swampland, the smell of dried fish and cargoes of sweet spices.

The dripping jungle foliage seemed to hang over the edges of Singapore City, and at night the bellow of bullfrogs in the mangrove swamps kept some people awake. One could pick orchids from the trees, and occasionally a monkey would stray into the grounds of a tennis club, to the amusement of the members who sipped Singapore slings on the veranda.

This was a city of three separate worlds. In Chinatown, whole

families pecked at their food with chopsticks by the roadside. Rickshaw men hurried like animated skeletons through the narrow streets and hawkers loped along, heavy boxes dangling from the tips of bamboos arched across their bony shoulders. Birds' nests and sharks' fins were sold in shops that were little more than holes in the walls, and washing hung like flags from poles which jutted from the windows of the tall, slimy buildings.

The tempo of life in the Indian section was very different. The men walked gently, almost indolently, often holding hands. Women sauntered by in vivid saris. Pavements were daubed with the scarlet stains of betel nuts, and the fragrance of curry, peppers and tropical fruits filled the air.

Then there was "white" Singapore, the most beautiful part of the city. Here the sea seemed to beckon at each corner, and everywhere there were patches of green: cricket fields, golf courses and tennis courts. The European homes, dazzlingly white in the sun, were surrounded by spotless avenues, trimmed with flowers and frangipani trees.

Traffic police sentinelled every cross-road, basketwork "wings" strapped across their backs to clarify signals and reduce arm movements in the incessant heat, so that they had simply to turn their feet to direct the tiny yellow taxis and the rickshaw wallahs, each with a twist of dirty cloth round his taut neck, who bobbed along carrying passengers to the Asian markets. The heart of the city was Raffles Place; and there, or in the adjoining

NOEL BARBER, 59, was for many years chief foreign correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*. His assignments took him all over the world — from Antarctica, where he was the first Briton to reach the South Pole since Scott, to Budapest, where he was shot by the Russians during the Hungarian uprising.

He now devotes his time to historical writings, and has published 18 books. *Sinister Twilight* took nearly two years to complete; for it he tracked down and interviewed scores of survivors, consulted official records, and uncovered hitherto unpublished papers, diaries and notes—many written in prison camp—which had lain untouched for 20 years.



Battery Road, one could buy the latest books, get an Elizabeth Arden facial, or wait for friends in the new restaurant in Robinson's department store.

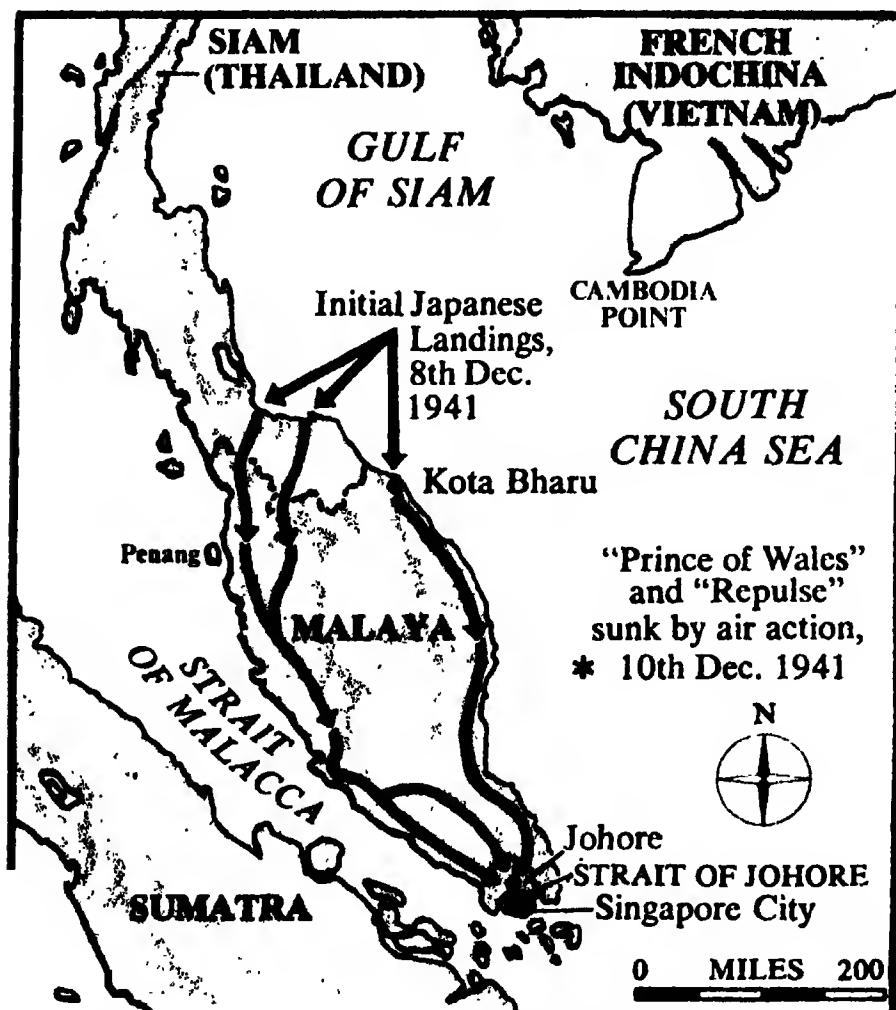
It was as though the early planners had tried to build some tangible

evenings. Yet everyone loved the city with its tang of adventure, its exotic noises and smells, its gracious life.

The Japanese had been behaving belligerently, it was true. In fact the headline on the Malaya *Tribune*

this Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, was ominous; 27 Japanese transports sighted off Cambodia Point. Malaya produced half the world's tin and had more than three million acres of rubber, and the Japanese knew that Singapore was the focal point for a vast trade in these raw materials.

But the typical white man, or *tuan*, lived in the absolute conviction that nothing on earth could



copy of the life they had left in Britain, and to compensate for the humid, 90-degree heat from which nobody could escape. And somehow they had succeeded. The men cursed the colonial custom which demanded collars and ties and limp white suits for office wear, dinner jackets or short white mess jackets (known as "bum freezers") in the

disturb the island's peace and beauty. His life consisted of regular activities taken at a gentle pace. Work started early, finished around five o'clock. There were sports at various clubs before the sun set at 6.30 every day of the year. After that, it was easy to phone home and order dinner for a dozen friends, secure in the knowledge that an

array of Chinese boys and *amahs* would have it organized within an hour, even down to borrowing extra cutlery from neighbouring boys—for it was a standing joke that guests often found themselves eating with their own knives and forks.

Eight thousand miles away, German planes might be bombing London, but life would go on in Singapore as it had since Sir Stamford Raffles took possession of the island in 1819, to form "a permanent British establishment in the Malayan Archipelago, by which the progress of the Dutch supremacy may be checked, and our interests, political and commercial, secured."

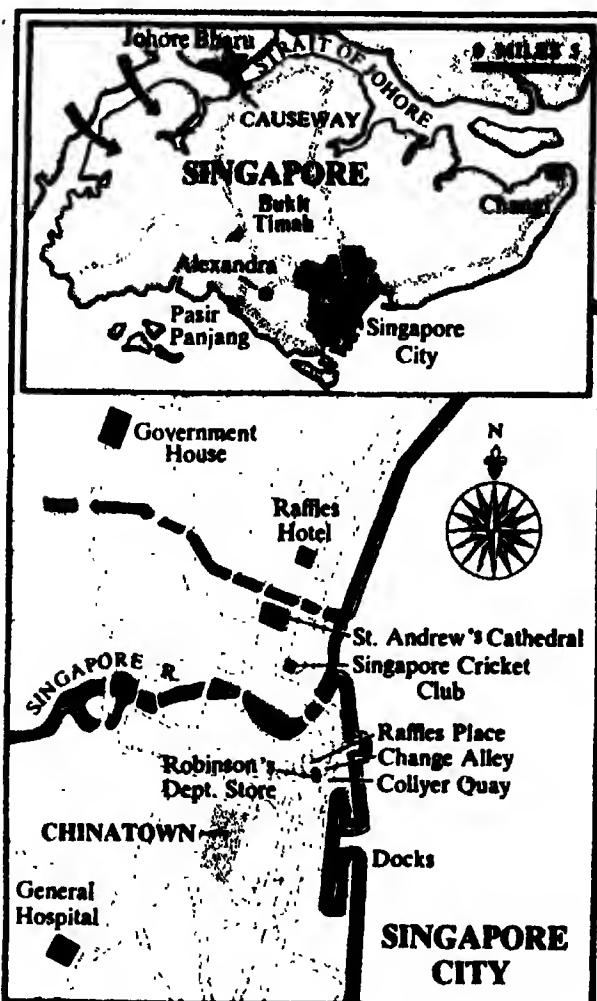
Wasn't the evidence of security there for all to see? Two great battleships, *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*, had been rushed to the island. The RAF flew overhead. Powerful guns defended the southern coast and there were thousands of troops in the area. Guarding the narrow waters between the China Seas and the Indian Ocean—between Asia and Europe, East and West—Singapore was the British empire's mightiest naval base.

Of course, people prepared for the worst, "just in case." Volunteer nurses, air-raid wardens and auxiliary firemen had trained for months. Men and women volunteered for blood transfusions.

There had been practice black-outs and sessions of bandage rolling. But no one could be whipped into a state of anxiety when

politicians and military leaders announced almost daily that there would be no war with Japan.

True, one saw large numbers of troops, but to the civilians it seemed they had no sense of urgency. Officers dressed for dinner in their



best "blues"; other ranks went dancing, queued up to have their photographs taken for wives and sweethearts at home, or shopped for souvenirs up and down the streets which contained almost no air-raid shelters and only a few blast walls. Several government committees had debated the shelter question, but Singapore's swampy ground, they

argued, made deep shelters impossible. Suggestions for slit trenches were also dismissed as impractical; they would merely provide breeding grounds for mosquitoes.

So the white man enjoyed his stylish, carefree life. The island was a duty-free port, and the whisky, gin and cigarettes were cheap. There was dancing every evening, and bathing every Sunday. Fresh salmon and oysters were flown in from Australia, and for the children there was "safe" ice-cream from Britain. In those days, Singapore was the last happy resort of yesterday in the uneasy world of tomorrow.

A Sunday Ritual

BY FAR the most popular place on Sunday morning was the Seaview Hotel, a couple of miles out of the city. Its terrace was stiflingly hot on December 7, but the place was packed when Jimmy Glover, managing editor of the Malaya *Tribune*, arrived. Glover was clearly upset. It was he who had printed the story about the Japanese transports, and barely an hour before he had received a furious call from Air Chief Marshal Sir Henry Robert Brooke-Popham, Commander-in-Chief of the Far East.

The Air Chief Marshal had complained bitterly about the article. He denounced the *Tribune's* "alarmist views" and declared that the situation was not half so serious as the paper made out. Glover had barely held his temper. The story had been

released by Reuters and passed by the censor, he told Sir Robert, and the ships were reportedly steaming towards southern Siam or Malaya.

"To me," he argued, "those transports mean war!"

Now, standing on the Seaview terrace, Glover scanned the crowd. Everyone seemed to know everyone else, and there was much smiling and beckoning to share the packed wooden tables round which Chinese boys darted with trays of stengahs and Tiger Beer. As the orchestra played selections from Ivor Novello the ladies dabbed at their foreheads with handkerchiefs, and the men argued over who would sign the bar chit, mindful that the worst insult in Singapore was to describe a man as "pencil shy." Money was plentiful, but long before the vogue of credit cards the British in Singapore used the chit system to sign for anything from a tin of cigarettes to a new car.

Glover had time only to wave to a few friends when the orchestra sounded a chord for which all had been waiting. Silence fell, and everyone prepared to sing "There'll Always Be an England." This had become a Sunday rite among the British, and by the time the chorus had been reached, every man and woman was singing, united briefly in a burst of loneliness:

"There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free."*

On this Sunday, the ritual meant more than anyone could realize. It

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was the swan song to a way of life, the end of the myth that Singapore was impregnable—a myth believed for decades by the Malays, the Chinese and the Indians, who would soon witness a scene they would never have believed possible: white humanity on the run.

"Hi! You're in the War!"

WHILE SINGAPORE slept at 1.15 a.m. on December 8, the phone rang in Government House. In his pyjamas, the Governor, Sir Shenton Thomas, lifted the receiver and heard the agitated voice of General A. E. Percival, General Officer Commanding, Malaya. Percival reported that the Japanese had begun landing operations at Kota Bharu, a township 400 miles up the east coast of Malaya.

"Well," replied the Governor, "I suppose you'll shove the little men off!"

At that moment, the war still seemed far away, but about three hours later, the first Japanese bombs came crashing down on the city. The raid, by 17 planes, was not big and, possibly because the street lights remained on, thousands of people never realized that it *was* a raid. A woman who lived near Raffles Place was hurled out of bed by the blast from a bomb, but when she phoned the police and cried, "There's a raid on!" the officer soothed her by saying it must be a practice.

"If it is," she retorted, "they're

overdoing it—Guthrie's import house has just been hit!"

Others, too, were convinced that it wasn't "the real thing." One ARP warden dressed quickly when the guns started and reported to his post, where he and his fellows decided that "it was a good idea to give us a realistic, unrehearsed practice." Only the lack of black-out, they felt, spoiled the illusion.

Long before dawn, the raid was over. Sixty-one people had been killed and 133 injured. Most of the bombs had fallen in Chinatown, but one had shaken police headquarters in New Bridge Road. Inspector-General "Dickie" Dickinson was not hurt, however, and he calmly issued orders to round up every Japanese on the island.

As Singapore prepared for its first day at war, Winston Churchill was dining at Chequers, his official country residence in Britain, with Averell Harriman and John Winant from Washington. Just before nine o'clock, the Prime Minister, who "looked very grim and sat in complete silence," told the butler to bring in the portable radio. There was a moment of music, then suddenly listeners were warned to stand by for important news: in a calm, grave voice, the BBC announcer told them that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbour.

Incredibly, the three men had not had the remotest idea of what to expect. The BBC had beaten Churchill's own intelligence service by

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hours, with news that came as a profound—and to Churchill an almost exhilarating—shock.

By breakfast-time the radio announced the news in Singapore, and within moments their own raid was forgotten. George Hammonds, assistant editor of the Malaya *Tribune*, was "just about to spear an egg" when he heard the announcement. He dropped his knife and fork, and "the tiredness seemed to drop off me too." It was the same with everyone. A number of Americans were on the island, and by mid-morning there was visible evidence of a new partnership in arms.

Elfrieden Retz, an attractive American widow known as Freddy, was driving to Raffles Place to look at the bomb damage. Suddenly a friend ran out in front of her car, waving and shouting, "Hi! You're in the war!"

The elation over America's entry into the war was reinforced by the first war communiqué issued from General Headquarters. Briefly this announced that the Japanese attempt to land at Kota Bharu had been repelled. The communiqué stated that the enemy ships were retiring northwards, and the few troops left on the beach were being heavily machine-gunned.

These reassuring words only confirmed the belief that no significant attack could come from Malaya. The 400-mile peninsula was largely covered with dense tropical jungle, and a backbone of mountains

zigzagged down its centre.⁹ The Japanese had landed on the east coast, where the roads were poor, and with the first monsoon rains drenching the countryside, no troops could hope to advance through the impassable terrain.

So the communiqué was accepted as good news in Singapore, and almost no one suspected how tragically misleading it was. The Japanese landing craft had retired at high speed, because their mission was complete. Kota Bharu was already in enemy hands.

Bulletin at the Cricket Club

"WE HAVE had plenty of warning and our preparations are made," announced the Order of the Day issued in Singapore on December 8. "We are confident. Our defences are strong and our weapons efficient."

"I can't believe it!" cried George Hammonds, when he read the statement in the *Tribune* newsroom. "I can't believe anyone could deliberately tell so many lies!"

He knew much more of the truth than the average civilian—including the fact that this grandiose proclamation had actually been prepared six months before, "to give time for translations."

Hammonds had toured the island and Malaya many times, and he had seen for himself that the boast was empty. Few of the 88,000 soldiers in the area—British, Australians, Indians and locally trained Asians—were jungle-trained, and some

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15,000 were non-combatants. Many soldiers had landed only recently; they knew nothing of jungle warfare and little of discipline. And there was not a single tank on the island.

The island's vaunted 15-inch guns, Hammonds knew, would be totally ineffective against a land operation. Facing the sea, they had a limited traverse and their ammunition consisted solely of armour-piercing shells. Even worse, the supporting 9·2-inch guns had only 30 rounds of ammunition each.³ The British reckoned that if Singapore were invested, it would take six months before naval relief could arrive. Thus, in the event of a siege, the gunners would be able to fire one shell every six days.

Hammonds had his doubts, too, about the planes on the island, which included 27 ancient torpedo bombers with old-fashioned open cockpits. If he had known the full truth, he would have been even more alarmed. Instead of the 366 first-line aircraft which had been promised to Malaya by the end of 1941, the RAF had only 158 operational aircraft, most of them obsolete. Of the 22 airfields on the peninsula, 15 had grass runways.

These airfields were a prime example of the bitter inter-service rivalry which had plagued Singapore since 1925. For years there had been virtually no co-operation between the services. From the start the navy had staked its reputation

on the belief that any attack must come from the sea. The RAF disagreed and had constructed the air-fields without properly consulting the army, which would have to defend them.

The quarrels between the services had never been resolved. They were complicated further when Churchill turned for help to his close friend Alfred Duff Cooper, who had been sent to Singapore after leaving his job as Minister of Information.

On December 10, Churchill sent Duff Cooper a telegram elevating him to a cabinet position as Resident Minister for Far Eastern Affairs, and instructing him to settle emergency matters on the spot. But that afternoon, when a war council met in his home, he discovered that the commanders of the three services intuitively distrusted such an arrangement. Early in the meeting, Air Chief Marshal Brooke-Popham calmly announced that he took orders from the chiefs of staff in London and not from Duff Cooper.

That evening George Hammonds was comfortably settled in a chair on the veranda of the Cricket Club. Ever since the raid, he had been helping Jimmy Glover organize an emergency printing plant at Glover's home outside the city. (The original plant was located near the docks, a prime bombing target.) Now the job was done. A flatbed press, a new linotype and 20 tons of newsprint had been transferred to

Glover's house, and a hundred coolies had worked in relays for 36 hours, laying an underground cable to the machines.

As Hammonds relaxed, music blared from a radio in the Cricket Club bar, and freshly showered tennis players emerged from the locker room, boisterously demanding long, cool drinks. Then suddenly the music stopped and the room became utterly still. The only sound was a voice from the radio which announced that *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* had been sunk.

Everyone in Singapore that evening remembers feeling the same stunning shock. The two great ships, pride of the British navy, were a symbol of the empire's power and prestige. Churchill had ordered them to Singapore because of the tremendous political effect of really modern ships in the Far East, even though no carrier support was available and the Admiralty had advised against the move. On December 8, the two battleships had secretly slipped out of the harbour and up the east coast. Japanese reconnaissance planes spotted them, and 85 bombers had been called to the attack. Both ships went down, with a total loss of 840 officers and men.

Snakes, Tigers and Japanese

By now the tactical advantage had been lost for ever. In Malaya the Japanese moved inland, completely bypassing the "impenetrable" jungle. They commandeered

bicycles and rode pell-mell through the rubber plantations and the roads that linked them together. Many wore nothing but shorts and undershirts, and they resembled the Malays so closely that it was often impossible to tell whether they were friend or foe.

It was a war for which even the few seasoned British troops were unprepared. To the Japanese, the jungles and plantations presented no fears. To the British, they were unknown worlds of tigers, snakes, flying foxes and elephants—of unearthly noises and dripping vegetation, now hissing with torrential monsoon rains. In there the enemy could be anywhere, or everywhere.

Then, suddenly, having traversed jungle country where the British had insisted that tanks could never operate, the first Japanese tanks appeared, now manoeuvring easily between the spacious rows of rubber trees. As they rolled south, there was not a single British tank in Malaya to oppose them.

The RAF was falling back, too. There were now only 50 planes fit for operations and most of these were being withdrawn to Singapore. The Japanese had 530 aircraft—all of better quality. When 27 Japanese bombers attacked Penang, an island off the west coast of Malaya, the British had no fighters in the sky. People in Georgetown, its only city, rushed out to see the "free show," and heard an "earthquake-like rumble of explosions." Seconds

1969

later, thousands lay dead and injured in the streets, where before the raid, workmen had plastered up copies of the Order of the Day, "We are ready; our preparations are made . . ."

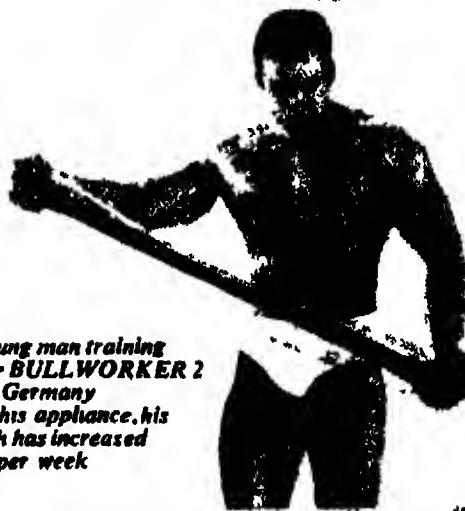
After devastating raids, the island was quickly abandoned. When the Japanese arrived, they discovered a fleet of boats, junks and barges which the army had failed to destroy. They used them to ship their men down the west coast to outflank the British lines. It was a trap which Churchill had foreseen immediately after the first Japanese assault. "Beware lest troops required for ultimate defence of Singapore island are used up or cut off in Malay Peninsula," he had cabled. "Nothing compares in importance with the fortress." But already the Japanese, moving rapidly over all kinds of country and using enveloping tactics rather than head-on assault, were accomplishing what Churchill feared.

In Singapore, the reports were scattered and confusing, but by now the civilians were beginning to realize that the war in Malaya was not going well. Most people existed on rumours, for all local news was rigidly censored, issued only in official communiqués studded with phrases like "falling back to prepared positions," and "strategic withdrawal." For the rest, newspapers were compelled to fill their columns with long dispatches from North Africa and Russia. George

Continued on page 187

183

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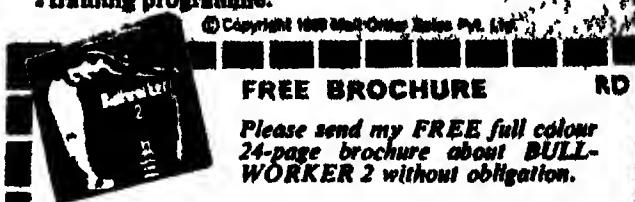
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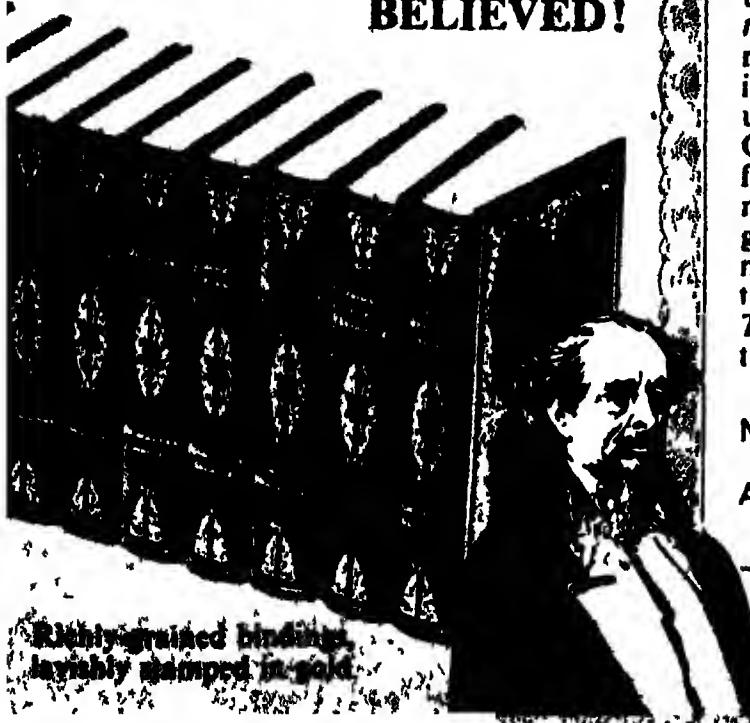
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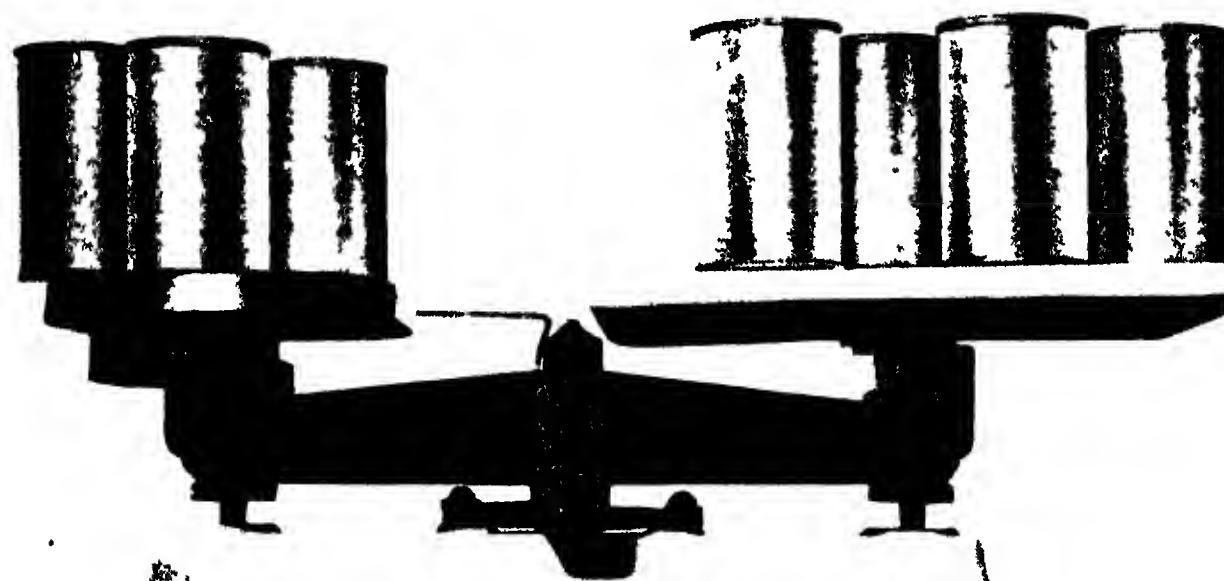
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Hammonds, however, devised his own news service; by studying the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank advertisements which gave a daily list of "branches closed until further notice," he followed the progress of Japanese advances throughout December.

Now the wounded began to pour on to the island, and soon every room and corridor of the General Hospital was crowded. Freddy Retz, who had joined the Medical Auxiliary Service, worked on an emergency schedule giving morphine injections, treating burns, and changing dressings every hour. It was a world away from life in the city, where milk was still delivered promptly each morning by the Cold Storage vans, where there was still plenty of petrol and where Raffles and the Seaview were as popular as ever.

By Christmas, half of Malaya's tin mines and a sixth of the rubber plantations were in enemy hands. The Japanese were heading straight for Johore, at the tip of the peninsula, which pointed to the northern beaches of Singapore.

A Midnight Meeting

LATE on the night of December 26, Brigadier Ivan Simson hurried to Flagstaff House, General Percival's residence in Singapore. Simson, perhaps, above all other men, knew the danger Singapore now faced. He had been sent to Malaya four months earlier as Chief

Engineer with instructions to improve the defences of the area. Since then, he had travelled 6,000 miles by car, plane and horseback, and had probably learned more about the country's defence weaknesses than any other officer. But he had been able to do very little about them.

Everywhere he went, it seemed, he had met with indifference. During his tours he had discovered that the troops had been given almost no instruction about anti-tank measures.

But the greatest shock he received came when he inspected the northern beaches of the island. They were completely undefended. No gun or pillbox, or even a strand of barbed wire, marked the shore. In fact, on Sundays, bathers still flocked to the beaches where, across the narrow Straits of Johore, less than a mile wide, they could see the tip of the Malay Peninsula.

Time and again Simson had pleaded for fortifications on these shores, but General Percival had always refused, categorically and without explanation. Now, grimy and dead tired, Simson arrived at Percival's house. He had just returned from the front with a message for the General, and he hoped once again to get permission to fortify the northern beaches.

Percival was just about to go to bed, but he invited Simson in and offered him a whisky. Gratefully, Simson accepted. He took off his

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Sam Browne belt and revolver and delivered his message. Then, instead of leaving, he drew a deep breath and announced that he would like to discuss the subject of defences.

Percival looked startled, but he sat down with a tired expression and prepared to listen. Tall and thin, with two protruding teeth, he was a difficult man to "warm up." Simson spoke quietly, and eloquently.

It now seemed inevitable that the Japanese would soon reach Johore and attack Singapore across the straits, he said. He had the staff to fortify the northern shores with pillboxes, fortified gun positions, anti-tank defences, underwater obstacles, fire traps, mines and barbed wire. He could even illuminate the water at night. He had all the materials; they had been available long before the Japanese attack. The job was now a matter of extreme urgency, but it could still be done.

It was a powerful plea, but Percival was not moved. Simson put down his whisky glass and leaned forward. "I must emphasize the urgency of doing everything to help our troops," he said. "They are tired after constant defeat and retreat for hundreds of miles. And please remember, sir, the Japanese are better trained and equipped."

At first Simson had tried to speak dispassionately, but as the clock moved round towards two in the morning and he seemed to be making no impression, he found it

hard to control his anger. "It has to be done now, sir!" he pleaded. "Before the area comes under fire."

Incredibly, Percival still refused.

At last, in desperation, Simson cried, "General, I've raised this question time after time. You've always refused, and you've always refused to give me any *reasons*. At least tell me one thing—*why* are you taking this stand?"

Percival finally gave his answer. "I believe that defences of the sort you want to throw up are bad for the morale of troops and civilians."

Simson remembers standing in the room, suddenly feeling quite cold, and realizing that, except for a miracle, Singapore was as good as lost. He put on his Sam Browne belt, and started for the door. "Sir," he said as he left, "it's going to be much worse for morale if the Japanese start running all over the island."

No More Credit

JANUARY was the month of the bombs. Starting on New Year's Day, 1942, hardly a day passed without at least one raid.

Soon the attacks were so frequent, and the warning periods so short, that the results were devastating. Brigadier Simson, by now also Director-General of Civil Defence, estimates that at least 150 people a day were buried in the cemeteries. But in the heaviest raids whole sections of Chinatown were obliterated and hundreds of bodies were never

recorded or dug out from the debris. In the sweltering city bodies decomposed quickly, and within a week the danger of typhus was so great that the government ordered free antitoxin injections.

Overnight Singapore became a city of bewildering contrasts. Houseboys and *amahs* stayed stolidly with their masters, but a dwindling labour force left huge rubber and tin shipments piled high on the docks. Steel pylons sprouted across the beautifully kept green sward of the Cricket Club as a deterrent to gliders, though the bar remained open. At the Raffles Hotel, the management perfected a blackout for its large ballroom, and the orchestra provided music for dancing from eight to midnight. The Swimming Club remained a popular centre, and food was still served on its broad veranda.

Meanwhile, wrangling in the War Council continued. Brooke-Popham, having clashed with Duff Cooper, was recalled, and a new Far East command was created under General Archibald Wavell, who flew to Singapore from Java. This ended Duff Cooper's mission but, before he left the island, he handed Wavell a copy of a list of military and civilian requirements which he had requested Brigadier Simson to prepare.

Wavell sent for Simson and questioned him for an hour. Then he summoned Percival and drove to the northern beaches. There he

discovered the shattering truth. Shaken, he turned to Percival and demanded to know why there were no defences. Percival replied with the same explanation he had given Simson: the effect on morale would be bad. Wavell ordered construction of defences to begin immediately.

It seems incredible, but even now —when the news began to reach Singapore that the Japanese were over-running Johore—the civilian population did not seem able to grasp its implications. Many believed that the British had deliberately retreated to Johore where (so it was said in the clubs) the terrain would be "more favourable." Despite the evidence before their eyes—streams of refugees and wounded troops from the peninsula, the incessant bombing—people did not see the enemy advances as Japanese victories, but as skilful Allied "delaying action."

Then suddenly, overnight, as though a secret order had gone out, an event occurred which was to shake white Singapore to its foundations. Many Chinese shopkeepers abruptly terminated the age-old chit system.

The Chinese had no doubts about what was happening in Malaya; and now, except in the clubs and some of the big stores, cash down was the startling order of the day. In a city which had lived on credit since the time of Raffles, and in which one signed chits for practically everything, thousands now



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literally found themselves without sufficient loose cash to buy food. As George Hammonds put it, "It was their way of telling us we'd had it."

By contrast, Robinson's department store set up a makeshift private bank, which made loans to those who had been bombed out or who simply needed petty cash. (All the loans were recorded in ledgers which managed to survive the war, and not a single survivor failed to repay his debts.)

Day by day life became more disordered. One morning Tommy Kitching, the Chief Government Surveyor, received a telephone call from the army. Could his department do a rush job printing new bank notes? Money was running short. Almost simultaneously, another government department was being asked to consider the possibility of burning more than two million dollars in notes, in order to stop the Japanese getting them.

George Hammonds left the Cricket Club one afternoon just in time to see two men stealing his car. As he yelled at them, the car leapt away and Hammonds stood there shouting until a club member walked up and said quietly, "Take my car. I'm leaving Singapore in an hour." George drove to his home in a large shiny Chevrolet.

Singapore was now packed with women evacuees and their children. Few of them knew what had happened to their husbands, or were lucky enough to find friends who

could lend them money, or offer them a bed, and the unfortunate majority were billeted in hastily prepared dormitories set up in schools, often without the means to cook even simple baby foods.

During the day their only way to pass the time was to wander in the streets, where some of the more resourceful ones headed for the Swimming Club, put on bathing suits, washed their only set of clothes under the showers and then dried them on the lawn while they took a dip. Others trailed towards Robinson's, whose cellar was now a restaurant. There they waited for hours, hopefully scanning the crowd for a familiar face.

By now the evacuation committee had been set up, with orders to give priority to those who had the most children. But many women could not make up their minds to leave. What they needed was an official order from the government, implementing a demand by Churchill that all "useless mouths" should be evacuated. But no such order came.

Some were being pressed to go. Philip Bloom, a gentle, soft-spoken major from South Africa serving in the Royal Army Medical Corps, worked at the General Hospital where Freddy Retz was now a full-time nurse. He had made it plain that he wished to marry Freddy; but now, for her safety he wanted her to leave. Freddy refused. Like others who worked with her, she was haunted not only by the hundreds of

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wounded overflowing into every nook of the hospital, but by the wide eyes of the Eurasian and Chinese volunteers—eyes which somehow seemed to say that everything would be all right if only the *memsahibs* elected to stay.

The Siege Begins

ON JANUARY 16, General Wavell cabled Churchill: "Until quite recently all plans were based on repulsing seaborne attacks. Little or nothing was done to construct defences on north side of island to prevent crossing of Johore Straits."

For the first time, the truth dawned on Churchill that Singapore was indefensible, and he was horrified. In place of the legendary fortress in which he had believed, he now saw "the hideous spectacle of the almost naked island." He wrote later, "I ought to have known; my advisers ought to have known and I ought to have been told and I ought to have asked. The possibility of Singapore having no landward defences no more entered my mind than that of a battleship being launched without a bottom."

To Wavell he cabled: "I want to make it absolutely clear that I expect every inch of ground defended, every scrap of material or defences to be blown to pieces to prevent capture by the enemy, and no question of surrender to be entertained until after protracted fighting among the ruins of Singapore City." To the chiefs of staff he sent detailed

1969

instructions on how the "fortress" should be prepared against attack.

Seven of his points were contained in the list Simson had prepared for Duff Cooper, and which, presumably, had been passed on to Churchill. Thus the Prime Minister himself ordered Percival to implement the plans which Simson had been advocating for so long.

This was a moment when the great city, its normal population doubled to a million, should have been rallied under a dynamic leader to prepare for the siege. There should have been thousands of troops hurriedly throwing up defence works, the issuance of small arms to eager civilians ready to barricade each street and defend each house to the death. Instead, at this moment of great urgency, service chiefs and the civil government actually spent ten days thrashing out an agreement on rates of pay for coolies. Small wonder the island was like a storm-tossed ship without a captain, with troops as well as civilians confused and insecure.

On January 27 it became evident that Churchill feared the worst. "We have had a great deal of bad news lately from the Far East," he admitted in the House of Commons, "and I think it highly probable we shall have a great deal more." Nevertheless he asked for a vote of confidence.

George Hammonds heard the speech in Singapore a few hours later. "Churchill's given up the

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fight," he told his wife, Karen. "You and the kids are off on the next ship. Don't argue."

The next day thousands converged on the port, lining up to board four troopships which had just brought the British Eighteenth Division to the island. Chaos reigned on the roads, for as car-loads of women approached the quays, they clashed head-on with lorries racing to get military stores off docks which still burned after last night's raid. Large numbers of civilians had been killed in the attack, and ambulances weaved in and out, collecting victims from the smoking ruins.

Every inch of the docks was jammed with gasping women and children, who waited for hours under an oppressively hot sun. Some were to be evacuated to the United Kingdom, others to Ceylon, and at the booking centre officials meticulously checked every bureaucratic detail with cruel slowness.

Some women were alert enough to bypass officialdom. One young married woman had been living in a remote rubber plantation and had never been near enough to a government office to have her maiden name changed on her passport. On arrival at the United Kingdom table with a baby in her arms she was told that her passport was not in order. Refusing to accept defeat, she walked across to the Ceylon table, stood in front of a different assistant who looked at the "miss" on her

passport and then at the baby. "It's mine—illegitimate," she said briefly—and sailed that night.

The exodus continued for two days, a heart-breaking time of decision and farewells. Many men could not bear to watch the ships leave. George Hammonds saw Karen and the children go up the gangplank and on to the ship, and as they disappeared in the throng, he made off as quickly as possible.

On Saturday night, January 31, the last ocean-going vessel sailed. As it started out to sea under a tropical moon, no civilian in Singapore had the slightest suspicion of what had been happening on the other side of the island. Secretly, on the night of January 30-31, 30,000 exhausted troops of the Commonwealth forces retreated to Singapore, crossing the huge concrete causeway that linked the island to the Malayan peninsula. The causeway, 70 feet wide, and more than 1,000 yards long, had been dynamited at 8.15 on Saturday morning. This was the moment when the battle of Malaya ended and the siege of Singapore began.

"Just Pull the Pin"

EARLY IN February a new and terrifying menace beset Singapore. The Japanese set up long-range guns on the high ground in Johore and opened an artillery barrage on the island. Each shell began as a low whine in the distance, then worked up to a wild scream. "The noise seemed to hang in the air for

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an age," one witness remembers. At the same time, the bombers stepped up their raids, and the Japanese also sent over fighters to machine-gun the streets, or drop showers of anti-personnel fragmentation bombs.

Heroic work was done by Asian ARP workers. After one raid, Tim Hudson, manager of the Dunlop Rubber Purchasing Company and spare-time warden of an ARP station in Chinatown, broadcast on the local radio. Ignoring his censored script, he spoke movingly of the men in Chinatown who toiled throughout the day without helmets and without food or drink, impassively ignoring the death and danger all around. While fire hoses played on a burning shop, Hudson had even seen four grave old Chinese ladies carefully throwing cigarette tins of water on the flames in an effort to help.

There was hardly a street that did not have a gaping hole or ruin. But some places seemed to bear charmed lives. Robinson's was never hit again after the first raid and it remained open for business right to the end. The Singapore Club was untouched except for shrapnel scars.

Many people, too, had miraculous escapes. Tim Hudson was driving his wife Marjorie to work at the General Hospital one morning when bombers appeared overhead, "like silver fish floating in a blue sea." He jammed on the brakes and both dived for the nearest drain,

but there was barely room for Marjorie in the concrete ditch so Tim ran to a doorway. Bombs straddled the street, and when Tim finally groped his way through a fog of dust back to the drain, he found three bodies piled on top. Frantically, he pulled them aside and discovered Marjorie—alive.

A few yards away, Jimmy Glover had been waiting for his wife outside the Cold Storage, where she was shopping. Bombs just missed the building, but the blast damaged the pipes of the refrigerator room and suddenly the whole store clouded with ammonia gas. Pandemonium broke out as screaming, spluttering women fought towards the doors, and Glover's wife narrowly missed being trampled underfoot. When she escaped, still choking, she gasped to Jimmy, "From now on, I'll do my shopping at six in the morning."

The Malaya Tribune, however, received a direct hit when 27 Japanese aircraft bombed the docks. Jimmy Glover was away during the raid, but when he drove up to his office, he found the building wrecked. The staff was rushed out to Glover's home and the Tribune, thanks to the emergency printing plant, came out as usual the next day.

By the end of the first week of the siege, the city was slowly running down. At least 200 people a day were being killed, and there was mounting evidence of an uglier mood on

the island—particularly among the troops. They seemed to wander in bewildered knots all over Singapore as though there was no one to direct them. Soldiers desperate with fatigue had nowhere to sleep because there were not enough tents, and billeting officers were unable to requisition enough rooms. Soon troops were reeling around the main squares, waving bottles of cheap liquor. Some shops were looted.

Still, people everywhere tried to prove that they could live up to the motto of "business as usual." At night you still had to book a table if you wanted to go to Raffles. The small shops and stalls in Change Alley, traditional bargain hunter's paradise, were jammed with more customers than in peacetime. Queues formed outside the cinemas.

There were other strangely peaceful interludes. When George Hammonds made a trip to the Singapore Golf Club, he was astounded to find a dozen golfers putting on the greens. Next evening, he visited the New World with its Chinese taxi girls, and found the place crowded out—possibly because they still advertised in the *Tribune*, "Non-stop dancing and cabaret and the usual tiffin dance on Sunday."

This was only one of the bizarre advertisements appearing in the paper. The Goodwood Park Hotel continued to advise readers that it was "Charmingly situated. Ideal for visitors and tourists." Another

column held the bland announcement, "For sale—European guest house in select non-military area. Good business proposition. Reply with bank references."

For some, the war brought sudden riches. Since December, when all the Japanese fishermen had been interned, Singapore had suffered from an acute shortage of fresh fish. The Chinese did not make good fishermen—until a few discovered that the Japanese raids left hundreds of stunned fish floating by the waterfront. Instantly there was a thriving Chinese fish market.

It was a curious, unreal existence, filled with sudden shocks. Marjorie Hudson was asleep one afternoon, after night duty at the General Hospital. Her husband Tim was away supervising a group of air-raid wardens. She was awakened by Mei Ling, her *amah*, who announced that two soldiers insisted on seeing her. Marjorie got up, and was confronted by two Australians whose faces were vaguely familiar.

"Don't you remember us?" asked one. Suddenly she did. They had been brought into the hospital slightly wounded, and after treatment Marjorie had taken them home for a square meal. Now they wanted to show their gratitude. One man reached out and solemnly presented her with a hand grenade.

"If the Japs try to rape you," he explained, "just pull out the pin. You'll know nothing."

(To be concluded next month)

